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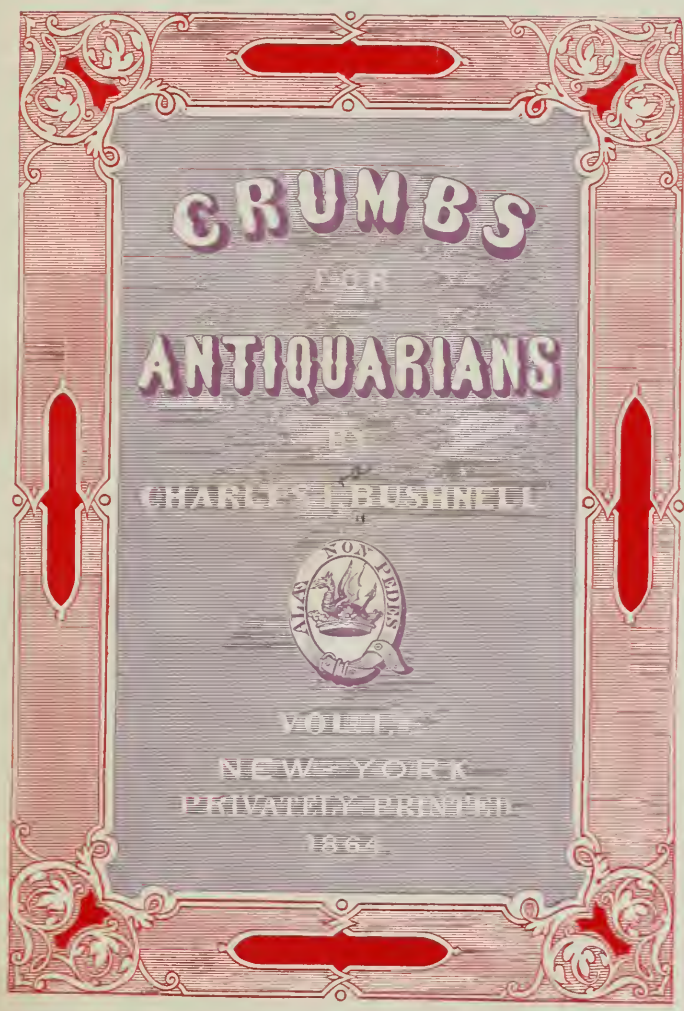
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Chas. J. Bushnell

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CRUMBS

FOR

ANTIQUARIANS

BY

CHARLES I. BUSHNELL



VOLUME

NEW-YORK

PRIVATELY PRINTED

1864



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Only so with provided.

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To the
Editor
of

TO

MY ANTIQUARIAN FRIENDS.

AND TO

STUDENTS OF AMERICAN HISTORY GENERALLY

THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY

DEDICATED.

184/32-

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AN

HISTORICAL ACCOUNT

OF THE

FIRST THREE BUSINESS TOKENS

ISSUED

IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

BY

CHARLES I. BUSHNELL.



New York :

PRIVATELY PRINTED.

1859.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by
CHARLES I. BUSHNELL,
In the Clerks' Office of the District Court of the United States, for the
Southern District of New York.

SECOND EDITION.

TO
ARTHUR G. COFFIN, ESQ.,
OF PHILADELPHIA.

This Little Tract is Inscribed,

AS
A SLIGHT EXPRESSION
OF
THE RESPECT AND ESTEEM
OF
THE AUTHOR.



PREFACE.

THE following account of the first three Business Tokens issued in the city of New York, has been prepared by the Author with a view of preserving their history from extinction.

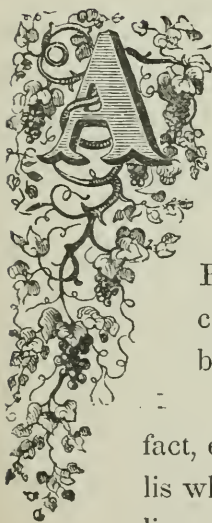
An Appendix, showing the prices which they have realized at various times, at public auction, has been added, with the hope of increasing its interest and value to the Numismatic student.

Only a very small edition has been printed, being intended merely for private circulation among the friends of the Author.

NEW YORK. JULY, 1st, 1859.



EARLY NEW YORK TOKENS.



S there are many persons in this city, and, in fact, of this country, who take a deep interest in Numismatic matters, it is hoped that the following account of the first three Business Tokens issued in the city of New York will not only be acceptable but pleasing.

Every store-keeper, and, in fact, every person in this metropolis who is at all in the habit of handling money, has often met with some old and curious coppers, not unfrequently

somewhat obliterated, and which, from an ignorance of their history and a non-conception of their value, have been thrown aside as worthless. The various foundries, here and elsewhere, annually melt up enough valuable copper coins, both ancient and modern, to fill and grace the velvet-lined trays of a dozen large cabinets ; while many a desirable gem lies hid for months—perhaps for years—in a dark corner of some junk-shop, among a lot of rusty nails and a miscellaneous gathering of brass and copper, accumulating as rapidly with filth and verdigris as it increases in rarity and value, doomed never to meet the cheering eye of a virtuoso—to receive in its old age his welcome hand, his fond embrace, his fostering care.

The desire for the collection of these pieces, and the elucidation of their history, is now daily increasing ; and it is the duty of every one into whose hands they may come, to preserve them with care, and if they have no fancy

for such relics themselves, to place them in the hands of those who, from their historical taste and antiquarian zeal, may be most likely to appreciate them, and turn them to public account.

Among the various coppers which are occasionally met with in circulation are the Jewelers' token of Messrs. Motts, and the tokens of Messrs. Talbot, Allum & Lee. Being merely of a private character, these pieces would be very apt to be looked upon as of no account; yet they are exceedingly interesting relics, and particularly so to a New Yorker, not only from their age, their rarity, and their beauty of execution, but from the fact that they are the first of the many business tokens that have, from time to time, been put forth by the enterprising merchants of this metropolis.

The first of these was issued as early as the year 1789, and is thus described :

OBVERSE—A Regulator, supported by two columns, and surmounted by a small eagle.

LEGEND—“ *Motts, N. Y. Importers, Dealers, Manufacturers of Gold & Silver Wares.*”

REVERSE—An Eagle, with expanded wings, facing to the left, holding an olive branch in one talon, and three barbed arrows in the other. Upon his breast, the shield of the United States, and above the eagle, the date “1789.”

LEGEND—“ *Watches, Jewelry, Silver Ware, Chronometers, Clocks.*”

Upon one of the top corners of the regulator is seen what appears to be a hand. This is, however, a blur, caused by the breaking of the die. On some specimens this blur is greater than upon others, while some do not show the defect at all. These tokens were generally struck upon thin ^{pl}planchets, but occasionally a specimen will be found struck upon a thin one.

The firm of Motts was composed of William and John Mott, and their place of business was at No. 240 Water Street—a location at which they continued for a number of years, and

which was at the time a most fashionable business part of the city. Some of the immediate descendants of the firm were engaged in the same pursuit until within a few years past.

The firm of Motts was well known in its day and generation. Their store was the resort of the rich and the great, and of the gay belles and beaux of the time. The learned judge who wished a pair of spectacles to aid his failing sight, the lovely maid who craved a splendid ring to deck her tapering hand, their wants supplied with hearts' content from Motts' extensive stock. More than one venerable dame now living can yet produce, in the shape of a watch of somewhat antique style, but still faithful to its early mission, her bridal gift, purchased in her days of youth and beauty from their well-furnished establishment. Many a venerable time-piece, solid and substantial as the maker, and bearing upon the face the name

of "Motts," has outlived a host of modern abominations, and still graces the dining-rooms of some of our oldest and most respectable, though not, perhaps, our most fashionable citizens, and still chronicles the days of man, and re-echoes still, the steps of passing time.

The tokens of Messrs. Talbot, Allum & Lee were issued in the years 1794 and 1795.

The former bears upon the

OBVERSE—A Ship under sail.

LEGEND—"Talbot, Allum & Lee, New York--One Cent."

REVERSE—A full length figure of Liberty, holding in one hand a staff, surmounted by the cap of Liberty, and her other hand supporting a rudder. At her side a bale of goods.

LEGEND—"Liberty & Commerce."

EXERGUE—"1794."

EDGE—"Payable at the store of."

One specimen has the "&" on the obverse legend larger than the other. Another specimen of this date, though the same in other respects as the preceding one except the edge,

has the words "*New York*;" omitted in the obverse legend. On the edge the words *the* and *store* run together, having no space between them as in the ordinary emission.

The variety of 1795, though bearing the same devices as the one of 1794, is somewhat different in its obverse legend, and in the inscription upon the edge.

It bears upon the

OBVERSE—A Ship under sail.

LEGEND—" *At the store of Talbot, Allum & Lee, New York.*"

REVERSE—Same as the variety of 1794.

EXERGUE—" 1795."

EDGE—" *We promise to pay the bearer—One Cent.*"

Another specimen of this date, has the edge plain.

These three tokens are of copper, and are the size of an English half-penny. They are well executed, and will, in the accompanying cuts, be readily recognized by some of our most aged residents as old familiar acquaintances of their boyhood.

The dies of the two latter tokens were cut at Birmingham, in England, and the variety bearing the date of 1795 is by far the rarest, fewer of that die having been struck.

These three tokens circulated to a considerable extent at the time, and though they are occasionally met with at the present day, yet in fine condition, they are all very rare, and command high prices. Motts' token has brought, at a recent sale by auction, the sum of \$1 62 $\frac{1}{2}$, while the Talbot, Allum & Lee of 1794 realized the sum of \$1 50, and the one of 1795 the sum of \$2 25.* These specimens were, however, in the very finest state of preservation.

The names of the individuals composing the firm of Talbot, Allum & Lee were William Talbot, William Allum and James Lee, and their place of business was at No. 241 Pearl Street. They were extensively engaged in the India trade—at that time, as well as now, a

* An elegant specimen of this date has since been sold for \$3.25.

very lucrative branch of mercantile pursuit. The house was of the first standing, and all the members wealthy. A son of one of the members, and bearing the same name, is now an active and influential merchant in this city, highly respected and esteemed for his many excellencies of mind and heart, and whose name may often be seen in connection with movements of charity and benevolence, as well as those of municipal and public benefaction.

The firm of Talbot, Allum & Lee was formed in 1794, and continued until the year 1796, when Mr. Lee retired from the concern. The remaining partners carried on the business, under the name of Talbot & Allum, until the year 1798, when the firm was dissolved.

In addition to the pieces which we have now described, it is here proper to take notice of a number of varieties, some of which, on account of their rarity, are seldom seen even in the cabinets of the most extensive collectors. These

varieties are technically termed "mules," from the fact that they were struck from dies which are foreign to each other, and which were not intended to come together. These varieties are of two series—those of 1794 and those of the date of 1795.

The former bear the reverse of the ordinary Talbot, Allum & Lee token of 1794, and of this type there are four kinds, viz :

1.

OBVERSE—A profile Head of Howard, facing to the left.

LEGEND—"John Howard, F. R. S., Philanthropist."

EDGE—"Payable in London."

2.

OBVERSE—A Bust of Howe, facing to the left. A military cap upon his head.

LEGEND—"Earl Howe, & the glorious first of June."

EDGE—"Payable in London."

3.

OBVERSE—A Boy, standing by a screw. A wrench in his hand.

LEGEND—"Birmingham Half-Penny, 1793."

EDGE—"Payable in London."

4.

OBVERSE—A Stork.

LEGEND—" *Promissory Half-penny, 1793.*"

EDGE—" *Payable in London.*"

Another specimen of this last bears upon the edge the inscription, "*Payable at the warehouse, Liverpool.*"

The second series of these "mules" bear the reverse of the Talbot, Allum & Lee token of 1795, and of this variety there are two kinds, viz :

1.

OBVERSE—Various Implements of War and Instruments of Music.

LEGEND—" *Blofield Cavalry.*" On a label, "*Fifth Troop.*"

EDGE—Engrailed.

2.

OBVERSE—A West view of York Cathedral in England.

EXERGUE—" *York, 1795.*"

EDGE—Plain.

These mules were struck for exclusive circulation in England, and were issued at a time when the rage for provincial half-pence ex-

tended to a degree almost incredible, threatening at one time, even to supersede the national currency. Patronized by the nobility, and encouraged by the wealthy, die sinkers vied with each other in the number they produced. Obverses and Reverses, bearing no relation to each other, were used for the production of illegitimate varieties, whose only value was their novelty, while impressions even from unfinished dies were bought at extravagant sums, merely for the selfish gratification of having what others had not. Varieties of collar were made to produce varieties of edge; old hubs were ferreted out to multiply specimens supposed to be unique, while worn-out and discarded dies were lapped, and impressions therefrom palmed off upon inexperienced but enthusiastic young collectors as proofs. Tokens ridiculing even the collectors themselves were put forth and eagerly bought up as soon as issued by a throng of voracious antiquarians.

Of these caustic emissions, the most celebrated was the collectors' half-penny token, by Westwood, of two varieties of reverse. One of them, bearing a representation of a race between two persons mounted on asses, ridiculed the reckless passion for collecting, in the legend "*Asses running for Half Pence,*" while the other, being intended as a sarcasm upon the encouragement shown to the production of ridiculous combinations, bore the representation of an Ass and a Mule in private consultation, with the legend emanating from the mouth of the former, "*Be assured, friend Mule, you never shall want my protection.*"

So great was the demand for copper tokens that no less than 600 tons weight were coined in Birmingham alone from the year 1787 to the year 1797. The profit to the publisher on one ton alone, as shown by an estimate furnished by a manufacturer, was no less a sum than £64.13.4. It is not surprising, therefore, that

the sale of these pieces was a source of great profit to dealers, and that many of them soon retired with means not only adequate for their support through life, but also amply sufficient for the enjoyment of almost every luxury which they might or could desire.

This mania in England for tokens, which commenced in 1787 and continued until the year 1797, received in that year an effectual check in the issue by government of 500 tons of copper coined into pennies of an ounce weight each, pursuant to a contract made with the ingenious Mr. Boulton, of Soho.

Though a large number of mercantile tokens have, from time to time, been circulated in our city, yet we have selected the ones described as being of the earliest issue, and hence of more interest to the general reader.

The taste for coins, medals and tokens, as well as for all other relics relating to American History, has, for the last few years, been gra-

dually increasing. Public institutions have commenced collecting them with great care, while the number of private cabinets have become considerably augmented.

These movements will be attended with beneficial results, and will be the means of preserving from extinction many of these interesting and valuable memorials of the past, for the benefit and gratification of countless generations that are yet to come.



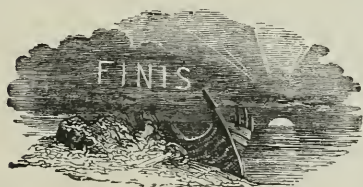
EARLY NEW YORK TOKENS.

AN APPENDIX,

SHOWING THE PRICES WHICH THE TOKENS DESCRIBED IN THIS WORK HAVE REALIZED, AT VARIOUS TIMES, AT PUBLIC AUCTION, IN THIS CITY.

Year of Sale	Proprietors.	Description of Pieces.	Purchaser	Prices
1855	P. FLANDIN,.....	Talbot, Allum & Lee, 1794, <i>proof</i> ,.....	WALKER,..	\$1 00
	"	Talbot, Allum & Lee, 1795, <i>proof</i> ,.....	" ..	1 00
1857	W. J. HOWARD,..	Motts' Jewellers' Token, 1789, <i>poor</i> ,....	WILSON,..	30
1858	F. H. NORTON,..	Motts' Jewellers' Token, 1789, <i>fine</i> ,.....	CURTIS, ..	1 37½
	" ..	Talbot, Allum & Lee, 1794, <i>poor</i> ,.....	BRAMBALL.	37½
	" ..	Talbot, Allum & Lee, 1794, <i>very fine</i> , ..	DANA,.....	75
	" ..	Talbot, Allum & Lee, 1795, <i>proof</i> ,	"	1 50
1859	H. BOGERT,	Motts' Jewellers' Token, 1789, <i>very fine</i> ,.	CURTIS, ...	1 62½
	"	Talbot, Allum & Lee, 1794, <i>very fine</i> ,....	SAGE,	1 50
	"	Talbot, Allum & Lee, 1794, <i>poor</i> ,.....	MELIS, ...	50
	"	Talbot, Allum & Lee, 1795, <i>very fine</i> ,....	THOMPSON,	2 00
1859	W. L. BRAMBALL,	Motts' Jewellers' Token, 1789, <i>fine</i> ,.....	"	1 00
	"	Talbot, Allum & Lee, 1794, <i>fine</i> ,.....	SAGE,	1 25
	"	Talbot, Allum & Lee, 1794, <i>fair</i> ,.....	CURTIS, ...	50
1859	J. D. FOSKETT,...	Motts' Jewellers' Token, 1789, <i>fair</i> ,....	"	75
	" ..	Talbot, Allum & Lee, 1794, <i>poor</i> ,.....	CASH,.....	50
	" ..	Talbot, Allum & Lee 1794, <i>pierced</i> ,.....	DAVIS, ...	25
1859	J. K. CURTIS,....	Motts' Jewellers' Token, 1789, <i>very fine</i> ,.	BALCH,....	1 50
	"	Talbot, Allum & Lee, 1794, <i>very fine</i> ,....	HUGHES, ..	1 12½
	"	Talbot, Allum & Lee, 1794, <i>fine</i> ,.....	BALCH,....	94
	"	Talbot, Allum & Lee, 1794, <i>fair</i> ,.....	TOWNSEND.	87½
	"	Talbot, Allum & Lee, 1794, <i>very poor</i> ,...	CASH,	10
	"	Talbot, Allum & Lee, 1794, <i>very poor</i> ,...	CHESSLEY, ..	10
	"	Talbot, Allum & Lee, 1795, <i>proof</i> ,.....	"	2 25
	"	Talbot, Allum & Lee, 1795, <i>proof</i> ,.....	"	2 25

Year of Sale.	Proprietors.	Description of Pieces.	Purchaser.	Prices
1859	H. WHITMORE.	Talbot, Allum & Lee, 1794, <i>fair.</i> ..	SAGE.....	\$.60
"	"	Talbot, Allum & Lee, 1794, <i>poor,</i> ...	CASH.....	.50
"	"	Motts' Jewellers' Token, 1789, <i>fine,</i> ..	CURTIS.....	1 12
1859	EZRA HILL,	Motts' Jewellers' Token, 1789, <i>fine,</i> ..	TOLLNER.....	.80
"	J. N. T. LEVICK.	Motts' Jewellers' Token, 1789, <i>fine,</i> ..	J. EDWARDS, Jr	.90
"	"	Talbot, Allum & Lee, 1794, <i>fine,</i> ...	WIGGIN.....	1 25
"	"	Talbot, Allum & Lee, 1795, <i>very fine</i>	HODGE.....	3 25





GENERAL SULLIVAN

MEMOIRS
OF
SAMUEL SMITH,
A
SOLDIER OF THE REVOLUTION,
1776-1786.
WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.
WITH
A PREFACE AND NOTES.
BY
CHARLES I. BUSHNELL.



NEW YORK :
PRIVATELY PRINTED.
1860.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by

CHARLES I. BUSHNELL,

In the Clerks' Office of the District Court of the United States, for the
Southern District of New York.

P R E F A C E .

THE following work was originally published in Middleborough, Mass., in the year 1853, and the very small edition that was printed was chiefly circulated by the Author among such inhabitants of that town as had befriended him, or of whom he solicited alms.

Though but the memoirs of a private soldier, and of unpretending character, yet it is one of several similar ones extant, showing the trials undergone and the privations and sufferings endured by our ancestors in their noble contest for freedom.

Samuel Smith, the author of the Memoirs, was for several years in the habit of annually visiting the city of New Bedford, and participating in the municipal celebrations on the Fourth of July. At the visit he made preceding his death, his mind was still unimpaired, and he was in the full possession of his physical strength. He died in the town of Middleborough, on Friday, July 7th, 1854, in the 95th year of his age.

INTRODUCTION.

I HAVE contemplated for several years, placing before the American people, a few pages detailing some of the many incidents of my early life, my birth, parentage, and entrance into the army of the American Revolution, in 1776, &c., &c. Hoping that a recital of those labors, hardships, sufferings and trials may be kindly received by my fellow-countrymen, with a hearty response to the demand which I make upon them, namely : a perusal of these few pages, and the payment solicited for the same.

SAMUEL SMITH.

Middleboro', Mass., May, 1853.

MEMOIRS.

I WAS born in Smithfield,* in Rhode Island, on the 13th of June, A.D. 1759, of humble, creditable parents. My early education was exceedingly limited, never having attended school but two winters, and in that time barely learned to read some easy lessons without spelling, and to write the letters of the alphabet with a copy.

When eight years old, I was afflicted with a fever sore, which entirely disabled me for a year, and prevented my ever having full use of my right arm.

My mother died when I was about thirteen years old, and I was taken into the family of a friendly man, with whom I remained one year, receiving as a compensation for my work, necessary clothing and board. At the expiration of that time, I went to live with a bachelor, agreeing to stay three years, as at the former place,

* A town in Providence Co., on the Pawtucket River, six miles from Providence.

namely, for victuals and clothes. After being with him one and a half years, I was, like many foolish boys, enticed away by a stranger, and told by him that he would do better by me than the person with whom I then resided—that he wished me to drive team, &c. In consequence of this flattery and deception, I ran away from the bachelor, and joined my new acquaintance.

In three weeks, however, I returned, and begged the privilege of staying, which was granted.

At the expiration of three years, I hired myself again to him one year, for necessary clothing and twelve dollars. The next year I was paid fifteen dollars and clothes; then my master relinquished house-keeping, and I was again destitute of a home. My parents being both dead, I was in a lonely condition, but was kindly cared for, and during a long illness which now prostrated me, carefully watched over by a widow, who was, indeed, to me like a “guardian angel.” She also read and explained to me many passages of Scripture, which I did not before understand, and could not read for myself.

Soon after I regained my strength, there was a call for soldiers to go to Bristol, and many were drafted to go there. I was hired for one month to take a soldier's place. When that time expired, I enlisted for three months, and when that time was served, I again enlisted

in the Continental Army, but was never mustered as a soldier, on account of my right arm being shorter than my left.

About this time a small party of recruits were detached from the forces at Bristol, to join the main army. I was one of the number. We joined the main army in the Highlands, on the east side of Hudson River, opposite Stony Point.*

Soon after we joined the main army, Major Andre (1) was brought into camp, and continued in the regiment till he was hung.† From the Highlands we marched to "Red Bank,"(2) where we had a severe battle with the Hessians.

In this engagement they attempted several times to storm our fort, there being seven times as many Hessians as our number. They were, however, compelled to retreat. In this engagement we had one captain, one fife major, and five privates killed. Two of the privates were shot down, one on my right and the other on my left hand.

* A promontory on the west side of the Hudson River, near the entrance of the Highlands, famous for the strength of its fortifications, which were successfully stormed by Gen. Wayne on the 15th day of July, 1779.

† The reader will perceive that the author is guilty of several anachronisms in the course of his narrative.

For notes indicated by figures thus (1), see Appendix.

The night following the battle we were all on duty, either in scouting parties or on trails. It fell to my lot to go with a party on trail, and in going about half gun shot from the fort we found Count Dunop(3) wounded and concealed behind a pine, attended by his two waiters. We took him and carried him into the fort. He lived but a short time and died of his wounds, having been shot through the knees with small grape-shot. The next day the whole regiment was employed, except those on guard and on scouting parties, in digging a trench and burying the dead. Here we buried between four and five hundred ; so many Hessians having fallen in the engagement.

Having buried the dead, we hung three spies—one white man and two negroes. The white man confessed that he had taken pay of the British, (a tankard full of guineas,) for conducting Hessians to Red Bank.

Soon after this action the British shipping came up opposite a mud fort which we had built, and another action commenced. We succeeded, soon after the action commenced, in firing a red hot shot into one of their ships, the Roebuck, a ship of seventy-four guns, which connecting with her magazine, blew her up.

Sometime in November, 1776, we were obliged to leave Red Bank on account of the cold, and we marched

to Valley Forge, and again joined the main army—being at this time nearly destitute of clothing, except what we secured in the Hessian fight. We stopped, however, sometime in the mountains, till we could procure provisions. We there visited a hermit, who was one of the oldest settlers, having lived forty miles in the wild wilderness for fifty years. As the regiment was passing the cabin of the hermit, the column halted, and there was liberty given for all to visit it. It was a nice cabin, furnished with furs and skins. A nice smooth bench set outside the door. About two rods from this cabin, to the right hand as we came out, stood a very large tree, with smooth bark, resembling poplar. On this tree was nicely pictured a warrior's face. There were days while we were on our march to Valley Forge, for winter quarters, that we were entirely destitute of food, sometimes two days at a time. On our march we came to a valley, which abounded with black walnuts and butternuts, where we tarried two days. We then continued our march till we came to the Schuylkill River. There we laid down to rest on our arms, with nothing but the broad canopy of heaven to cover us. That night the snow fell about half a foot deep. Some had blankets and slept upon the frozen ground and covered themselves with them, while others had none, and

slept entirely unprotected from the weather. We staid at this place two days. The second day, in the morning, we discovered near the camp a large flock of goats, which were taken, butchered and devoured to satisfy hunger. After two days we unloaded the baggage wagons, and hauled them into the river to make a bridge on which the regiment crossed. On the next march we suffered extremely, our feet being wet, and being compelled to travel on the wet, frozen ground, ice and snow. Those who had blankets cut off the corners and wound them round their feet. Others who had none, secured rags and the like, or anything of the kind which had been thrown from the houses on the road on which we marched, and blood from our feet might be traced on the ground. We finally reached Valley Forge, our winter head-quarters, the forepart of January, 1777. Here I built a hut, and soon after finishing it, was taken sick, and was blind for about ten days. We remained at Valley Forge till sometime in June. Then we went out of our winter quarters into the fields with our tents, and marched from post to post till we met the British at Springfield,(4)Penn., where we had a smart engagement, lasting for nearly two hours.* There being of us but a small brigade to contend against the

* The Battle of Springfield took place on the 23d day of June, 1780.

whole British army, we were obliged for a time, in this action to retreat, and a company was detached from our brigade, in a flanking party, and attacked the British right flank opposite General Arnold's, the traitor.

We contended in this engagement nearly an hour, until in fact the British had nearly surrendered to us, when we were obliged to retreat a short distance on a height of ground and took shelter, first in an orchard and from thence we retreated to an oak grove. Here we had the advantage of them. Our captain now ordered every man to shelter himself by standing behind a tree. In this engagement there was not a man on the American side killed or wounded except one captain, who received a shot through the left arm ; a flesh wound.

The next day after the battle, we were employed in burying the dead in the burying ground, and conveying the wounded to the hospital. I was selected with others to go to the hospital and attend the wounded. Much of my time while there was employed in attending and waiting on the doctor, having the care of his box of instruments. While there I saw a great many legs and arms cut off. I was continued in this occupation at the hospital, until the spring of 1778, when I joined my regiment again.

While I was at the hospital I was under the com-

mand of the doctor, and I waited on him until he left the army, which was in the fall of the year 1778. The name of the doctor was Elias Cornelius.(5.)

I believe him to have been a Christian, as he regularly attended meetings on Sundays. He was a Baptist by profession. When he went to church he always took me with him, as he wished me well. He also instructed me in the ways of righteousness. When he left the army I lost the company of my best friend. He returned from Springfield to his home in the city of New York. After the British took possession of New York, he was obliged to leave the city, he being a true Republican. His father and relatives were Tories. The last knowledge I had of him, he resided at Robinson Mills, in the State of New York, and the last time I saw him he was on a visit to Providence, two years after he left the army, when we took a final leave of each other. He entreated me to persevere in serving the Lord, that we might meet in a better world.

Nothing material occurred until the next June, when the battle of Monmouth (6) was fought. The day on which this battle was fought, was the hottest, I think, that I ever experienced. In fact, the heat was so excessive that I could not tell by which the most died, whether by the heat or the balls.

In two days after this hot battle, the brigade was ordered to march to Rhode Island.(7.) We arrived on the Island just previous to the tremendous hurricane and rain storm. We had not pitched our tents. I found, however, a large hogshead, knocked in at one end, and got into it for shelter. Soon after the storm, an action took place. In this action the Americans were obliged to retreat. It so happened that it brought the Rhode Island brigade in the rear. Boats were employed all night in carrying off baggage and troops. About sunrise it came our turn to fight, and we descended upon a party of British at the fort on Butts Hill. The British scaled the walls on one side, while the Americans entered the gate.

We drove the British completely from the fort, dismounted and spiked their cannon, and then hastened to the boats which were waiting for us, and retreated from the Island.

Soon after, the drafted men were discharged, and we marched to Warren* for winter headquarters. The soldiers called for pay. They had had promises of pay for one month in the new emission money. The money was retained by our officers, and we marched to Providence

* A town in Bristol Co., R. I., at the mouth of Palmer's River, eleven miles from Providence.

to see the General and get redress, which he promised we should have, and told our commander whenever we wanted redress, to write him, and he would endeavor that we should have it, so we all again submitted, and resigned ourselves to the orders of our old officers.

In the course of the winter of 1778, many of the regiment to which I belonged were taken to go on ship board, to run down the river to attack and take the British shipping which lay there. The ship that I went on board of had two cannons. Our orders were to run along side of the British shipping, board, and take them.

I believe it was a happy incident to us that our captain run the ship aground on Pawtucket Flats, for thus ended this expedition. We then returned to our barracks at Warren, where we remained until the spring of the year 1779, when we were marched to Boston Neck.

Our payment for services being unnecessarily detained, we all agreed to have a letter formed, setting forth our grievances, and sent to our General.(8). The letter was made and handed to the Colonel to forward to the General. The Colonel refused to have the letter sent, and took the bearer of it and sent him in irons to jail. He then had him tried by a Court Martial, and sentenced to be hung in five days. Three days after the sentence,

all attended as usual at the calling of the roll. After the roll was called we were dismissed for the day. When the officers had retired, we agreed upon our plan to liberate the prisoner. Every soldier fixed his bayonet on his gun for the purpose of rescuing the brother soldier who was condemned to be hung. The drums beat the long roll as a signal. Every soldier was on parade, with his gun loaded and his bayonet affixed. We were determined to rescue the prisoner, who was innocent of any crime on behalf of his fellow soldiers. We were determined to a man to lose our lives or rescue our brother.

There were but two officers in the regiment who would allow soldiers to converse with our head commander, for the purpose of settling questions in dispute. On we marched, agreed that fifteen only should be allowed to settle the affair. Meeting General Sullivan, he ordered us to halt, but we marched steadily on. Our old Major, whom we always and at all times authorized to speak to our Commander to settle questions and restore peace, rode in front of our ranks and wished us to halt, as Gen. Sullivan came to settle the disorder and to restore peace. We agreed to halt on condition that the officers should get in front, under the muzzles of our guns. These conditions were quickly complied with. The first request

of the General was for us to lay down our arms. He said he could not converse with soldiers under arms. We positively refused to accede to his request, and we all stood with our guns to our shoulders, loaded and bayonets affixed.

The above took place in the road on a low piece of land. A small island was opposite the place where we halted. The General wanted us to march on the island. We complied with his request. When we had marched on the island, he wanted we should stack our arms. Our leader told the General that our arms would remain in each man's hands until the treaty which we demanded was agreed upon. The General said he could not agree with soldiers upon anything while they were under arms. Then our leader told him he should march for the condemned man. The General told him that he had one black regiment in the fort, which we had to pass, who would cut us to pieces. The answer from our leader was : " We do not fear you, with all your black boys ! The prisoner we will have, at the risk of our lives ! "

The General then agreed that if we would march back, under order to our former officers, he would send the prisoner to the camp. This our leader refused to do, telling the General that he had marched his men there

on conditions, and that he would march them back again if he would immediately deliver up the prisoner, and pledge his honor that there should be no one confined or tried in Court Martial for the same offence. It was apparently hard for the General to agree to it, but at last he complied with the terms and sent an officer for the prisoner, who was soon brought and delivered to us. We then marched to our old encampment with our comrade in the centre, and colors flying in his hands, and resigned ourselves to our old officers.

We remained in our encampment until the British evacuated Rhode Island, when we took possession of it.* We remained here until we had orders to march southward.

The first march we made was to Hartford, Conn., where we staid but a day or two, when we marched to Philadelphia, Penn., where we encamped a week or more, waiting for further orders and for the baggage to come up. We then marched to the head of Elk River, and took boats and went down the river to Little York. Then came on a squall, and being in flat bottom boats, all landed on an island nearly opposite Little York, in the centre of the British forces. The enemy might have taken with ease the whole of the American troops which

* The British evacuated Rhode Island on the 25th of October, 1779.

were there quartered, and all our baggage, had they dared to have attacked us. One British boat landed about a mile from our encampment, and sent out spies who fled before we could come up with them. It being a pleasant day we took to our boats and sailed by them.

The next march we made was to Yorktown, where we encamped within half cannon shot of the British, and commenced a fortification by digging a trench, or rather by each man digging a hole deep enough to drop into. When this was accomplished, we stationed a man to watch the enemy's guns, at which every man dropped into his hole. But we soon left this ground, and in the night stormed two of their fortifications, and dug a trench all round the British encampment, completely yarding them in.

Two nights after the storming of the fortifications, the British undertook to retake them, and mustering out a small party calling themselves Americans, came up in the rear of us. They entered the fort with but little difficulty, as there were but few of us in it, and very quickly those who were not instantly killed or taken, were driven out of it.

Four days from that time Lord Cornwallis surrendered,(9) and in three days from the time Cornwallis surrendered, the British marched out on the plains, and stacked

their arms and resigned and surrendered themselves prisoners of war, and each marched into town again. The Americans followed them. In three weeks from the time the British surrendered, we took their shipping.

Forty of the prisoners we took from their ships had a disorder with which our doctor was not acquainted. Its appearance was sudden. Some would fall down on the deck and froth like a mad dog ; others would begin to draw their heads down till their heels and head would touch together. An American of my acquaintance, who, to my certain knowledge, had been exposed repeatedly to the small pox for six years, caught it on board the British shipping and died.

From York Town we marched to Saratoga, a long and tedious march, where we made our headquarters until the spring of 1783.

In the winter, after the lakes had frozen up, we went to storm a fort on the frontier. Our army was conveyed in stages. In crossing Niagara River on the ice, just above the Falls, one stage containing six men and the driver, slipped sideways into the river, and was carried over the Falls and lost.

We passed over across the Lake to a piece of swampy land, where the stages left us and returned home. We staid here two nights and a part of two days, when we

learned by our spies, that the British had rēenforced their fort with double the number of men they had before, and it becoming more than five degrees colder than when we started from Saratoga to cross the Lakes—a number of men having frozen to death, and a great part of the regiment being more or less frozen—but little regard was paid to the command of the officers, as every man did the best he could to protect himself from the cold. Sleighs were procured and furnished by the inhabitants, to carry the troops back to Saratoga. We remained at Saratoga until the latter part of the month of May, 1783, when the greater part of the regiment was disbanded by companies. Some of the companies were marched to Providence before their discharge was given them.

I was selected to drive the Colonel's baggage to Providence, under command of a lieutenant and a small guard, and then discharged without money or clothes.

I went to a place to beard, but having no money to pay, the person with whom I boarded set me to driving trucks. The business he was in was small, and he entered into company with Samuel Bagley. I was finally hired to drive a baggage wagon from Providence to Boston. They agreed to give me one-third of the profits for driving, I to find myself. Bagley was agent, and

about six months after I commenced driving, he sold what little property he had and ran away with the money. In consequence of this, I lost the whole of my earnings.

I then shipped on board a brig, which was bound to the coast of Brazil, on a whaling voyage. We were gone nine months and seventeen days. We killed only five whales, which made sixty barrels each, (300). I lost my time, and was in debt for fitting out.

In four days after my arrival home, I shipped for the West Indies, in a brig commanded by Capt. Seth Wheaton. Here I began a wickedness beyond every thing I had done before. In those days sailors were addicted to drinking and swearing. I contracted the habit of swearing, but not that of drinking, and did not follow all the sailors' practices, being careful of the company I kept.

The voyage was long and tedious, as the captain chartered his brig to a merchant in New York to go to Turks Island(10) and load with salt. After we had arrived at Mooner Passage,(11) we attempted to go through a narrow place, and the wind being ahead we had a very narrow escape.

After we got to sea, we were very scant of provisions, calculating to obtain supplies at Turks Island. Being

eighteen days from Curago,* we were nearly destitute of bread and water, and four days previous to arriving at Turks Island, were obliged to come on an allowance of half a pint of water and half a biscuit a day. We were, however, at this point, nearly in sight of Port au Prince,(12) but did not dare to go on shore with our boats. When we came so nigh to land that we could go on shore and return in five hours, our boat was hoisted out, and the captain, merchant, three sailors and myself, left the vessel about 7 o'clock, A. M., and pulled for the shore till 3 o'clock, P. M., and reached the land. The captain and merchant went in pursuit of provisions ; the rest were left with me to take care of the boat. Very soon after we landed, a negro came to the boat with bananas, plantains and oranges to sell. We purchased enough to make a good meal. The captain and merchant soon returned with a supply of provisions, which were brought to the boat by negroes. At five o'clock, P. M., we pulled again for the brig. The light which we left burning in the morning and hanging in the shrouds, the mate put out after dark, and the wind blowing in shore, we made sail and run for the harbor.

* Curagoa, an island in the Caribbean Sea, 30 miles long and 10 broad. Its chief town is Curagoa. The principal products of the island are sugar and tobacco.

A man-of-war, not finding the captain, and only the mate, two hands and one passenger on board, and taking her to be a pirate, brought the brig under his stern. When the light was put out, we put the boat about for the shore, it being exceedingly dark, and we had no compass. We again reached the land, and passed the remainder of the night in the small village where we had obtained our supplies. The next morning the brig was not to be seen, and we had to take to our boat again, and row across the bay, sixty miles to the harbor. We pulled all day, and at sunset were barely in sight of the shipping. When it became so dark that we could not discern the shipping, the captain selected a star in the horizon, and thus we reached the harbor about ten o'clock. As we approached the shipping, our boat was hailed by the sentinel of the man-of-war and ordered along side. Our captain was ordered on board, but in a short time was liberated, with provisions and water, to go on board of his own vessel.

We staid in port about two weeks till the merchant had taken his cargo, and then sailed for New York, where we arrived in ten days; discharged our cargo, and then sailed for Providence. On our passage down the Sound we experienced a heavy gale, and being in light ballast, were forced to make the nearest harbor,

which was a cove on Long Island, where we laid for four days. Then we sailed out into the Sound, and it becoming perfectly calm, were floated about for four days longer, not making headway enough for steerage, being driven backwards and forwards with the tide. This was in the latter part of December, 1785, and the weather was piercing cold. After we had been becalmed four days, the wind blew a heavy gale, and we ran into New London, where we laid five days. On the sixth day, the weather proving favorable, we sailed again for Providence. The wind hauling to the eastward, began again to blow, and we steered for a small harbor on Long Island, where we staid three days. Again we sailed and arrived at Newport. The next day we sailed for Providence, and after contending and forcing our way through the ice, arrived three miles below the town in *twenty-one* days from New York.

Arriving in Providence, I went to my old boarding-house and staid three days, when I shipped and went on board of a sloop bound to the West Indies. The crew consisted of captain, mate and four hands—all drunkards except a lad of about eighteen years and myself. We had on board ten oxen.

We cleared from Providence in the morning, in a rain storm. By nine, P. M., Block Island was two leagues

astern of us,* and all hands below, drunk. It was blowing a heavy gale, and I had been placed at the helm before leaving the land. It became dark, and not knowing the bearings of Nantucket Shoals, neither had I time to look in any book or on any chart to ascertain. I placed the lad at the helm while I went into the steerage and took the stopples out of the kegs of rum and let it run out on the floor. The two hands came on deck the next morning sober and continued so till our arrival at the West Indies. The captain and mate kept half drunk the whole voyage. They were not even capable of managing the vessel, or of discharging or loading. The mate staid on board a sloop loading with sugar, while we were loading. When we hauled out into deep water to sail for home, the captain was hardly capable of giving orders. At five o'clock, P. M., he gave me the charge of the vessel, calling all hands and ordering them to obey my orders the same as if I were the captain, and then went below. About eight o'clock the next morning he again made his appearance on deck, ordered the boat alongside, and then two hands to row him on shore. It being Sunday I kept all hands on board. Monday morning the captain came on board in a negro boat,

* An island belonging to the State of Rhode Island. It is 7 miles long by 4 wide, and is 24 miles from Newport.

and gave all hands liberty to go on shore to spend the day.

We staid in port two weeks, loaded with cotton and sugar, and cleared for Providence. We had a very pleasant voyage home, except with our captain and mate, who were very cross and ugly. The captain and myself had a few words one day, and I informed him that I knew my duty as a seaman. He ever after on the voyage, appeared to owe me a grudge. A few days out, our studding sail halyards gave way at the end of the boom where it was rigged out at the end of the yard. The captain called upon me to go aloft and reef the halyards. There was no foot rope to rest the feet upon, but I had to crawl out on the yard with the halyards in my hand. When I had got about half way out, the captain sung out with an oath : " Now fall overboard, and I will pick you up when I come this way again." I was obliged to cling to the spar to the utmost of my strength, and had it not been for the stillness of the wind and the smoothness of the sea, should have fallen off.

We had a moderate breeze on our passage home till we made Block Island. The wind being to the north we could not run to Rhode Island, but anchored off Stonington, where we remained three days. In weighing

anchor, we did not get it to the cat-head as quick as the captain wished, he (being so intoxicated he did not know what he wanted,) began to curse and swear, directing foul language towards me, saying were he nigh some desolate island, I should starve to death. I informed him that I had ever done my duty as a faithful seaman, and obeyed all his commands. He frequently quarreled with the mate and all hands.

I sailed the vessel from our anchorage in Stonington* to Providence. About half way from Newport to Providence, I called the captain, he having slept his nap out.

Having discharged the cargo, I called for my pay, which was six dollars a month, and the captain offered me a kind of paper currency (13) which the State had issued as a cheat. I refused this currency. He declared I should take that or nothing. I lost my wages.

Next day I visited a brother, five miles in the country, whom I found ploughing, it being a very warm time in the spring of 1786.

Upon revisiting Boston, I shipped on board a Plymouth packet. Subsequently I sailed on another voyage to the West Indies, and upon returning from which I came to Middleboro', where I have resided for about thirty-seven years, with a less varied life than that

* A seaport town in New London County, Connecticut.

which is recounted in the foregoing pages, and from which place this little work is submitted.

Having touched in these few pages, on some of the incidents of my younger years, I most humbly beg to arrest your attention one moment longer.

FELLOW COUNTRYMEN : I need not tell you that I have seen the British guns fired in anger, or that these lungs which now but feebly respire the vital air of heaven, have been suffocated with the smoke of British powder. I need not tell you that those dim eyes have guided, or that those now palsied limbs have directed the American ordnance, when your country groaned, and Americans bled by the cruel oppression of Britain. I need not tell you that these ears have been stunned by the thunder of the cannon, the clashing of steel, and rattle of musketry, or even that I have lived, not only in the days but with our beloved Washington, the father of his country ! No ! it is not to impose upon you self-praise, or to arouse your passions by a recital of any exertions of my own, in behalf of the American Revolution, or even again to revert to those times which tried men's souls, but merely to say, gentlemen, I am an old man—a very old man—more than four-score years and ten, and stand

nigh the borders of the grave ! I can speak to you but a short time longer. Hear me for my cause !

Should our country, in your time, be invaded by a foreign foe, and you be called to act the part of men—American born men—may you enter the field, and should it be ordered and ordained that your bones should bleach in the soil of your country, like those who fell in the American Revolution—may you say—“Let justice be done, though the heavens should fall.”

NOTES.

(1) Major Andre was captured on the 23d day of September, 1780, by three militia-men, named John Paulding, David Williams, and Isaac Van Wart. He was tried by a board of general officers, of which Major Gen. Green was president, and sentenced to be hung as a spy. The sentence was carried into effect at Tappan, N. Y., on the 2d day of Oct. following. In the year 1821, the remains of Andre were disinterred and carried to England, by royal mandate, and buried in Westminster Abbey, where a monument was erected to his memory. The fate of Andre has been the subject of much lamentation. The fact, however, of his having previously acted the part of a spy at the siege of Charleston, detracts greatly from the general sympathy he would otherwise receive.

See Johnson's *Life of Gen Green*, vol. 1, p. 209.

Johnson's *Traditions of the Rev.*, p. 255.

Vindication of the Captors.

(2) For the security of Philadelphia, on the east side, the Americans, besides preparing galleys, floating batteries, armed vessels and boats, fire ships and rafts, had built a fort on Mud

Island, on the Delaware, about seven miles below Philadelphia, which they called Fort Mifflin, and another at Red Bank, nearly opposite on the Jersey shore, which they called Fort Mercer. A detachment from the British army having dislodged the Americans from Billingsport, where a fortification had also been made, batteries were erected by them on the Pennsylvania shore to assist in dislodging them also from Mud Island. A detachment was sent at the same time to attack Fort Mercer. This enterprise was entrusted to Col. Count Dunop, a brave and highly spirited German officer, who, with three battalions of Hessian grenadiers, the regiment of Mirback, and the infantry chasseurs, having crossed the Delaware from Philadelphia, on the 21st of October, 1777, marched down on the eastern side of the river, and on the afternoon of the next day reached Red Bank. The place was defended by about 400 men, under the command of Lieut. Col. Christopher Greene, of Rhode Island. Count Dunop, with undaunted firmness, led on his troops to the assault, through a tremendous fire, and forcing an extensive outwork, compelled the garrison to retire to the redoubt, but while fighting bravely at the head of his battalion he received a mortal wound. The assailants were soon forced to a precipitate retreat under a well-directed fire from the garrison, which again proved destructive to them as it had previously been in their approach to the assault. In this expedition the enemy was supposed to have lost about 400 men. The garrison lost thirty-two only, killed and wounded. The garrison at Red Bank was, however, afterwards withdrawn on the approach of Cornwallis with a large force. The fort at Mud Island was also finally abandoned by the Americans, thereby leaving to the British an open communication between their army and fleet.

Holmes' Annals, vol. 2, p. 267.

Morse's Annals, p. 279.

Thatcher's Journal, p. 118.

Heath's Memoirs, p. 137.

Christopher Greene, the hero of Red Bank, was born in War-

wick, R. I., in the year 1737. In 1775 he was a major under his relative, Gen. Nathaniel Greene. He accompanied Arnold through the wilderness. At the siege of Quebec, being in command of a company, he was taken prisoner. After his exchange, he was entrusted by Gen. Washington with the command of Fort Mercer, on the Delaware, commonly called Red Bank, where he gallantly repulsed the assault of Col. Dunop, on the 22d day of Oct., 1777. For this service Congress voted him a sword, which was presented to his eldest son in 1786. In the year 1778, Lieut. Col. Greene was with the army under Sullivan. In the spring of 1781, having been posted on Croton River, he was surprised by a corps of refugees and barbarously murdered, in the 44th year of his age.

(3) Count Dunop was a brave and gallant officer. He was considered the best officer of the Hessians, and his death was greatly lamented. While he lay upon the ground, wounded and helpless, two Hessian grenadiers attempting to carry him off the field, were shot dead under him, whereupon he entreated his men to let him remain where he was, and seek their own safety. Col. Dunop died on the 29th day of Oct., 1777, and was buried by the Americans with military honors.

(4) In the month of June, 1780, 5,000 men commanded by Lieut. Gen. Kniphausen, made an excursion from New York into New Jersey. Landing at Elizabethtown, they proceeded to Connecticut Farms, where they burned about thirteen houses and the Presbyterian church, and then proceeded to Springfield. As they advanced, they were annoyed by Col. Dayton commanding a few militia, and on their approach to the bridge near the town, they were further opposed by Gen. Maxwell, who, with a few continental troops, were prepared to dispute the passage. They made a halt, therefore, and soon after returned to Elizabethtown. Be-

fore they had retreated the whole American army at Morristown marched to oppose them. In the meantime, Sir Henry Clinton returning with his victorious troops from Charleston, ordered a re-enforcement to Kniphausen, who, with the whole body advanced a second time towards Springfield. The British were now opposed by Gen. Greene, with a considerable body of continental troops. Col. Angel with his regiment and a piece of artillery, was posted to secure the bridge. A severe action was fought, which was kept up forty minutes, after which the Americans were forced by superior numbers to retire. Gen. Greene took post with his troops on a range of hills in the hope of being attacked, but the British, having burned the town, consisting of nearly fifty dwelling houses, retreated to Elizabethtown, and the next day set out on their return to New York. The loss of the Americans in this action was about eighty; that of the British was supposed to be considerable more.

Holmes, 2, p. 315.

(5) Elias Cornelius was a native of Long Island. At the age of 19, in opposition to the advice and wishes of his relatives, who were then attached to the British cause, he repaired to New York in 1777, and being recommended by his instructor, Dr. Samuel Latham, obtained a commission as surgeon's mate in the Second Rhode Island Regiment, under command of Col. Israel Angel. On reconnoitering near the lines above New York, he was taken prisoner and carried to the old Provoost jail in the city, where he suffered incredible hardships, until with great courage and presence of mind, he made his escape in the month of March, 1778. He immediately rejoined the army, and continued in it till the close of 1781. He died at Somers, N. Y., on the 13th day of June, 1823, leaving a widow, three daughters, and a son bearing his name, who became a clergyman, was for many years connected with various religious societies, and died in 1832. As a phy-

sician, Dr. Cornelius had an extensive and successful practice. It was while in the army that he received those religious impressions which resulted in an established Christian hope. He was a warm friend to charitable institutions, and left at his decease the sum of \$100 each to the American Bible Society, the Education, the Foreign Mission, and the United Foreign Mission Societies.

(6) The battle of Monmouth was fought on the 28th day of June, 1778. The loss of the Americans was 8 officers and 61 privates killed, and about 160 wounded. The loss of the British army in killed, wounded and missing, is stated to have been 358 men, including officers. About 100 were taken prisoners, and nearly 1,000 soldiers, principally foreigners, many of whom had married in Philadelphia, and deserted the British standard during the march. The victory was claimed by both parties. It is allowed that in the early part of the day the British had the advantage, but it is contended that in the latter part the advantage was on the side of the Americans, for they maintained their ground, repulsed the enemy by whom they were attacked, were prevented only by the night and the retreat of Sir Henry Clinton from renewing the action, and suffered in killed and wounded less than their adversaries.

Holmes' Annals, 2, p. 255.

(7) In the month of August, 1778, an army, composed chiefly of militia and volunteers from the New England States, with two brigades of continental troops under command of Major Gen. Sullivan, laid siege to the royal army on Rhode Island. From this land force with the co-operation of the French fleet under command of Count D'Estaing, very sanguine expectations were formed that the enterprise would have been crowned with success. But the English fleet under Lord Howe appeared and Count D'Estaing was induced to pursue them and to offer battle, when

unfortunately a violent storm arose by which his fleet suffered so considerably that the Count was obliged to quit the expedition and proceed to Boston to repair his ships. Gen. Sullivan's army continued several days on the island besieging the enemy, and finally a smart engagement ensued, in which both the regular troops and militia, emulous of fame and glory, combatted the enemy during the day. The result of the contest was a complete repulse of the royal forces—they retired from the field with considerable loss, and employed themselves in fortifying their camp. In the absence of the French fleet, Sir Henry Clinton sent from New York large re-enforcements, in consequence of which it was unanimously agreed in a council of war to retire from the island. The retreat was conducted by Gen. Sullivan with great judgment and discretion, without loss of men or baggage, though in the face of an enemy of superior force. This exploit reflected great honor both on the General and the brave troops under his command. In the honors of this expedition and retreat, Major Gen. Greene and the Marquis de la Fayette participated conspicuously, but were greatly disappointed in the final result.

Thatcher, p. 141.

In commemoration of this masterly Bunker Hill retreat, a medal was struck in Holland, of about one inch and a half in diameter, bearing upon the

OB: A British man-of-war, under full sail, with colors all flying.

LEG: "DE ADMIRAALS FLAG VAN ADMIRAAL HOWE 1779."

(The flag of Admiral Howe. 1779.)

REV: A representation of the retreating Americans across Rhode Island to their boats in waiting. On the opposite side of the island are seen three British men-of-war.

LEG: "D'vlugtende AMERICAANE^N VAN RHODE YLAND Augt. 1778."

RHODE ISLAND MEDAL.



(The flight of the Americans from Rhode Island, Augt., 1778.)

This medal, which is rarely met with, is interesting, aside from its American character, as showing the state of feeling and sympathy for the American cause at that time among the nations of Europe.

(8) John Sullivan was born in Berwick, Me., on the 17th of Jan., 1740. He was appointed by Congress a Brig. Gen. in 1775, and in 1776 a Major Gen. He superseded Arnold in the command of the army in Canada, June 4, 1776, but was soon driven out of that province. He afterwards, on the illness of Greene, took command of his division on Long Island. In the battle of Aug. 27, 1776, he was taken prisoner with Lord Sterling, but was shortly afterwards exchanged. In Augt. 22, 1777, he planned and executed an expedition against Staten Island, for which on an inquiry into his conduct he received the approbation of the Court. In September he was engaged in the battle of Brandywine, and in Oct. 4, in that of Germantown. He was afterwards detached to command the troops in Rhode Island. His gallant repulse of the enemy, and his subsequent masterly retreat have been the theme of much commendation. In the summer of 1779 he made his successful expedition against the Six Nations under Brant and others, completely dispersing them and laying waste their country. He held after the war the office of Governor of New Hampshire for several years, and in 1789 was appointed District Judge. He died in Durham, Jan'y. 28, 1795, aged 54.

(9) The surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, Va., took place on the 19th day of Oct., 1781. The army, with the artillery, arms, accoutrements, military chest, and all public stores, were surrendered to Gen. Washington; the ships and seamen to the Count de Grasse. The prisoners, exclusive of seamen, amounted to 7,073, of which number 5,950 were rank and file.

Garrison of York,	3,273.	Sick and wounded,	1,933
Gloucester,	744.		4,017

Fit for duty,	4,017.	Total rank and file,	5,950
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To the 7,073 prisoners are to be added 6 commissioned and 28 non-commissioned officers and privates, taken prisoners in the two redoubts, and in the sortie made by the garrison. The loss sustained by the garrison during the siege, in killed, wounded and missing, amounted to 552. The loss of the combined army in killed, was about 300. The allied army, to which that of Lord Cornwallis surrendered, has been estimated at 16,000 men. The French amounted to 7,000, the continental troops to about 5,500, and the militia to about 3,500.

Among the general officers particularly noticed for the important services they rendered during the siege, were Gen'ls. Lincoln, de la Fayette, Steuben, Knox and Duportail, his Excellency Count Rochambeau, and several other French officers.

Thatcher's Journal, p. 281.

Holmes' Annals, 2, p. 333.

It is an interesting fact, though perhaps out of place here, that Lord Cornwallis and the Marquis de la Fayette, who had fought against each other at Yorktown, and also on several other previous occasions, met at the close of the war at the review of the Prussian troops at Potsdam, in Prussia, in the year 1785, and were made personally acquainted with each other through the honorary introduction of the veteran Frederiek himself.

(10) Turks' Island—one of the Bahamas, in the West Indies, noted for the large quantity of salt made there from sea-water, and exported to the United States and other countries.

(11) Mona Passage—a strait eighty miles across, which separates Haiti from Porto Rico.

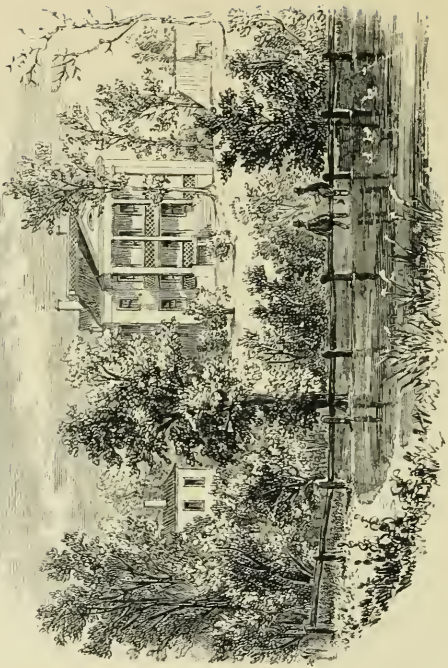
(12) Port au Prince is the capital city of Haiti. It has an excellent harbor and carries on a considerable trade, chiefly in sugar, coffee and indigo. It was nearly all burnt in 1791 by the revolting negroes, and was taken by the English and Royalists in 1794.

(13) The depreciation of the Rhode Island paper currency of 1786, was probably hastened by the decision of the Supreme Court of that State, in the celebrated case of *Trevett vs. Weedon*, at the Sept. Newport term, 1786—that the emission was unconstitutional in several important particulars. For this decision the Judges were summoned before the Assembly, and heard there by counsel, and after various debates and proceedings, they were discharged, Oct. 2d, session 1786.

See case of *Trevett vs. Weedon*, pub. Prov. 1787.

Potter's Rhode Island paper money, p. 19.

Chandler's *Crim. Trials*, 2, p. 269.



RICHMOND HILL HOUSE

(THE SCENE OF HICKEY'S FERRIDY.)

JOURNAL
OF
SOLOMON NASH,
A
SOLDIER OF THE REVOLUTION.

1776-1777.

Now First Printed from the Original Manuscript.

WITH
AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES,

BY
CHARLES I. BUSHNELL.



NEW YORK:
PRIVATELY PRINTED.
1861.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by

CHARLES I. BUSHNELL,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the
Southern District of New York.



INTRODUCTION.



THE original Journal, of which the following is an exact copy, was purchased from a collector of Autographs, about two years ago. Being a daily record of passing events, noted at the time by one who participated in them, it is deemed worthy of publication, not so much from its own intrinsic value, as from the fact of its being cotemporary with the period, and therefore, of use in corroborating other and more minute and extensive authorities.

Of the Author of the Journal, we have been able to ascertain nothing, further than that he was a resident of Abington, Mass., where he had relatives. He was

no doubt descended from Ensign James Nash, of Weymouth, who was one of the earliest settlers of Abington, and who died on the 27th day of August, 1725.

Deeming it altogether improper to alter the manuscript in any way, we accordingly present it as it appears in the original, with all its errors of orthography, and misuse of capital letters. The Author was a plain man, of very limited education, and kept the record no doubt merely for his own amusement. That it would ever appear in print, probably never entered his mind. For these reasons, the reader will be charitable in his criticism, and make every allowance for the Journal and the errors it contains.



A JOURNAL.



EGINNING January the first, 1776—this Day
Joined Cpt. Drury's* Company of artillery in
Roxbury.

the 2 Day—Nothing Remarkable to Day.

Ye 3—this Day moved to Dorchester.

Nothing Remarkable on these Days—ye 4, 5, 6, 7th.

Monday ye 8—this Night a Party of our men went over towards
Bunker hill and Burnt 10 or 12 houses—they found in one of
them five ragulars, one of which was Killed, four taken Prisonars
—the Enemy fired from Bunker hill for A Considerable time with
cannon and musquets towards the Crosway Expeting Atact But
none of our People was hurt. (l.) †

Nothing Remarkable on these Days—ye 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th,
13th, 14th, 15th, 16th.

* Capt Jotham Drury.

† See Appendix, Note 1.

The 17th this Night there was alarm occasioned By Expecting the ragulers out.

Nothing remarcable on these Days, January 18th, 19, 20, 21st, 22d.

January ye 23—this Night Eight men Derserted from the Admarels Ship (2) which was taken out of one of our Privateers some time Before.*

Wednesday ye 24th--their was Alarm to Day.

Thirsday ye 25th. Nothing Remarkable to Day.

Fryday ye 26th—this Night four men Deserted from one of the Ships.

Nothing Remarkable on these Days—27th, 28th, 29th, 30, 31th.

Nothing Remarkable on this Beginning of february—the first, 2d, 3d, 4d, 5d, 6d, 7d, 8d and 9.

february the 10th three men Deserted from Boston.

Nothing Remakable on these Days—11th, 12th, 13th.

Febuary ye 14th this morning about 5 o'clock The Enemy Came Over to Dorchester Point, one Party from the Castle and

* The Admiral's ship which *had been* taken by one of our privateers some time before. The ship referred to was the English ordinance brig Nancy.

A Nother from Boston and set fire to severel houses—We Was Alarmed But Before we got over there they where gone off—they tok six of our men That was on picket guard and one old man that lived on the Point. (3.)

Nothing Remarkable on these Days, 15th 16th 17th 18th 19th 20th 21th 22th.

february the 23d—this Night A party of our men tok three of the Ragulars Sentries on Boston neck. (4.)

Nothing remarkable on these Days—24th 25th 26th.

february ye 27th to Day there was an Alarm.

Nothing Remarkable on these Days—28 and 29—so Ends this month.

March ye first Day—Nothing Remarkable to Day.

Saterday ye 2d this Night our People hov severel Bombs from Cambridge and Roxbuary and fired severel cannon—they split two mortar Peices at Cambridge and one at Roxbuary—the enemy threw severel Bombs at our People at Leachemor Point to Night—the first of our People's throing Bombs. (5.)

March ye 3—this Night there was sum Bombs and Cannon fired on Both Sids.

Monday ye 4—this Night about 2.000 of our men whent to

fortify on Dorchester Point and begun to fortify on the two highest hills and begun several Redouts—We Carrid Six Twelve Pounders and Six or Eight Feild Peaces over there and about 3 o'clock in the morning two Companys of the artillery went on. Our People kept cannonading of them at Roxbuary Cobble hill and Leachmore Point—the Regulars returned the fire briskly with bombs and Balls. A large Nomer of teams Employed in carring fasheans, (6) hay and timber to our People.

March ye 5th Tusday. After the Enemy Discovered Our Men on the hills they fired 20 or 30 shot at them, but Did no Damage. We had one Leivetenant Ciled at Roxbuary Last Night and two men kiled at Cambridg one of which was kiled with a Bomb, the first that Ever we have had kiled with a Bomb since the Campaign begun. Our Company whent on the hill about four o'clock this morning—it was Exceding Bad storm this morning. (7.)

Wednesday, March ye 6. No firing to Day.

Thirsday ye 7. one of Capt. Peirce's men hed one of his arms Shot of Accidently by a feild Peice as they where firing a small Tender.

Transaction on March fryday ye 8. Came a Flag a truce (8) to Roxbuary Line and Brought News that the Minnesterial troops was a going to Leave the town and that the Inhabitents Desired the Gen.* (9) not to Destroy the Town—his answer was

* Gen. Sir Wm. Howe.

that If his troops was Not Molisted in there Imbarkation it was Not his Intention to Destroy the town but if other ways the town would be Exposed To utter Destruction.

Remarks on Saturday March ye 9th—this night a party of our men whent to Entrench on nuke hill But the Enemy fired so smartly on them that they where oblige to Give over Entrenching that Night we had four men killed at one shot on the point (10) our men cept firing from Roxbuary, Coble hill and Leachemore Pointe there was upwards of a Thousand shot fired over to Dorchester Hill from Boston.

Sunday March ye 10—the first part of this 24 ours several transports and tanders fell Down below the Castle the Admirel Ship Weight Anchor and got under wey She had not wind enough to git Down Canill.

No grate Remarks on these Days 11th 12th 13th 14th 15th Some firing on Both Sids these Days.

Saturday March ye 16th this Night our men whent to fortify on nuke Point--the Enemy Discoverd them about 10 o'clock A. M. the ragulars kept a smart fireing till About 8 o'clock Sunday morning we had not one man killed and only one wounded.

March ye 17th Sunday--this morning Betwene 8 and 9 o'clock there was a general Alarm in our Camps and the Enemy made grate hast to get on board the ships and about 10 o'clock the whole Fell Down below The Castle and about 2 o'clock we march-

ed in and took posesion of the town the Enemy had Left--Grate many Good Cannon Left Spiked up and one mortar Left. (11)

Monday March ye 18th Clear and pleasant nothing Remarkable to Day.

Tuesday March ye 19th the Enemy Burnt the Lower block house which was on the Castle and in the Night they burnt some other houses the fleet still Laying Down by the Castle.

Wednesday march ye 20th this night the Enemy burnt the Barracks and Blew up the wall at the Castle.

Tuesday march ye 21st This Day All the ships Excep one that Lay by the Castle Got under way and whent Down to Nantasket Road and there came to an Anchor and our people whent and took possession of the Castle there where several Cannon Left And all Excep thre where spiked up Com. tupper* with a grate number of men in whale Boats have been Down the Channel two or three Days to watch the motion of the Enemy.

Remarks on march ye 22d 23d 24th 25th 26th and 27th Most of the ships Left Nantasket road And whent out to sea on these Days.

March the 28th Thirsdays we had orders to get in Readyness to march.

Benj. Truitt
* Commodore Samuel Tucker.

friday march ye 29th about 1 o'clock P. M. we slung our packs and marched from Dorchester To Roxbuary and there Dismist till the Next morning at sunrise.

Saturday march ye 30th about 10 o'clock 4 Companys of artillery with ten Brass feild Peaces set out from Roxbuary towards New York this Night we put up at Cherrys In Walpole.

Sunday ye 31—this Day Very Bad Traveling—marched But 10 mils—Put up at ranthem.

monday april ye 1. Sout* In the morning and Dined at attleborough and got to Providence.

tuesday ye 2—this morning Set out from Providence and got 18 mile from thence.

Wensday ye 3th this 24 ours rainey weather—marched thro Cante Borough into Plainfild 14 mils from where we came from in the morning. Now in Coneticut.

thursday ye 4th Sot out from Plainfild and got into Norwich one of our men taken sick with the small Pox.

friday ye 5—marched from Norwich and got to New London.

Saterday ye 6—We Lay to N. London—one takin Sick.

Sunday ye 7.—first Part this 24 ours wet wether Still Lay at

* Set out.

New London—this Evning we Imbarked aboard a Brig and Lay all Night.

monday april ye 8—this morning Caim to Sail with the wind N. E. run up the Sound with the fleet stod of and on this Night.

tuesday ye 9—this day small winds and Calm—run up as far as helgate (12) and anchored.

Wednesday ye 10—this morning hove up and went thro the gate—Lay their till the afternoon and then run up to New York and all went a shore that Night.

Thursday ye 11—Employed in giting up the Cannon upon the Paraid.

fryday ye 12—Nothing remarkable about this time.

Saterday, april ye 13.

Sonday ye 14.

monday ye 15.

Tuesday ye 16.

Wednesday ye 17--removed into the Barracks at the Battry.

Thursday ye 18.

fryday ye 19.

Saturday ye 20—this morning two Levitenants and about 30 of us went over to Long Iland after a slop of kings that got a shore abov 25 mils from the fare ways got their this Night.

Sunday ye 21--this morning got the slop about 2 o'clock—Sot out for home and traveld 12 mils.

monday ye 22--this Day got to N. York again.

Tuesday ye 23--	about this time employed in fixing
Wednesday ye 24--	our Cannon and Plasing them.
thursday ye 25.	Seveal Limbs and heads of men ware
friday ye 26.	found at the Holey ground which was
Saturday ye 27.	suposed to Be Ciled by the hoars
Sunday ye 28--	the rified men tore Down a hous
monday ye 29.	No man is Sufferd to Be there
tuesday ye 30.	after Nine o'clock at Night on
Wednesday may ye 1	these Days sent two Letters
thursday ye 2--	home.
friday ye 3.	

Saturday ye 4--one in our Rig't whipt 39 Lashes.

Sunday ye 5--this Day Employd in Planting Canon.

monday ye 6--this Day Employd in fixing the Congress at the grand Battree.

Tuesday ye 7--this Day wet weather.

Wednesday ye 8--thick misty weather--Employd to Day in Draging Cannon from the End of Chery Street fort Down to the

Crane and at 6 o'clock P. M. Loaded the Congress twice and sent two Shels out of her to try her and she proved good.

New-York, Thirsday may the 9th this Day 12 men out of our Company Employd In Carring four two and thirty Pounders from the Crane over to Governers Island and Placed them In the fort Likwise four of us went over to Stratens Island after A skow But, when we got there She was Aground—So Ends this 24 hours--Clear and Pleasent weather.

Remarks on Fryday ye 10th Day of may--This morning at 1 o'clock A. M. Brought the Skow from the morning Star ferry on Stratten Island over to york. This Day Employd in giting Cannon from york to read hook and Plaiccing them this Day Ends Pleasent weather.

Remarks on Saturday may ye 11th Clear and Pleasent weather this 24 hours to Day Carred one Cannon and some shot over to read Hook.

Sunday may ye 12th this morning Col'n. Knox* Recd. A Letter that Give an Account of A fleet that had Arrived In Nantasket Road Belonging to Brittain Some of us Employd in giting down Cannon from the Labartery to the grand Battry--Clear and Plesent.

Monday may ye 13--this morning Ninteen of the train went to montgomery to tak Care of a fort that's their Likwise some men

* Afterwards Gen. Knox.

Employd in placing Cannon at the grand Battrey and Poiling up Shot--fetch'd one 32 Pounder from the fort and Plaiced it to the Eastward of the grand Battrey in the afternoon--Employd in piling up Shot to the Labatery So Ends this 24 hours--Pleasant weather.

Tuesday may ye 14--the first part of this 24 hours a small shour of rain the rest Part Verry pleasant to Day--Carred Shot to governers Island--so Ends this 24 hours.

wedensday may ye 15th this Day Pleasant--Some of us Employd in making Cartrege* and some Employd in giting Cannon Down to the North river to Prove them.

Thirsday may ye 16--this Day Verry Pleasant--Some of us employd im making Cartridges in the fore part of the Day and in the afternoon Employd in firing our Cannon with Double Charges in them to Prove them, and they all proved good But two one of them Split at the muzel and other at the grand Battree Burst all in peaces--one peace went 30 or 40 rod and fell upon a house which went through the roof and all the flors to the Loest one which hurt the house verry much But hirt no Body to Day one man was Drowned and Whitmarsh in Capt. Reeds Company Died,

Fryday may ye 17--this day Cept as a fast throughout the Continent--Some of us Employd in Loding and giting powder

* Cartridges.

into the magazains---so Ends this 24 hours---Clear and pleasant.

Saturday may ye 18---This Day very wet weather---some Employd in making Cartridges---So Ends 24 hours.

Sunday may ye 19th this Day very pleasant---Some of us Employd in making Cartredgs and fixing Cannon So Ends 24 hours.

Monday may ye 20th to Day Cloudy---Later Part very rainy---Nothing Remarkable---Employed in giting Cannon on the platform and making Cartregs---Josiah Bradford got a New Pair of Breatches.

Tuesday may ye 21st first Part rainy---Latter part Pleasant---some employd in giting Cannon to Bunker hill (13) in New York and some Employd in making Cartridges So Ends this 24 hours.

Wednesday may ye 22 this Day pleasant weather---Employd in making Cartredgs---we make about 1500 weight of powder into cannon Cartredgs and small arms Every Day

Thursday may ye 23---this Day pleasant Some of us Employd in making Cartredgs.

Friday may ye 24---to Day Pleasant---all the artillary men Employd in making Cartredgs---one of the art'ry men wounded Very Bad By one of the rifel men with a hatchet.

Saturday may ye 25---this Day pleasant None of us upon fe-

tague a order for all our rigerment to git our Cloths Clean and fix to pass muster to morrow--So Ends this Day.

Sunday may ye 26--this Day plasent--Ten Companys of our Rigerment marched upon the grand Parade to pass muster in the first part of the Day--the after part went to meating and then went and took our Larrim post.

monday may ye 27th first part of this 24 hours rainny Some of us Employd in making Cartredgs and some in fixing the Cannon and feild peaces upon the grand Parade--So End this Day--Later part plasent.

Tuesday may ye 28th this Day plesent--Nothing remarkable --Employd in making Cartredgs.

Wednesday may ye 29th this Day pleasent all the train goes to Larrim Post and Employd in making Cartredgs.

Thirsday, may ye 30th this Day Pleasant--Employd in making Cartredges--So Ends this 24 hours.

Fryday may ye 31th this Day pleasent--Biger part of our Rigerment Employd in making Cartredgs--So Ends this month--all well in our Company.

Saturday June ye 1--this Day windey But pleasent--Some of our men Employd in Boring 6 pr. feild peaces Some in making Cartredgs.

Sunday June ye 2d this Day first part misty--Later part pleast
—first part Employd in making Cartredgs--after noon all of us
marched to meating--So Ends this 24 hours.

monday June ye 3d 1776--this Day Verry rainy--Some Em-
ployd in making Cartredgs--So Ends this 24 hours.

Tuesday June ye 4th this Day pleasent Employd in making
Cartredgs this Night 4 of us went to Sippe Can (14) we had
a tuff spell But None Cilled--so Ends this Day.

Wednesday June ye 5--this Day pleasent--Employd in the
Labertery as useal a Sloop and a schoner from Hispanecole which
ware frenchmen had on Board Suger, molases and cotten woll (15)
Received a Letter from home and all.

Thirsday June ye 6th 1776--this Day pleasent--Employd as
befor--So Ends this 24 hours. Some Not well.

Fryday June ye 7th this first part Wet Weather Later part
pleasent--Employed as Befor.

Saturday June the 8th this Day pleasent--first part of the Day
Employd as Before and all at Lasure in the afternoon.

Sunday June ye 9th this Day plasent weather--all our Regt.
went to meting all Day--So Ends this 24 hours. Sent a Letter
home.

Monday June ye 10th This Day pleasant about Eight o'clock our Capt. Leivt. and about 60 men in four flat Bottom Boats Sot out to Kings Bridg for 12 6 pr. and got their and got them on Board the Boats about Sunset—we staid here all night.

Tuesday June ye 11th Clear and pleasant this morning about 5 o'clock we sot out for York and get here about 9 o'clock in The morning and took out some shot we Brought and carrid four Cannon over to the Jersays the other four to read hook—Some Employd in the Larberterry.

Wednesday June ye 12--this Day pleasant—Employed at the Larberterry--So Ends this 24 hours.

Thursday June ye 13--this Day pleasant—Some Employed in the Labetery.* So Eds this 24 hours.

Fryday June ye 14--this Day pleasant--Employd as Before. So Ends this 24 hours.

Saturday June ye 15th this Day pleasant—some Employd as Before—orders for Lev. with 20 privat to go to fort gorge—Likewise for 450 men to Be Draughted out of the Battalian to Come into our Companys—to Day our Company moved from the grand Battry to the uper Barraks.

Sunday June ye 16—this Day pleasant—the men that was Draught'd out of the Battalian Joined our Rigerment. So Ends this 24 hours.

† Laboratory.

Monday June ye 17th Clear weather all this 24 hours—at 10 o'clock Capt. Drury and Lieut. freman with 30 of us Embareked on Board the philadelphia Stage Boat in order to go to Amboy Ps. took two feild Peaces with us.

Tuesday June ye 18th first part of this 24 hours small shours of rain and Cool this morning at 4 o'clock we arived to amboy and Landed at 3 o'Clock P. M. 160 Battalian men arived here from New-York in 4 flat Botem Boats—we all inCamp^t here this Night. So Ends this 24 hours.

Amboy wednesday June ye 19th about 11 o'Clock A. M. we set out in a flat Botem Boat with the Battalian in four more. Ditto attended with Comidore Tupper with whale Boats and 18 of his men—we toucht at Middleton Point at sun-set we Embarked and set out towards the Light hous.*

Thirsday June ye 20th Clear and pleasent this morning at 2 o'clock Landed at Sparmecity Cove within 4 mils from the Light house we got our feild peaces ashore and Lay there all Day about 9 o'clock P. M. set out towards the Light and marched Sloly un-Discovered to the Enemy. We are al well Att Present and in high Spirits.

Fryday June ye 21d Clear and warm this morning—at Day Light Got within 20 rods of the Light hous and formed us at the

* House.

Pitch of a hill—Comidore Tupper marched towards the Enemy and ordered them to surrender which they refused and fired on him—Comadore tupper Retreated back To our Field Pieces and ordered them to fire which we did one and twenty rounds at the Light house they continued fireing with muskets on Both Sids the Light hous Being so strong that we could make no impresian upon it—they fired upon us from the men of ware But they did not hirt But Two ware slitley wounded after a Ingagement $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour we retretd to our Boats again and about 4 o'clock P. M. we set out for Amboy and about 10 o'clock we arived at Amboy.

Saturday June ye 22—pleasent—we set out for New York about 10 o'clock and at 6 o'clock P. M. we arived at New York after a tiresome Journey--we Landed our feild peaces at the grand Battree so Ends this 24 hours Clear and pleasent--Yesterday severel Tories was taken up and confined that was contriveing a Plot to Kill general Warshington.* (16)

New York Sunday June ye 23d--this Day Clear and Pleasent --Some men went to Kings Bridg and got Back again with some Cannon.

Monday June ye 24th Clear and Pleasent--Some Employd in making Cartredgs.

Tusday June ye 25th this Day Clear and pleasent--Some Em-ployd in making Cartregs --So Ends this 24 hours.

* Washington.

Wednesday ye 26' of June--this Day pleasant--Some Employd in the Labeterry.

Thirsday June ye 27th this Day Clear and pleasant--Conll. Masin, two Leivts. and 15 metrows* (17) Employd in fixing to make fire rafts—Som Employd in the Labeterry.

Fryday June ye 28—this Day Clear and pleasant--Cleard frome work at 11 o'clock--all the army Except those upon Duty paraded out at Genrl. Starling Brigade to see a man hung which Belong to Genl. Warshington's Life Guarde for turning a Torie (18) so Ends 24 hours.

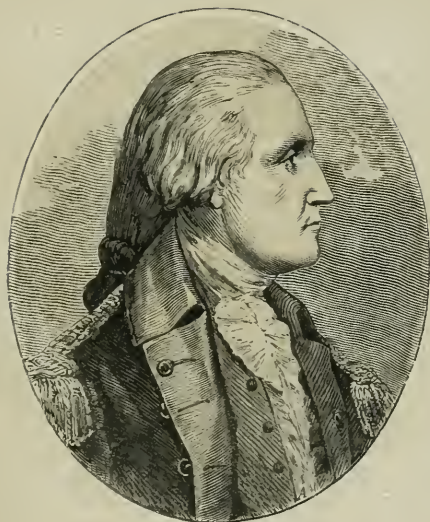
Saturday June ye 29th this Day pleasant verry warm in this after part of the Day some Employd as Before--so End this 24 hours.

Sunday June ye 30th to Day Verry warm--Last Night there was taken a Boat and 26 man of wars men--we here there is 120 sail of ships got in at Sandy hook--one of our men this Day is gon priveterin.

Monday July ye 1d this Day Verry warm--Employd as Befor --this night orders to Be in radiness--So Ends this 24 hours.

Tusday July ye 2d first part misty and rany--their was about 50 or 60 sail of the fleet at Sandy hook got under way and Came through the narrows and anchored of against Stratia Island--we ware all in preparation for a Battle Expecting them here to town

* Matrosses.



GEN. WASHINGTON.

Wednesday July ye 3d the first part Smart Showers of rain-- the Ships Drawd themselves in a Line Close by Straten Island-- some of the troops went ashore on Straten Island.

Thirsday July ye 4--Last Night Capt. Dancy's Company went towards Elizebath town with 2 12 pounders to Ingage a tender and fired on her Verry Briskly and hirt her so much that they ware oblige to run on shore at Straten Island--our people took posesion of hur--one of Capt. Drury's Sargent was Cilled--By an Exedent*--ther was a Capt. of a ship taken By one of our Boats --So Ends this 24 hours--Clear and pleasent.

Fryday July ye 5. Clear and pleasent--there was a sentry shot--he Blead to Death--it was suposed to Be Dun By a torey out of a window But they Could not find him--one man was Cild with a Britch of a gun.

Saturday July ye 6th Clear and pleasent--Som fireing--the ministerials troops pitcht their tents on Straten* Island--So End this 24 hours.

Sunday July ye 7th Clear and pleasent--a prisoner in goal this Day Insuled the goal and several others--A file of men was orderd to Quell the mob in goal--they was oblige to Cill* said prisoners--There was several men rnn away from the men of ware but no grate Enteligence from there.

* Accident.

† Staten.

‡ Kill.

Monday July ye 8. Clear and pleasent—our men Employd to work in the Labeterry.

Tuesday July ye 9th pleasent Employd as Befor—at 6 o'clock all ye Rigerment was ordered to parade and have the Declarration of Independance Read and three Cheers given after Read. (19)

Wednesday July ye 10th Clear. Last night King George's Image that was Erectted here was over set and to Day Cut in to peaces. (20)

Thirsday July ye 11—Clear and warm—Nothing Remarkable—tou men run away from the Ships—their was five ships Came into the fleet at Straten Island.

Fryday July ye 12th this Day Clear and pleasent—this afternoon 2 men of ware and 3 Boom sail vesells Came from Straten Island and run up the north river—our people fired smartly upon them and shot them threw sevrel times—we had six men cilled, three wound^d By our Cannons which went off Exedently—they fired at the Citty, But did not much Damage (26) So Ends this 24 hours.

Saturday July ye 13th this Day pleasent—Nothing Remarkable—Employd at the Labeterry—So Ends this 24 hours.

Sunday July ye 14th wet and showerry—we Took two Barges—So Ends this 24 hours.

Monday July ye 15th this Day pleasant—Nothing remarkable
 --So Ends this 24 hours.

Tuesday July ye 16th--this Day pleasant--Employd in the
 Labetery--I received two Letters from home--So End this 24
 hours.

Wednesday July ye 17th this Day warm--a flag of truce came
 from the shiping to our Lines--So Ends this 24 hours.

Thirsday July ye 18th this Day warm--Nothing Remarkable
 --So Ends this 24 hours.

Fryday July ye 19th this Day pleasant--Nothing Remarkable
 --so End this 24 hours.

Saturday July ye 20th this Day pleasant--about 11 o'Clock
 their was a flag a truce Came to town and was atended By the
 generals. (22)

Sunday July ye 21st this Day Clear and pleasant. Nothing
 Remarkable--I sent two Letters home by Lev. Shaw--So Ends
 this 24 hours.

Monday July ye 22d this Day pleasant---a vast maney men up-
 on fatigue makin Brastworks round the park.

Tuesday July ye 23d this Day warm and Clear. Nothing Re-
 markable to Day.

Wednesday July ye 24 to Day warm--Employd as usual. I was taken not Verry Well. So Ends this 24 hours.

Thirsday July ye 25th first part showery--Nothing remarkable --so Ends this 24 hours.

Fryday July ye 26th this Day warm--Employd as useuel on these Days --it is Verry sickly in our army here at New York.

Saturday July ye 27th this Day warm--Tou rowe galley Came in here this after Noon--there was one rowe galley Lanchd here--So Ends this 24 hours.

Sunday July ye 28th Clear and warm this Day two of our row galley went up the north river this Evening one of our Company Departed this Life. Belonged to Norton--his name was Jn. hager.

Monday July ye 29th this forenoon Clear and warm--afternoon we all in our Company atended the funirel of Jn. hager.

Tuesday July ye 30th first part showery--Later part Clear and warm--yesterday arived here some troop from the Bay government.*

Wednesday July ye 31st this Day Clear and warm--this afternoon we attended a funirel of one that Belonged to Burbank's Company. So Ends this Month,

* Col. Sargent's regiment and Col. Hutchinson's regiment, both from Boston.

thursday August ye 1st this month Begins pleasant--some Sholgers arived here—two more ro galleys went up the North river.

Fryday August ye 2d this Day warm--there was a Larem we Exspectd ye Ships Down that Lay up the north river.

Saturday August ye 3d this Day warm--Nothing remarkable.

Sunday August ye 4th this Day pleasant—all our Rignement Cleard from fateque—we here yesterday one of our galleys Engaged the pheonix and rose men of war—our gallys huld them saverl times and they Did our gallys much hirt—they kiled 3 of our men and wounded 13.

Monday August ye 5th Very warm this 24 hours—it is Verry Sickly in our army.

Tuesday August ye 6th Nothing remarkable—so Ends this 24 hours--Verry warm.

Wednesday August ye 7th Nothing remarkable—the Enemy still Lays at Straten Island—this 24 hours Ends warm.

Thirsday August ye 8th Nothing remarkable—some men arived here from the Bay State—So End this 24 hours with some rain.

Fryday August ye 9th Clear and warm--orders for the four partys of the artillary men that Belong to the feild peices to Join four Brigads.

Saturday August ye 10th Clear and warm—Capt. Rool with 30 men from Abington arived here.

Sunday August ye 11th to Day Somthing Showerry—I received two Letters from home and one from James Gloyd.

Monday August ye 12th to Day somthing Cool—it is still Verry Sickly in our army I Being Verry Porley myself.

Tuesday August ye 13--to Day Verry warm--there was about 20 sail came in Below But where they came from we Cant tell yet.

Wednesday August ye 14. To Day pleasent---this afternoon we hear that the ragulars are Landing on Long Island, But no sartinty of it.

Thirsday August ye 15th this Day first part Showerry Latter part pleasent orders to holde ourselves in radiness for a Battle and to keep three Days provisions to Care with us where we should Be Cald to goe.

Fryday August ye 16th this 24 hours pleasent --this Day part of Genl. Lee's troops arived here from South Carolina and their is more of them Coming.

Saturday August ye 17th--we hare that Last Night one of our fire Ships that was Built up the north river set out to Burn the phenox But mist her But Burnt one of the Tanders. (23) So Ends this 24 hours---Somthing rany.

Sunday August ye 18th to Day rany this morning about Eight o'Clock the phenix and the Rose with their ton Tenders that Lay up the north river run Down By the Town to the fleet we fired Smartly on them and they Lickwise on us But Cild none of us--we split 4 32pr.

Monday August ye 19. to Day Somthing Couler it is Verry Sickly in our army yet and a great many Dies Every Day--So Ends this 24 hours.

Tuesday August ye 20th to Day nothing Remarkable--So Ends this 24 hours--Clear and pleasent.

Wednesday August ye 21st this Day pleasent--there was a flage truce came to towne with a Letter to Genl. Worshington for the Congress.

Thirsday August ye 22d Last Night their was a hard Squall of Thunder and Lightning it Cill'd 10 or 12 men and Struct one gally But Did not Cill any a Board of her---this Day the Enemy Landed upon Long Island our peple Engaged them But Could not Drive them off--two feild peeces went from york and 7 or 8 Thousand Battalan men.

Fryday August ye 23d this morning we her that the Enemy ware oblige to retreet But have no Sartingty of it yet--So Ends this 24 hours--I sent tou Letters hom.

Saturday August ye 24th we here that our men made the

Enemy retreat about 2 mils—to Day Conl.* was put under the Provo gard for writing to Genl. how† that he would Poizen the water when he was rady to Com up to Engage our men—he was shure Poizing his owne rigerment and as many more as he Could. (24) So Ends this 24 hours Clear and pleasant.

Sunday August ye 25th Nothing remarkable—the Enemy still are In Campt upon Long Island and our army are In Campt near them So Ends this 24 hours Clear and pleasant.

Monday August ye 26---this Day their was an Engagemet which Did not Last Long---their was 4 or 5 of our men Cilld and somr wounded--we toke some things from them.

Tusday August ye 27--this morning a party of about 200 and 2 feild peaces was surrounded By the Enemy and maid our Peopel retreat and took the Peaces kiled and took some of our men and sone after the Enemy Surrounded another party of our men about 1200 and 2 feild peaces they made our men Leive the peaces with the Loss of Capt. Lev. Carpenter Comander of the feild peices with the Loss of some of the Battillian men and one Coln.

Wednesday August ye 28th we here that Genl. Suliphant‡ (25) and Lord Starling§ was taken yesterday--Some firing on Both Sides at Long Island.

Thirsday August ye 29th our people and the Enemy Keep

* Lt. Col. Zedwitz.

† A mistake—should be Gen. Tryon.

§ Gen. Sullivan.

§ Lord Sterling.

their own Lins*—the Considerable firing on Both Sids—it is Verry raney on these Days.

Fryday August ye 30—Verry rany--Last Night about 10 o'Clock our men had orders to retreet of Long Island—thay Lik-wise Did and got of all our feild peaces and amunition and the men all got of By Sunrise this morning the Enemy fired som at Last Boats that Left the Island our men Left govners Island the Enemy fired at our Boats when Left govnr's Island and Cilld and wounded 3 or 4. Gnl Suliphent Came to Town upon the porrol of oner til to morrow 7 o'Clock.

Saturday, August ye 31st to Day ye fleet Came up Nearer the Town our people went to Governers Isld and fired at the Shipping Sevrel time with Cannon that our people Left their and they returned the fire and fired savral tims at our rogalys as they went By the grand Battry to go up ye north river. So Ends this month.

Sunday September ye 1st to Day Part of our Company moved to tirCal Bay† the Shipping Drawd nearer the town.

Monday September ye 2d Last Night our men went to Governers Island and fachd of 4 or 5 Cannon this afternoon the Regulars tok porseseion of Governers Island and fired all the Cannon of that our people Left their—So Ends this 24 hours--pleasent.

Tuesday September ye 3d this morning Before it was Light a
 * Lines. † Turtle Bay, corrupted from the original name of Deutal Bay.

20 gun Ship Capt. Wallis went up the East river as far as tireul Bay our men went with 2 12pr one hoit and fired one hoit Shell in to her Quarter with other Dameg which made her move her Station.

Wednesday September ye 4th Clear and warm. Nothing Remarkable to Day.

Thirsday September ye 5th this afternoon major Crain with a Party of Artillary men went with 3 1Spr and fired at the Ship that Lay up the East river and holed her severall times and they fired at our men But Did not hurt any Except major Crain in one of his feet So Ends this 24 hours Clear and pleasant.

Fryday September ye 6th Nothing remarkable to Day Clear and pleasant.

Saturday September ye 7th this Day Clear and pleasant---this Evening the Shiping Espied our guard Boats and fired at them. So Ends this 24 hours.

Sunday September ye 8th Nothing Remarkable to Day--two Belonging to our Company Died at the hospital.

Monday September ye 9th our men fire some to the Enemy at helsgate and they Return the fire.

Tuesday September ye 10th to Day the Ragulars Landed about 6000 on one of the Islands Caled the two Brothers--Luke and rogers went to join their Party.

Wednesday September ye 11th Nothing Remarkable--Clear and pleasant--Some firing at hell Gate on Both Sids.

Thirsday September ye 12th the Enemy fired Some Cannon Bals from Long Island to our forts in the City and our men fired some at them orders for all the sick to move out to Kings Bridg Likewise all the Tems* Employd in giting our warlike Stors out of Town So Ends this 24 hours Clear and pleasant.

Fryday September ye 13th to Day four Ships took the advan-
 teg of the wind and Tide and run up Betwixt read hok and gov-
 erners Island as far as horns hook (27) and their anchored--we
 are still giting in radiness to retret.

Saturday, September ye 14th to Day Clear and pleasant Noth-
 ing remarkable--so Ends this 24 hours.

Sunday September ye 15. this morning the Brigades in giurel
 ware ordred to retreet out of town about 8 o'Clock their was 3
 ship went up By the town about 4 mils thay fired smartly at the
 town about 10 o'Clock the Enemy Landed at tireul Bay then we
 that was Left in the town was ordred to retreet But Bing to Late
 the Enemy haded us So that we ware oblige to make our escape
 as well as we Could But they Did not take maney of our men Now
 they have Prosesion of the town. (28)

Monday Sep'tember ye 16--this morning the Enemy Came to

* Teams.

force our Lins* where our people had arected about 7 or 8 mils from town--But our men made them retrace and killd some of them and wounded and took a grate many more without Loss of many of our men. (29)

Tuesday September ye 17th Nothing remarkable to Day.

Wednesday September ye 18. Clear and pleasant to Day. So Ends this 24 hours.

Thursday September ye 19--Nothing remarkable to Day--I Being not well Left the Laboratory and Joined our Company-- So End this 24 hours.

Fryday September ye 20th Clear and pleasant--Nothing Remarkable--So Ends this 24 hours.

Saturday September ye 21th this morning about 1 or 2 o'Clock their was a Large fire in the City of York But how much was Burnt we have no Sartinty nor how it got a fire. So Ends this 24 hours.

Sunday September ye 22d--Nothing remarkable to Day. I received 2 Letters from home.

Monday September ye 23d--To Day Their was a mansentenced to Be Shot for Deserting while in the Engagment the weke Before But was reprevd after he kneled Down to Be Shot.

*Lines.

Tuesday September ye 24th Clear and Pleasent this Day--the got Powels hook* But Did not take any guns or amunission.

Wednesday September ye 25. Nothing remarkable—I sent a Letter and Somthings home.

Thirsday September ye 26th Verry Cold Last Night and this morning—So Ends this 24 hours.

Fryday September ye 27. Clear and windey this afternoon their was two 13 inch morters with iron beds arived here from Boston and was on Loaded By fort worshington—So Ends this 24 hours.

Saturday September ye 28th to Day their is 400 of our men that was taken at Queback Cleared from the Enemy upon the Parol of honour that they will not take up arms against the King of England again—So Ends this 24 hours.

Sunday September ye 29th Nothing remarkable—Clear and pleasent. So Ends this 24 hours.

Monday September ye 30—to Day Exceeding windy—So Ends this month at fort Worshington.

Tuesday October ye 1st Nothing remarkable to Day—So Begins this month.'

* Paulus Hook, now Jersey City.

Wednesday October ye 2d Nothing remarkable to Day. So Ends this 24 hours—Clear and pleasant.

Thursday October ye 3d to Day their was 5 or 6 Ships up the north river as far as the Enemy's Lins.

Fryday October ye 4th Nothing remarkable. So Ends this 24 hours—Clear and pleasant.

Saturday October ye 5. Somthing misty this morning But Clear in the after Noon—So Ends this 24 hours.

Sunday October ye 6th Clear and pleasant to Day their was a Sarmon Preached to our rigerment the Text was in Luke ye 12 Chap. 4th and 5th Varses.

Monday October ye 7th Nothing remarkable to Day—Clear and pleasant—So Ends this 24 hours.

Tuesday October ye 8th Clear and pleasant.

Wednesday October ye 9th this morning about 7 or 8 o'Clock their was 3 ships and 3 Tenders got under Sail and Came up the North river By fort wors'n and run up about 15 mils and anchored—they took two of our galeys a Sloop and a schooner Loaded with rum. (31)

Thursday October ye 10th—Nothing remarkable to Day.

Fryday October ye 11th—Last Tuesday Llord Starling was re-

demed and took the Comand of a Brigade again this after noon their was a Boat Came Down the north river our men thought that it was the Enemys Boat and fired at the Boat killd 3 wounded one it proved to Be ginl worshington Barge.

Saturday October ye 12th to Day the Enemy Landed at Frog Point But our men ware To much for them they Could not march out from under the Covering of their Shiping. So Ends this 24 hours Clear.

Sunday October ye 13th Clear and pleasent.

Monday October ye 14th Clear and pleasent to Day thir is Considerable movement in our Camps—Ginl Lee (32) arived here from South Carrolina.

Tuesday October ye 15th Nothing remarkable this 24 hours.

Wensday October ye 16th Clear and pleasent Later Part rany.

Thirsday October ye 17--this morning Stormy Later Part Pleasent theis afternoon got the Brass mortar to the faryway—to Care it over to the jarsey side three Brigades went over Kings Bridg to the Eastward.

Fryday October ye 18th Clouday day and winday all our Rigerment Employd in giting Cannon and morters over to the jersays Likewise in giting other things of the Island—So Ends this 24 hours.

Saturday October ye 19th Nothing Remarkable to Day.

Sunday, october ye 20th to Day their was orders for about three Companys of artillary under the Comand of Capt Pircans to march from fort wors'n towards White Plains—marched about 4 mils over Kings Bridg and In Campt for this Night.

Monday october ye 21th to Day westill Lay wating for orders so Ends this 24 hours.

Tuesday October ye 22—to Day about 10 o'clceck we Struck our tents and sot out for White Plains and arived their about 12 o'Clock at Night and in Campt.

Wednesday October ye 23d to Day we picht our tents By the Church Yard—So Ends this 24 hours.

Thirsday October ye 24th Nothing remarkable to Day.

Fryday October ye 25. Verry fine weather for the time of year—so Ends this 24 hours.

Saturday October ye 26th Clear and pleasent—So Ends this week.

Sunday October ye 27th Nothing remarkable to Day.

Monday October ye 28—this morning the Enemy advaned towards white plains about 12 o'Clock the Light horse Came near us we fired and kild three men and 3 horse and toke one of the

Enemy after a smart Ingagement—got a hill near our Incampment with Loss of some men on Both Sides—so Ends this 24 hours.

Tuesday October ye 29. we are still Incampd at white Plains and the Enemy about a mile off—Some firing at the Santreys on Both Sides—so Ends this 24 hours.

Wednesday October ye 30th to Day It Bing rany Luke was takin not well I still Being not well in the afternoon we Both sot out for North Castle hospital (about 15 mils from white Plains) and we got within 4 mils of the hospital and Put up for this night.

Thursday October ye 31st this morning we set out and got to the hospital Luke Being Verry Sick—So Ends this month—Clear and pleasant.

Fryday November ye 1st Verry Chiley—one Died this Evning in the hospitle—so Ends this 24 hours.

Saturday November ye 2d to Day Pleasant we here that our people have Left white Plain, and retreated Back about 3 mils—a man had his arme Cut of that was wounded Last moonday.

Sunday November ye 3d to Day all the Sick moved out of Chureh hospital into another house the wounded staid in the Chureh—Luke Still Bing Verry Sick.

Monday November ye 4th Nothing remarkable to Day—Verry fine weather for the time of year.

Tuesday November ye 5th Nothing remarkable to Day.

Wednesday November ye 6th Clear and pleasent.

Thirsday November ye 7. Luke groing somthing Better.

Fryday November ye 8th Clear and pleasent.

Saturday November ye 9th Nothing remarkable.

Sunday November ye 10th to Day 7 or 8 sick Came into the hospitle and Luke Brown and I moved out and got into a Private house the Landlord was Mr Peter Totten—So Ends this 24 hours.

Monday November ye 11th Clear and Pleasent.

Tuesday November ye 12th to Day Varry raw Cold.

Wednesday November ye 13th—Luke groing worse.

Thirsday November ye 14th we here that the Enemy has Landed at

Fryday November ye 15th Clear and Pleasent.

Saturday November ye 16th Nothing remarkable.

Sunday November ye 17th. Noth'g &c.

Monday November ye 18th I was taken Verry Porley a Pain
in my head and Bones.

Tuesday November ye 19th I still grow wors.

Wednesday November ye 20--this Night I trid to Swet But
Could not.

Thursday November ye 21st to Day I Bing in as much Pain as
I Could undergo and my feaver Increasing this Night I took a
harty Swet.

Fryday November ye 22--this morning I feiling Somthing
Better But so week I Could not git up without help.

Saturday November ye 23--I groing Better.

Sunday November ye 24--Verry wet weather I Still groing
Somthing Better.

Monday November ye 25th Still Verry well.

Tuesday November ye 26th Nothing remarkable.

Wednesday November ye 27th Still Verry Stormy I now Be-
ing Considerable Better So that I Can walk about Some in the
house.

Thursday November ye 28th to Day Clear But Verry wet under
foot--So End this 24 hours.

Fryday November ye 29th I now Being Considerable harty
again--So Ends this 24 hours Clear and Pleasent.

Saturday November ye 30th To Day Rany first Part Latter
Part Clearing up So Ends this month.

Sunday December ye 1--to Day Clear and pleasent--Brown
Luke and I Joined Left. Chandlys Party that works at the Labo-
ratory at North Castle.

Monday December ye 2d to Day we sot out for Peaks Keal
and marched about 10 mils with 30 wagon Load of artillery
stors.

Tuesday December ye 3--to Day we got to Pk-Keal and on
Loaded the Stors in a store it Being Verry rainy.

Wednesday December ye 4--we got our Laboratory Stors
aboard a Schonar and Sat Sail for fish Keals* about 20 mils and
got a had Verry Sloly.

Thirsday December ye 5th--to Day we got But Little towards
our Port, I Being Verry Porley.

Fryday December ye 6--this Evining we arived at the fish
Keals Landing--So Ends this 24 hours.

Saturday December ye 7--to Day Employd in un Loding the

* Fish Kill.

Sloop and Loading the wagons for to go to the fish Kils Town--
So Ends this 24 hours.

Sunday December ye 8--to Day we Came to the fish Keels
Town.

Monday December ye 9. Nothing Remarkable.

Tuesday December ye 10. Clear weather.

Wednesday December ye 11th this Evening their Came a Snow
about 6 inches Deep.

Thursday December ye 12th to Day Clouday.

Fryday December ye 13th Clouday to Day.

Saturday December ye 14th--Nothing remarkable.

Sunday December ye 15--to Day we had a Sarmon Preach'd
in the Church where we keep and our Stors.

Monday December ye 16th Clear and Could.

Tuesday December ye 17 Nothing Remarkable.

Wednesday December ye 18th Clear and pleasent.

Thursday December ye 19th Clear and pleasent for the Time of
year.

Fryday December ye 20th Verry Could this morning about

12 o'Clock it Begun to Snow But Verry modrate---So Ends this
24 hours.

Saturday December ye 21st Some Snow to Day, and Thawey
the Snow about 3 inches Deep when it Cleard away in the Even-
ing.

Sunday December ye 22d to Day it is Clear and Pleasent for
the time of year.

Monday December ye 23d Nothing remarkable.

Tuesday December ye 23--Verry Could in ye Night.

Wednesday December ye 25th a fine Day for Christmass---So
Ends this 24 hours.

Thirsday December ye 26 Snowey weather to Day.

Fryday December ye 27th Clear weather to Day---the Snow
about 6 inches Deep.

Saturday December ye 28th Clouday But not Verry Could.

Sunday December ye 29---Clear weather.

Monday December ye 30---nothing remarkable.

Tuesday December ye 31---Nothing Remarkable---So Ends this
Year.

Wednesday January ye 1. 1777--this morning we set out for home it Being So wet we Did not Travel But 20 mils and Put up at a Private house.

Thursday January ye 2d this morning Verry wet under foot about 8 o'Clock we set out and Came over new Milford Bridg about 3 mils--we Traveld about 22 mils.

Fryday January ye 3d this morning we set out and Came Through Lichfield to Day--we Traveld about 24 mils it Being Verry ruff Traveling and Verry Cold--So End this 24 hours.

Saturday January ye 4th--Very Could this Day--we Travld Through hartford and Came about Six mils this Side of the ferrey and Put up at Bejamins--So Ends this 24 hours.

Sunday January ye 5th This morning we sot out Vary Erley and Travlied as far as wendham and put up at an inn--So Ends this 24 hours--Verry Could.

Monday January ye 6--this morning came 5 mils to New Scotland and Eat Brekfast--then Travled to Cituate, and put up at Greens--about 18 mils from Providence. So Ends this 24 hours--Could.

Tuesday January ye 7--this morning we set out for Providence and arived their about 1 o'Clock and met with John Puffer and Nathen Snow this Evning we had a Campaign and after our fill

of Good Liquor and a good Super we Cald for our Loging and went to Bed--So Ends this 24 hours.

Wednesday January ye 8--this morning we got up and Took Down Som Bitters and then set out and got to Protucket and took Brackfast and Came to Norton and put up for to Night.

Thirsday January ye 9--this morning we sot out and got to Careys By 12 o'Clock and took Diner and som good flip (33) and then Came to Capt Browns and took Down Some more flip and then Came home and found all well--So End this Long Campain in the war,

*This Journal Kept
By
Solomon Nash*

NOTES.

(1) Gen. Putnam, on the 8th of January, 1776, detached a party of about 200 men, under command of Major Knowlton, aided by Brigade Majors Henly and Cary, to destroy 14 houses standing along the main street, in Charlestown, which had escaped destruction and were occupied by the British. The party crossed the mill-dam from Cobble Hill, about 9 o'clock in the evening. Major Cary was directed to proceed to the houses furthest from the dam, and set fire to them, while another party under Major Henly was ordered to wait until this was done, and then set fire to those nearest to it. But some of the party set fire to the latter first. The flames gave the alarm to the enemy on Bunker Hill. Guns were immediately discharged from every quarter of the fort, indicating the confusion of the defenders, and affording no little amusement to Gen. Putnam and his staff, who were spectators of the affair from Cobble Hill. Nor was this the only alarm. The attack was made in the midst of a performance in Boston of the British play, entitled "The Blockade of Boston," in which the figure designed to burlesque Washington enters in an uncouth gait, with a large wig and a long sword, attended by

a country servant with a rusty gun. A sergeant suddenly appeared and exclaimed, "The Yankees are attacking our works on Bunker Hill." At first, this was supposed by the audience to be a part of the play, but when Gen. Howe, who was present, called out "Officers, to your alarm posts," the people instantly rushed out, the females shrieking and fainting. Major Knowlton burnt 8 or 10 of the houses, killed one man, who made resistance, and brought off 5 prisoners, without sustaining any damage. Majors Knowlton, Cary, and Henly, were much praised for their good conduct on this occasion, and were thanked in the general orders of the next day.

Frothingham's History of the Siege of Boston. p. 287.

(2) About the first of November, 1775, Capt. Manly, of Marblehead, commander of the American armed schooner *Lee*, one of the six vessels fitted out at Boston, under the direction of Washington, before Congress had yet taken measures to establish a navy, captured off Cape Ann, and brought into that harbor, the British store ship *Nancy*, bound from London to Boston. The vessel was loaded with a complete assortment of military stores, among which were 2,000 muskets, 100,000 flints, 30,000 round shot for one, 6 and 12-pounders, over 30,000 musket shot, 11 mortar beds, and a 13 inch brass mortar of a new construction, that weighed 2,700 pounds. So valuable were these stores, being the very things the Americans most needed at that time, that Washington, supposing that Gen. Howe would make immediate efforts to recover them, sent an armed force to Cape Ann to secure them. Universal joy ran through the whole American camp at the news of this capture, and upon the arrival of these trophies, the mortar was fixed in its bed for the occasion, and Gen. Putnam, with a bottle of rum in his hand, mounted it, as parson to christen it, while godfather Mifflin gave it the name of "Con-

gress." During the severe bombardment and cannonade at the siege of Boston, on the 2d of March following, the "Congress" burst, not having been properly bedded. It was said to have been the noblest piece of ordnance ever landed in America.

Thatcher's Military Journal, p 36.

(3) This party came with the intention of surprising the American guard, and were very nigh effecting their purpose, the guard but just escaping them. There was but one musket fired on the side of the Americans. An old inhabitant and his son were taken prisoners.

Heath's Memoirs, page 37.

(4) This party was commanded by Ensign Lyman, of Huntington's Regiment. They took a corporal and two men who were sentinels at Brown's chimneys on Boston Neck, prisoners, without firing a gun.

Heath, p. 39.

(5) These bombs were thrown by the Americans from their works on Cobble Hill and Leachmere's Point on the Cambridge side, and from Lamb's Dam on the Roxbury side. They were thrown in order to divert the attention of Gen. Howe from the works which the Americans were erecting under Gen. Thomas on Dorchester Heights. These works were nearly completed by morning. Perhaps there never was so much work done in so short a space of time. The orchards were cut down to make the abattis, and a very curious and novel mode of defence was added to the works. The hills on which the fortifications were erected were steep and clear of trees and bushes. Rows of barrels, filled with earth, were placed around. These presented only the appearance of strengthening the works, but the real design

was, in case the enemy made an attack, to have rolled them down the hill. They would have descended with such increasing velocity as must have thrown the assailants into the utmost confusion, and have killed and wounded great numbers. This project was suggested by Mr. Wm. Davis, a merchant of Boston, to Gen. Thomas, who immediately communicated it to Gen. Washington, who highly approved of it, as did all the other officers.

Heath, p. 40.

(6) *Fascines*.—These are bundles of rods or small sticks of wood, bound at both ends, and in the middle, and are used in raising batteries, in filling ditches, strengthening ramparts, and making parapets. Sometimes they are dipped in melted pitch or tar, and then used to set fire to the enemy's lodgments or other works.

(7) This storm took place about midnight, and continued for some time. The wind blew almost a hurricane from the south. Many windows were forced in, sheds and fences blown down, and several vessels driven ashore. It was said that about 3,000 British troops had been ordered to make an attack on the American works, but this storm compelled Gen. Howe to abandon the enterprise.

Thatcher, p. 41.

Heath, p. 40.

(8) This flag of truce was sent by the selectmen of Boston. The situation of the inhabitants of that town was at this time peculiarly unhappy. Having failed in their efforts to leave the town in April, on account of the stringent orders of Gen. Gage, who feared they might join their countrymen in an attack then threatened, they were equally unable to do so now, as Gen. Howe,

who succeeded Gage, in Oct., 1775, being apprehensive that they might give intelligence of the situation of the British troops, strictly prohibited any person from leaving the place under pain of military execution. Thus matters continued until the British evacuated the town.

(9) *Gen. Sir William Howe*, was the successor of Gen. Gage in the command of the British troops in America, arriving at Boston, in May, 1775, with Burgoyne. He commanded in the battle of Bunker Hill, and in Sept. 1776, he took possession of New York. In July, 1777, he sailed for the Chesapeake, entered Philadelphia Sept. 27, and defeated the Americans at Germantown Oct. 4. In May, 1778, he was succeeded by Sir Henry Clinton. He died in 1814. He was the brother of Lord Howe, who commanded the fleet.

(10) This was a strong detachment sent to oppose a work on Nuke Hill in Dorchester. Some of the men imprudently kindled a fire behind the hill previous to the hour for breaking ground. The enemy discovered the light and commenced firing on the party. The four men who were killed were standing around the fire. One of them was Dr. Dow, of Connecticut. The work was thereupon suspended for the night.

Heath, p. 41.

(11) On the morning of March 17, 1776, the British evacuated Boston, their rear guard with some marks of precipitation. Besides a number of cannon which were spiked, they left two large marine mortars which they in vain attempted to burst. The garrison at Bunker Hill practised some deception to cover their retreat. They fixed some images representing men in the place of their sentinels, with muskets placed on their shoulders. Their

immovable position led to the discovery of the deception, and a detachment of Americans marched in and took possession. The troops on the Roxbury side moved over the neck and took possession of Boston, as did others from Cambridge in boats. On the Americans entering the town, the inhabitants discovered joy irrepressible. The town had been much injured in its buildings, and some individuals had been plundered.

Heath, p. 43.

The number of the British who evacuated Boston, exclusive of the staff, was 7,575, and the addition of the marines and sailors is supposed to have rendered Howe 10,000 strong. They left their barracks standing, and a number of pieces of cannon spiked, also four large iron sea mortars and stores to the value of £30,000.

Holmes' Annals, vol. 2, page 242.

On the 25th, Congress, in commemoration of this event, ordered a gold medal to be struck and presented to Gen. Washington, and passed likewise a vote of thanks to him and the officers and soldiers under his command. The medal was $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches in diameter, and the dies were cut by B. Duvivier, a noted artist of that day in Paris. It bears upon the obverse, a fine profile of Washington, with the legend "*Georgio Washington supremo duci exercituum adsertoria libertatis comitia Americana.*" On the reverse is a representation of the British embarking: In the foreground Washington appears with his staff, whose attention is upon the departing enemy. The legend is "*Hostibus primo fugatis.*" In the exergue, "*Bostonium recuperatum XVII Martii MDCCLXXVI.*"

(12) Hell Gate, or Hurl Gate,—a celebrated strait near the west end of Long Island Sound, opposite Harlem, and about 8 miles N.E. of New York City, remarkable for its whirlpools, which make a tremendous roaring at certain times of the tide.

(13) Bunker Hill was a pleasant eminence, from the top of which was an extensive view of the lower section of the Island of New York. It was, prior to the Revolution, called Mount Pleasant, and was from early times a favorite resort for excursionists and parties from the city. It stood a short distance westerly from the Bowery Lane, the precise locality being on the blocks now within the boundaries of Centre, Grand, Broome and Elizabeth Streets. On the south, it sloped down to the meadows which surrounded the Collect Pond. On the north, it was bounded by a line leading through Mr. Bayard's farm, on the west by the garden of Mr. Bayard, and on the east it gradually descended to the Bowery road. It was a small cone-shaped mount, and was at one time called "Bayard's Mount." In the revolution, a small fort was erected upon it, and the hill was known as "Bunker Hill." After the revolution, the hill was excavated and the earth was used to fill up the Collect Pond.

(14) *Sapokanican*, an Indian name applied to that part of the Island of New York, afterwards known as Greenwich.

(15) These two vessels were rich Jamaicamen, laden with sugar, rum, molasses and plate, which had been captured by two Philadelphia privateers, named the "Congress" and "Chance," at Egg Harbor.

(16) This person was Thomas Hickie, who was accused of being a party to a plot to assassinate Gen. Washington and his staff, and to blow up the magazines and secure the passes of the town. The chief evidence against him was William Green, the drummer, and Washington's housekeeper, who was the daughter of Sam. Francis, celebrated as the keeper of the tavern corner of Pearl and Broad Streets, New York. Hickie was a dark complexioned Irishman, and had been a deserter from the British

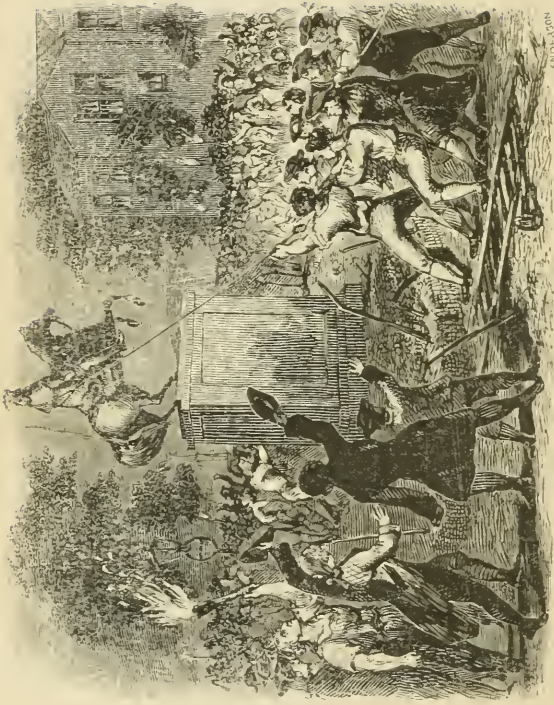
army several years before. He had lived in Wethersfield, Connecticut, where he bore a good character, and was one of those selected for Washington's Life Guard, from Col. Knowlton's Conn. Rangers. He had the confidence of the Commander-in-Chief, and was a favorite at Richmond Hill, where Washington then had his headquarters. Having enlisted in the conspiracy, the chief leaders of which were Gov. Tryon, and David Mathews, Mayor of the city; he was instructed with the work of destroying Gen. Washington. He first corrupted Jas. Johnson, the fifer, and Wm. Green, the drummer of the corps, and having resolved to make way with the Commander-in-chief by poison, he next approached the housekeeper with whom he was on good terms. He made her his confidant, and she pretended to favor his plans. Washington was very fond of green peas, and it was agreed that when a dish of them was ready for the General's table, Hickie was to put the poison into it. In the meantime the housekeeper privately disclosed the plot to the General. The peas were accordingly poisoned and placed upon the table. Washington made some excuse for sending the dish away, and Hickie was soon after arrested. He was tried by a court-martial, and on the testimony of the housekeeper and one of the guard, whom the culprit had unsuccessfully attempted to corrupt, he was found guilty, and sentenced to be hung. On Friday morning, June 28, 1776, about 11 o'clock, the sentence was carried into effect, William Moroney, the Provost Marshal, officiating on the occasion. The event took place in a field between the camps of Cols. McDougal and Huntington, near the Bowery Lane, a little east of the Bowery, not far from the intersection of the present Grand and Chrystie Streets. It is said that nearly 20,000 spectators were present, most of whom, however, belonged to the army.

American Archives. Series 4, Vol. 6, p. 1024.

Marshall's Life of Washington. Vol. 2, p. 393.

Lossing's Acc't of Washington's Life Guard.

Gordon's Hist. American War. Vol. 2. p. 276, 277.



DESTRUCTION OF THE STATUE OF KING GEORGE III.

(17) **MATROSSES**, are soldiers in a train of artillery, who are next to the gunners, and assist them in loading, firing and spunging the guns. They carry fire-locks, and march with the store wagons as guards and assistants.

(18) See note 16.

(19) On the evening of July 9, 1776, when the American army, under Gen. Washington, occupied the city of New York, a portion occupied the common or park, and here the declaration of Independence was published to the army. The Commander-in-Chief, in pursuance of official instructions, issued an order for the several brigades to be drawn up at 6 o'clock to hear it read by their commanders or aids. The brigades were formed in a hollow square, at or about the spot where the Park Fountain now stands. Washington was within the square, on horseback, and one of his aids read the document. At the conclusion, three hearty cheers were given.

(20) The equestrian statue of King George III., ordered by the Legislature of N. Y., May 17, 1770, was erected on the 21st day of August, 1770, being the anniversary of the birthday of the King's father, Prince Frederick. The statue was erected upon a pedestal in the Bowling Green—a small park deriving its name from its having been used as a bowling place for the officers and garrison of Fort George. The members of his Majesty's council, the different corporations in the city, together with many of the leading citizens, waited upon the Lieut. Gov., C. Colden, Esq., at his request, in the Fort, on which occasion his Majesty's and other loyal healths were drank, amid a discharge of cannon, accompanied with a band of music. A temporary fence of posts and rails, about five rails high, was at first erected around the green. On the 3d

May, 1771, the General Assembly made an appropriation of £800 to defray the expense of an iron railing in a stone foundation around it. Symptoms of disloyalty betokening revolution soon manifested themselves in the rude treatment of the effigy, for on the 6th day of Feb., 1773, an act was passed to prevent the defacing of the statue, and imposing a penalty of £500 N. Y. currency, or in default, one year's imprisonment in the common jail, without bail or main prize. The statue was made of lead and richly gilded to resemble gold, and was the workmanship of Wilton, a celebrated statuary of London. It stood until July 10, 1776, when it was pulled down by the Liberty boys and converted into bullets. Among those who were conspicuous actors on the occasion, were Col. Peter T. Cortenius, and John Wiley, grandfather to the bookseller of that name. Both of these men were very popular, and were distinguished for their patriotism and intrepidity. A portion of the statue was taken to Litchfield, Conn., as a place of safety. On its arrival there, a shed was erected in an apple orchard, where Gov. Wolcott chopped a part of it up with the wood axe, and the girls had a frolic in running the bullets and making them into cartridges. A piece of the statue, forming the saddle cloth and circingle, was carried to Norwalk, about 45 miles up the Sound. When Gov. Tryon was on his marauding expedition through Conn., it was moved with the military stores to Wilton, some six miles from the coast, and deposited at a place called Raymond's Corner. On the enemy approaching that place, the inhabitants threw this fragment of the statue together with the military stores into a swamp in the woods. There the lead lay until the winter of 1832-33, when it was discovered by a boy named Comstock, who was crossing the frozen swamp, at other times impassable, and recognized by a Mr. Belden, a Revolutionary pensioner, residing in Wilton, and who had himself borne a conspicuous part in its destruction, as being a portion of the

Equestrian statue of George III, erected in New York. The relic was in the possession of the uncle of the finder until the year 1844, when it was purchased by a gentleman of New York, who subsequently disposed of it to the late Thomas Riley, Esq., then proprietor of the Fifth Ward Hotel, where it may still be seen. There are still many tracings of the original gilding, and the fringe of the saddle cloth is distinctly perceptible. A large iron bullet mould, capable of casting twelve bullets at a time, and which was used in casting some of the lead of the King's statue into bullets, may be seen among the collections of the New York Historical Society.

The pedestal upon which the statue was erected was removed to Jersey City, and placed over the remains of Major Smith, of the 42d, or Royal Highland Regiment, who died July 25, 1783, and was buried on a hill, near the present site of St. Matthew's church, Sussex street. In the year 1804, the earth was removed from this hill by Andrew Dey, or by the Jersey Associates, but it is not known what became of the remains of Major Smith. John Van Vorst, grandfather of Alderman Van Vorst, took this stone, and laid its inscription downward, in front of the old family mansion, which was a few rods south of the present residence of John Van Vorst.

In the year 1818, the old Van Vorst mansion was demolished, and the late Cornelius Van Vorst placed it as a stepping stone to the kitchen door of his house, on the knoll on the northerly side of Wayne street, near Jersey street. There it remained until that building was demolished, when it was used for the new house on the southerly side of Wayne street, now occupied by the family. In the year 1828, a gentleman from England called upon Mr. Van Vorst, and offered him \$500 for this relic, as he wished to take it to England with him, but Mr. Van Vorst declined the offer, and it still remains in the possession of the family. It

is made of Portland marble, and was imported from England for the purpose of being used as a pedestal for the leaden statue of King George III. It was used for that purpose until the statue was demolished.

It is to be hoped that before long it may be placed in some proper repository, where it will be less liable to be defaced and destroyed.

Woodruff's Hist. Litchfield, Conn. p. 42.
Proceedings of N. Y. Hist. Soc. for 1844, p. 168.

(21) Two British ships of war, the Phenix and Rose, and three tenders, at about 4 o'clock P.M., taking advantage of the tides and a fresh breeze, came up from the fleet, and passed the city up the Hudson. A brisk cannonade took place from Red Hook, Governor's Island, Paulus Hook and all the batteries on the North River side. The ships were several times struck by the shot, but received no material damage. The ships returned the fire as they passed the batteries and the encampment on the bank of the river. The tents were struck and dropped on the ground before the ships came abreast of them. Several shot fell on the encampment, and one entered the embrasure of a small redoubt, on the flank of encampment, and struck in the banquette on the opposite side of the redoubt, between the legs of two soldiers, but did no damage. Several American artillerists were killed and wounded by the bursting of some of our own cannon. The ships ran nearly up to Tappan Bay and came to anchor.

Heath, page 49.

(22) This flag of truce came from Gen. Howe, with Adj.-Gen. Patterson, with a message to Gen. Washington, respecting the recent capitulation in Canada, and insinuating that Gen. Howe was desirous, if possible, to bring about an accommodation.

Heath, p. 59.

(23) An attempt was made by the Americans, by the aid of fire vessels, to destroy the British shipping. The Phenix cut loose, but the tender was burnt down to the water's edge, and was towed to shore by the Americans. From the tender was taken 1 iron 6-pounder, 2 3-pounders, 1 2-pounder, 10 swivels, a caboose, some gun barrels, cutlasses, grappling chains, &c. The Rose and the other two tenders remained at their moorings, but it was said that one of the tenders was deserted by her crew for a time. The Americans sustained no loss or injury excepting one man, who in firing one of the vessels got considerably burnt in the face, hands, &c.

Heath, p. 53.

(24) *Lieut.-Col. Zedwitz*, of the Continental service, was discovered to have carried on a treasonable correspondence with Gov. Tryon of New York. A most infamous letter from him to Tryon was intercepted and fell into the hands of the Americans. The object of this correspondence was to obtain a large sum of money, to be immediately sent him upon condition of his giving the enemy information of the strength and situation of the Continental army, agreeably to a promise he had made Gov. Tryon previous to entering the American service. He invented this falsehood, that he had lately seen four villains at Gen. Washington's house with fourteen bottles of a mixture as black as ink, with which they were to poison the watering place on Staten Island, and were to receive a recompense of £1,000 each from the General. He also stated that a person always near the General, who was a friend to the King, though an interested one, had offered to furnish him with weekly returns of the strength and detail of the army till December, for the sum of £4,000 sterling, to be paid beforehand, in hard gold—that he had proposed a reward of £2,000 sterling, which was agreed to, and he therefore desired, if the plan be agreeable, that the money might be immediately conveyed to him.

The perfidy of this man was discovered by the person whom he engaged to deliver his letter. He endeavored to debauch one Steen, who being a German, in but indifferent circumstances, and unemployed in the American service, he imagined would be a proper instrument for his purpose. But Steen, perceiving his intention, and being an honest man and a friend to the country, only amused him with a seeming compliance, until he got his letter into his hands, and then, without delay, laid it before the General.

Zedwitz, on his trial, acknowledged the letter to be his, but pleaded that it was intended merely as a trick upon the enemy, to extract from them £2,000 sterling, in lieu of certain expenses he had put himself to in raising a regiment in Germany, at the request of the Marquis of Granby, for which he had never been reimbursed. The life of Zedwitz was saved by a casting vote, but he was cashiered and declared incapable of holding any military office in the service of the United States. This strange sentence was owing to a militia Brigadier-General and others of a similar judgment, who being members of the court, said it was only an attempt to correspond, and so the fellow escaped.

Penn. Journal, Sept. 4, 1776.

Mass. Hist. Soc. Coll., 1 series, vol. 2, p. 72.

Gordon's American War, vol. 2, p. 325.

(25) *Major-Gen. John Sullivan* was taken prisoner at the battle of Long Island, August 27, 1776, by the Hessians, under the immediate command of Count Dunop, and confined in the ship *Eagle*, with Lord Sterling, but he was paroled by Lord Howe, and sent by him to Continental Congress, with a verbal message, desiring a conference with a committee of that body. He remained a prisoner on parole for about three months, when he was exchanged for Gen. Prescott, who had been captured by Colonel Barton.

(26) *Major-General Lord Sterling* was taken prisoner at the battle of Long Island, August 27, 1776, by the Hessians, under Gen. DeHeister, and was confined on board the British ship *Eagle* for about a month, when he was exchanged for Governor Brown, of Providence, R. I., who had been captured by Commodore Hopkins.

(27) Hornshook, or Horen's Hook, now Harris' Point. A fort was erected here by the Americans in 1776, and stood until about the year 1794, when Archibald Gracie, who then owned the place, caused the remains of the military works to be levelled, at great expense, and erected upon their rocky base an elegant mansion and appurtenances.

(28) The British landed at Kipp's Bay, on the 15th Sept., 1776, about noon. They met with but small resistance, and pushed towards the city, of which they took possession in the afternoon. Some of the Americans did not behave well. The conduct of Gen. Parson's brigade called out the expression from Washington, "Are these the men with which I am to defend America?" Major Chapman was killed, and Brigade-Major Willis taken prisoner. A few others were killed or captured. The Americans retreated up the island, and some few who could not get out of the city that way, escaped in boats across the river to Paulus Hook.

Heath, p. 60.

(29) This skirmish took place on the heights west of Harlem Plains, and south of Morris' House, between a party of Hessian Yagers, British Light Infantry and Highlanders, and the American riflemen and some other troops, and resulted in favor of the Americans. The troops fought well on both sides, and gave

great proofs of their marksmanship. The Americans had several officers killed and wounded, among the former Lieut-Col. Thomas Knowlton, of the Conn. Line, and Capt. Gleason, of Nixon's Mass. Reg't., two excellent officers, and Major Leitch, of one of the Southern Reg'ts, among the latter. This affair was a brilliant one on the part of the Americans, and was not followed up by them for fear of bringing on a general engagement, to which Washington was opposed, both parties being within supporting distance of the troops engaged.

Heath, p. 61.

Dunlap's N. Y., vol. 2, p. 77.

(30) This fire began on the 21st Sept., 1776, in a small wooden house on the wharf, near the Whitehall Slip, then occupied by women of ill fame. It commenced late at night, and at a time when but few of the inhabitants were left in the city, by reason of the presence of the enemy. The raging element was terrific and sublime—it burned up Broadway on both sides until it was arrested on the easterly side, by Mr. Harrison's brick house, but it continued to rage and destroy all along the western side to St. Paul's Church—thence it inclined towards the North river, (the wind having changed to south-east), until it ran out at the water edge, a little beyond the Bear Market, say at the present Barclay Street. Trinity Church, though standing alone, was fired by the flakes which fell on its steep roof, then so steep that none could stand upon it to put out the falling embers. But St. Paul's Church, though equally exposed, was saved by allowing citizens to stand on its flatter roof, and wet it as occasion required. In this awful conflagration 493 houses were consumed. Generally in that day they were inferior houses to the present and many of them were of wood. Several of the inhabitants were restrained from going out to assist at night, from a fear that they might be arrested as suspicious persons. In fact,

several decent citizens were sent to the Provost Guard for examination, and some had to stay there two or three days until their loyalty could be made out. In one case, a Mr. White, a good loyalist and a decent man, though sometimes inclined 'to take a drop too much,' was, by misapprehension of his character, in the excitement of the moment, hung upon a sign post. A portion of the tract of land over which the fire raged, was afterwards occupied by temporary houses, covered with canvas, instead of roofs. This place was called "*Canvas Town*." The tenants of these houses were generally very lewd and dissolute persons, who gave the spot its notoriety. A topographical map, showing the whole line of the conflagration, is in the N. Y. Hist. Soc., having been presented to that institution by the person who made it at the time, the late David Grim, Esq.

Watson's Annals N. Y., p. 295.

A thousand houses, comprising nearly one-fourth of the city, were laid in ashes. Among the public buildings which were consumed, were Trinity Church, the Public Charity School, the Rector's house, and a Lutheran church. The loss sustained by Trinity Church, upon the burning of houses, is said to have been more than £15,600 sterling. The fire broke out at a dram shop, close in with the water side, at Whitehall Slip, about one o'clock in the morning. Everything was very dry, and a brisk southerly wind blew. The flames soon caught the neighboring houses, and spread rapidly, raging with inconceivable violence. There were few citizens in town (it being only a few days before that the British had taken possession of the city), and the fire engines and pumps were out of order. Two regiments went immediately to the place, and many boats full of men were sent from the fleet. To these, under Providence, it was that the whole city was not reduced to ashes. The fire is believed to have originated from accident.

Gordon, vol. 2, p. 330,

Of the many and different reports concerning that melancholy affair, the most authentic, we believe, is as follows, viz :

The fire originated at or near Whitehall, soon extended to the Exchange, took its course up the west side of Broad Street, as far as Verlattenberg Hill, consuming all the blocks from the White Hall up. The flames extended across the Broadway from the house of Mr. David Johnston, to Beaver Lane, or Fincher's Alley, on the west, and carried ali before it, a few buildings excepted, to the house at the corner of Barclay Street, wherein the late Mr. Adam Vandenberg lived, sweeping all the cross streets in the way. The buildings left standing on the west side of the Broadway are supposed to be Captain Thomas Randall's, Captain Kennedy's, Dr. Mallat's, Mr. John Cortlandt's sugar house and dwelling house, Dr. Jones's, Hull's Tavern, St. Paul's, Mr. Axtell's, and Mr. Rutherford's. The cause of the fire is not known. We imagine about a sixth part of the whole city is destroyed, and many families have lost their all.

N. Y. Gazette and Weekly Mercury, Saturday, Sept. 28, 1776. No. 1302.

Another authority observes that this fire was "most probably occasioned by the disorderly conduct of some British sailors, who had been permitted to regale themselves on shore."

Ramsay's Am. Rev., vol. 1, p. 393.

(31) These vessels were the Phenix and Roebuck, of 44 guns each, and the Tartar of 28, commanded by the Captains Parker, Hammond and Ominaney. They sailed up the North River, passing through the Chevaux de frise, and by the American batteries. The Americans gave them as heavy a fire of cannon as they dared, but 'tis said, without doing them any material damage. The Phenix's maintop-sail was shattered by some shots from the forts on the Heights. The Pearl and Repulse frigates remained at anchor a little below the Chevaux de frise.

N. Y. Gazette and Weekly Mercury. No. 1303.

(32) *Charles Lee* was a native of Wales, and was the son of John Lee, a Colonel in the British service. He entered the army at an early age, and served under Gen. Abercrombie in America, in the campaign of 1758, and four years after under Gen. Burgoyne, in Portugal, where he held a Colonelcy. In 1773 he came to America, and settled in Virginia. On the commencement of the revolution, in 1775, he was appointed Major-General, and repaired with Gen. Washington to the army at Cambridge. He remained there till the following year, when he was despatched to New York, to defend it against the British, and discharged the duty with great promptness and energy. After this he commanded the Southern forces for a while. In October, 1776, he rejoined the army under Washington, and was soon after captured by the British, and remained a prisoner in their hands, suffering the most severe treatment, till the spring of 1778, when he was exchanged. Soon after his release, he was engaged in the battle of Monmouth, and for his conduct and disobedience on that occasion was suspended from command. He died in Philadelphia, Oct. 2d, 1782. The memoirs of his life, with his essays and letters, were published in 1792, in one vol. 12 mo., and were reprinted in London.

(33) *Flip* was a great winter drink in New England at that period. It was made of rum, beer, eggs and sugar, spiced.





GENERAL FRANCIS MARION

MEMOIRS
OF
TARLETON BROWN.

A
CAPTAIN IN THE REVOLUTIONARY ARMY,

Written by Himself,

WITH

A PREFACE AND NOTES,

BY

CHARLES I. BUSHNELL.



NEW YORK:
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P R E F A C E .



WHERE has there been so little contributed to the literature of American Revolutionary History, as in the Southern States. The deeds of Southern patriots, their valor and their sufferings, have been but little credited, because they have been but little known. While almost every Northern town has had its historian, and almost every Northern hero has had some one to perpetuate his memory, the South, though equally worthy of attention, has had, unfortunately, but few chroniclers. Her writers have been limited, her historians few and far apart.

The little that has appeared, is eminently worthy of attention, and its value to the historian is greatly enhanced, from the fact of its scanty representation in the common stock. Every effort ought, there-

fore, to be made, not only to preserve what has already appeared, but to add, as far as lies in our power, to the store.

It is with these views, and to further these objects, that we present the following narrative. Appearing originally in 1843, in the Charleston Rambler, a paper of limited circulation, it would, in the usual course of events, soon have become extinct. In fact, even at the present time it would be almost impossible to procure a copy. We have therefore determined to reprint it, and it is accordingly presented in the present form, with the addition of many historical notes and biographical notices.

The author was a respectable inhabitant, for many years, of Barnwell District, S. C., and enjoyed the respect and esteem of all who knew him. He died in the year 1846, at the age of 92 years.

INTRODUCTION.



BEING persuaded that a few hints in relation to the scenes in which I bore a part, in that glorious and memorable struggle for independence, which has signalized us among the nations of the earth, would not be unacceptable to my friends and the general reader, I have precipitately thrown together the following facts, which are submitted without further comment.



MEMOIRS.



MY father, William Brown, was a planter in Albemarle county, Virginia, where I was born on the 5th day of April, 1757.— Flattering inducements being held forth to settlers in the rich region of South Carolina, contiguous to the Savannah river; and my uncle, Bartlet Brown, having already moved, and settled himself two miles above Matthew's Bluff, on the Savannah river; my father brought out some negroes, and left them with his brother to make a crop; and in 1769, a year afterwards, my father and family, consisting of eleven persons, emigrated to this country and settled on Brier's

Creek, opposite to Berton's ferry. We found the country, in the vicinity, very thinly inhabited. Our own shelter for several weeks, to protect us from the weather, was a bark tent, which served for our use until we could erect a rude dwelling of logs.

Having cleared a piece of land, we planted, and found the soil to be exceedingly fertile in the river swamp, producing abundant crops. The country was literally infested with wild beasts, which were very annoying to the inhabitants; killing the stock and destroying the crops; and were so bold, daring and ravenous, that they would come into our yards, and before our doors, take our sheep and poultry. Indeed, it was dangerous to venture out at night, beyond the precincts of our yards, unarmed. We used every device to exterminate them, and ultimately effected our object by setting traps and poisoned bait.

The forest abounded with all kinds of game, particularly deer and turkeys—the former were almost as gentle as cattle. I have seen fifty together, in a day's ride in the woods. The latter were innumerable, and so very fat, that I have often run them down on horseback. The range for cattle was excellent; it was a very common thing to see two hundred in a gang in the

large ponds. In any month in the year, beeves in the finest order for butchering, might be obtained from the forest. It was customary then to have large pens or enclosures, for cattle under the particular charge or direction of some person or persons. I was informed by one of those who kept a pen at King Creek, that there had been marked that spring seven hundred calves. Our produce for market was beef, pork, staves, and shingles. There was but little corn planted in that section then ; and indeed there was scarcely any inducement to plant more than sufficed for our own consumption, there being but few mills in the country, and consequently very little demand for the article.

From the fact of the new and unsettled state of the country, it may readily be inferred that the roads were very inferior ; in truth they were not much better than common bridle paths ; and I feel confident in asserting that there were not, in the whole Barnwell District, any conveyances superior to carts of common wood slides. There were a great many wild horses running at large in the forest when we first settled in the district, a number of which were caught and sold by various individuals, who pursued exclusively, the business for a livelihood.

In 1775 the war broke out in South Carolina, and troops were required for the service—a draft was accordingly ordered in our section, and being one among the drawn number, we forthwith took up the line of march for Pocotaligo, then under command of General Bull, where we were stationed about seven weeks. Nothing of importance requiring our attendance at that place, our company was discharged, and we returned to our homes, where we had scarcely arrived, when another draft was ordered, for the first siege of Savannah, Georgia. On this occasion I escaped being drawn, but was employed by William Bryant to act in his place.

We embarked in an open boat, on the Savannah river, Capt. Moore commanding our company. After three days' passage down the river we arrived at Savannah, in good health and in fine spirits, all eager to engage in the contest, and to assert our rights as freemen through the muzzles of our muskets, and at the points of our swords. We passed some heavy and mortal shots at the enemy, which were returned with equal fierceness and more deadly effect. During the heat of the battle, the iron hail pouring in torrents upon our devoted heads, a ball struck me in the breast, but being well nigh spent, it providentially did no other damage

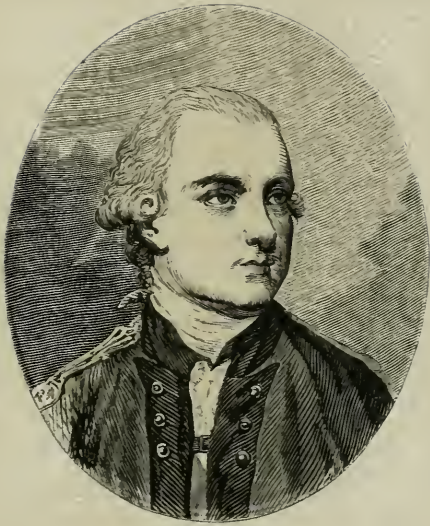
than raise a blood blister. We stayed at Savannah about seven weeks, and then returned to South Carolina, under the command of Gen. Bull. (1)

Having now become greatly attached to the army, in April, 1776, I enlisted in the regular service at Fort Littleton, Beaufort District, commanded by that brave and sagacious officer, Capt. William Harden. (2). There were about eighty-five men stationed at Fort Littleton, and I am the only one now remaining of that number. The greater part of the rest, through the fortunes of war, left their bones bleaching upon the battle plains; the few who survived the ravages of war, have long since fallen beneath the cold and relentless hand of death.

In July, 1777, I left Capt. Harden, but immediately joined Col. James Thompson's detachment on Pipe Creek. While stationed there, I accompanied Capt. John Mumford, and a few choice fellows, upon an expedition to Georgia, to take a guard commanded by Capt. Mott, a tory, near Hutson's Ferry. We thought to surprise them; but, through some unaccountable means, they had discovered our intentions some time before we reached the house where they were barricaded, and snugly encasing themselves, were prepared for our attack, and kept us at bay by firing at us through their

port holes. The enemy, from their favorable position, could single out our men with deadly aim.

During the engagement, I screamed myself behind a tree, with the two fold object of protecting myself from danger and taking deliberate aim at the enemy. Whilst in the act of shooting, a ball from the fort struck the tree just above my head, and dashed the bark into my face. I was rather cautious how I projected my head again beyond the necessary limits. As our captain was now severely wounded in the knee, and John Booth mortally, of which he soon died, we gathered our wounded in blankets, and returned to South Carolina, to Col. Thompson's camps. When Charleston fell into the hands of the British, under the command of Sir Henry Clinton (3) and Admiral Arbuthnot, (4) Captain Mumford, in attempting to make his way to the American Army, was attacked at Morris's Ford, Salt-ketchie, by old Ben John, and his gang of tories. In this encounter, the poor fellow lost his life, and a truer patriot and braver soldier never fell. He now sleeps at the foot of a large pine, on the left hand side of the main road to Barnwell C. H., a few rods south of the bridge, just at the turn of the road from which you can see the bridge.



SIR HENRY CLINTON

A short time after these misfortunes, being stung to the quick at our recent defeat and irretrievable loss, and thirsting for justice, a company of fifty horse, led on by Col. Thompson and Major Bourguoin, sallied forth on a second expedition to take the formidable Captain Mott and his allies. In this instance, fortune favored us. I took part of the company, and went between the house and swamp. Our approach was so quiet and unexpected by the tories that, making a charge upon them, they, without the least effort to defend themselves, surrendered. Taking our prisoners, we returned in triumph to our headquarters, and from thence they were sent to Charleston under a strong guard.

After this capture of Capt. Mott, and his band of tories, I continued with Capt. Thompson but a short time. Leaving him in conjunction with Joshua Inman and John Green, I raised a company of horse, which we called the "Rangers," with the view of scouting those sections of the country adjacent to the Savannah River, both in Georgia and Carolina, as occasion required. Our station was at Cracker's Neck, S. C. Whilst there, our rude boys would go out in the back swamp, and frolic with the inhabitants, and from the great quantity of pinders they saw among them, said

they would give it the name of Pinder Town, by which name it has gone ever since, as it is now well known by the name of "Pinder Town." During our stay at Cracker's Neck, we took two trips to Sunsbury, Midway Settlement, Georgia, under the command of Generals Pickens, (5), and Twiggs. We had a fight with the British and Tories on Ogeechee Causeway ; but not much damage was sustained on either side.

In one of our trips to Midway, a young man by the name of Richardson went ahead of us for the purpose of advising the enemy of our approach, but there lived a Mr. Cooper upon the road, directly in our route, who had a pretty daughter named Jane ; and it was well known that young Richardson was in love with Miss Jane, and we suspected that he would call in to see her, so I selected a few men, and by a shorter way between the house and the swamp, intercepted him. He was, as we conjectured, at Cooper's, and as soon as he heard the approach of our men, he ran out—we fired upon him, and left him dead. Cooper ran through an old field, but we sent a few shots after him, one of which entered his heel and stopped him, (I think the distance was nearly two hundred yards)—we brought him to the house, and left him with his family.

In our two trips to Georgia, we made a road in it, which since has become a public road, and is now called the "Rebel Road." Georgia, at this time, was completely in the hands of the British and tories. They often crossed the river, and killed and plundered the Whigs without mercy. On one occasion, I visited my father and the family, with the view of remaining with them all night. On arriving at home, I was pleased to find my brother-in-law, John Joice, and a friend from Augusta there, on a visit for a short time, for the times were now dangerous, the tories having threatened my life and the life of one of my brothers. I felt that in case we were attacked they might render us essential service. And it so came to pass that on this very night they came to put into execution their threat. It was about midnight when they arrived. I was sleeping in the hall, and was awakened by the barking of the dogs. In a few moments I was brought to my feet by a loud rap at the door:—I asked, "Who's there?" Several voices together replied "friends," and said that they were from Sister's Ferry, (6) Gen. Lincoln's (7) army—that their term of enlistment had expired, and that they were now on their return home—were greatly fatigued from traveling, and would like to remain with us during

the night. I expressed to them my regret at our inability to accommodate them, as our house was filled with company. After a few minutes' secret deliberation, they asked for a torch of fire, and said they would go to Brier's Creek (8) and encamp. I felt disposed to accommodate them as far as practicable, yet I had some misgivings with regard to the truth of the statement they had made, but recollecting that the militia were about to be discharged at that point, my doubts were in a great measure removed. I therefore opened the door and handed them a light, but, as if directed by a supernatural agency, I instantly closed it again, and looking through the crack above the door, I could distinctly see what passed among my friends without, by the light of their torch, and to my astonishment I found them to be tories. Here judge of the narrow escape I made. With what ease could they have put an end to my existence, entered our abode and massacred all within, ere we could have been aroused to a sense of our danger, Coming to the door a second time, they asked for water. I had now discovered the true object of their mission, and was upon my guard. Having made the door doubly fast, I told them in a repulsive tone they might get it out of the well in the yard. This exasperated them

exceedingly, and with loud voices they denounced me, father, and all the family, threatening to visit vengeance upon the whole household, and with fiendish fury and united strength, endeavored to burst the door from its hinges, but finding they could not, they endeavored to shoot me through the crack, (it being a log house, as before mentioned) and they had a tolerable fair chance to do so, as the door of the room in which my father and the family lay was open, and the light shining through it from the room into the hall where I was. They fired four or five times, but missed me and killed my little brother, who was aroused by the uproar. By this time we had gathered our arms, and they made off some little distance from the house, still firing, but to no effect. We were well supplied with powder and ball, and if they had been men and stood their ground like soldiers, (and not have skulked off into the dark as all cowards and villains do when there is an opportunity offered to fight on equal grounds) we would soon have given them what they richly deserved. I have good reason to be thankful to Almighty God for his kind care and protection of me through so many dangers. I can plainly discern a divine interposition in my deliverance from the hands of those prowling murderers and plunderers.

A few months subsequent to this period, I withdrew from the "Rangers" at Cracker's Neck, and connected myself with a company of militia keeping guard at Burton's Ferry. We exchanged shots almost every day with the British and tories, who were on the opposite side, (Georgia.) A man moved over and joined our party, who said he had buried three jugs of rum at Hershman's Lake, and designated the spot. One of our number (Benjamin Green) said he knew the place, having once lived in the vicinity of the lake,—so being in the right humor for an exploit, we soon devised, and put into execution, a plan for visiting the premises. Benjamin Green, Henry Best, John Colding, and myself, took a small canoe, and proceeded down King Creek to Savannah River; while we were moving up the stream of the river, with every prospect of success in our enterprise, a gang of tories, numbering thirty-five, suddenly appeared upon the bank, where they had been lying in ambush awaiting our approach. They hailed us, swearing that if we did not come to and surrender they would kill every one of us. But we had too much knowledge of these rascals and their duplicity to be decoyed in that manner, and to trust ourselves to their clemency. We well knew that if we submitted, death

would be the inevitable consequence, and therefore preferred risking our chance in the little canoe, as there was a possibility of evading their shot. Immediately turning our boat's head, with our united strength we urged her forward toward the opposite shore. At this instant they commenced a heavy firing at us. Best was soon wounded, and instantly leaped into the water, and clung to the side of the canoe; Colding also received several wounds, which disabled him from further assistance, so he laid down in the canoe, and Green by his side. All hopes of success seemed now centered in myself; with the rapidity of thought I seized the best paddle, seated myself in the stern of the canoe, and moved her forward with astonishing celerity, reaching in a few minutes the land. Whilst paddling, I felt an acute sensation across the back of my neck and shoulders. On reaching the shore I examined myself, and found that they had put three balls through my clothes, two of which had slightly scarified my flesh. Returning to the ferry we severally recovered from our wounds, but never felt again a disposition to repeat our expedition. Poor Best and Colding had scarcely entered upon duty again before they were both killed by some of these very tories.

On one occasion I was under the necessity of going home on some important business. Soon after my arrival, a company of horse passed directly in front of our residence. My first impression concerning them was that they were a reinforcement of our guard at the ferry. So soon as I had finished my business, I returned with all possible speed, overjoyed at the prospect of an accession to our numbers. On reaching the fort, to my astonishment, I found it completely evacuated. My reinforcement turned out to be a gang of tories from Jackson's Branch, on the Salt-katchie, commanded by that famous old tory, Ned Williams. When they rode up to the ferry, the guard took them to be friends, and gave them a cordial reception, congratulating themselves upon so large an addition to their force. They thus unconsciously and ignorantly delivered themselves up to the enemy, and were taken across the river, and placed in the hands of a large body of British and tories, stationed at Harbard's store, about two miles from the ferry. The intelligence of this capture reached Col. Leroy Hammond (7) at Augusta, who, without delay, marched down at the head of an effective force, and slew nearly the whole of the enemy—releasing and returning with the whig captives to Augusta, from

whence my father, who was one among the number taken, came safely home.

The country now seemed to be almost in complete subjugation to the British. Yet had they not been aided and abetted by those unprincipled and blood thirsty tools ; those " fiends incarnate, whom it were a base slander to term men ;" I say had the Tories but shown themselves the genuine sons of America,—the uncompromising, unswerving, champions of liberty, bound together by every social and national tie—the enemy would never have gained a solid foot-hold upon our shores, and tyranny and oppression would sooner have been swept from our land. But how sadly the reverse ! They who had grown up " side by side, and hand in hand together," father, son, and brother, were arrayed in mortal and ferocious strife against each other. The friends of liberty were beset on every hand, and from every quarter, until drawn from their homes and families, with stout hearts and strong arms they struck

" For their altars and their fires,
God, and their native land."

Eternal vigilance and action were indispensable, by which, and with a firm reliance on the God of battles they fought, bled, and conquered.

It was seldom indeed that I sought the peaceful shades of my home, as a respite from the laborious duties and toils of the service. The enchantments of the family circle exercise an almost uncontrollable influence over the hearts and minds of men, and yet sweet as are the voices of those we love, and strongly as do cling our heart-strings around the objects of our affections, appealing to our sympathies in loud and soul-stirring language, still louder and more imperative is the call of our country to duty, and the soldier rushes precipitately from the charms and delights of the family circle to the call of his country, his heart burning with patriotic zeal for glory.

Such was the state of things at this crisis, and such was the fire which burned in the breast of every Whig of the Revolution. It was no time for supineness and lamentation—every energy of the soul had to be exercised, for it was the struggle of weakness against strength, of the undisciplined against the disciplined, and of the raw and untutored militia of an infant country, with the well trained regulars of an old, experienced, and skillful nation.

With these truths impressed upon my mind, I allowed myself little or no leisure time, and was either engaged

in the performance of duty in the camp, or scouting, as circumstances required. A short time after the capture of our guard at the ferry, I accompanied Col. McCoy, who took command of a small force on a trip to the Ogeechee River, in Georgia, with the view of attacking a little band of Tories quartered in that vicinity. These we overtook in the woods, before arriving at the rendezvous; a running fight ensued, but from the denseness of the forest we were thwarted in our design, and the Tories made good their escape,—for if my memory serves me correctly, not one of them was killed. Thus frustrated and baffled, we returned to Carolina. On our arrival, we learnt that Capt. James Roberts, who had been scouting with a company on the Edisto River, had (whilst encamping for the night, by some treachery of the Tories) been delivered into the hands of Col. Chaney and Williams, who cruelly butchered many of his men, Capt. Roberts and the rest escaping only with their lives. For this outrage we determined to have satisfaction. So thirty-six men, myself among the number, immediately volunteered under Capt. Joseph Vince, a fine officer, and a brave soldier, to pursue these scoundrels, and to avenge the blood of our brave comrades. We overtook some of their number

in what is called the "Fork of Edisto River," upon whom we visited summary and immediate justice, killing five or six. From thence we proceeded to Captain Salley's "Cowpens," a few miles distant. Whilst there, our commander rode, unaccompanied, to a mill located near the house of the Pens. Here he was fired upon by several Tories lying in ambush hard by, and seriously wounded by musket shot—in consequence of which he was disabled from doing duty for some time. This unfortunate circumstance interrupting our further march, we were compelled to retrace our steps and return to headquarters, Savannah River.

At this time my father's family lived at the Big House, now belonging to Col. Hay, of the Boiling Springs, and a man by the name of Adam Wood lived a near neighbor to them, with whom I formed an acquaintance, and entered into an agreement with, that in the event either of our families were attacked, we should render each other every assistance in our power. But a short time elapsed from the period of the said agreement before a band of Tories, passing through that section at night, stopped at Wood's house, killed him, and commenced a general work of destruction, laying waste everything which chanced to be in their way. I dis-

tinctly heard the uproar and the firing of arms, and from the direction I knew Wood was attacked. Having retired for the night, I immediately arose, and in company with three others set out for the seat of action. When within a few yards of the house, observing their large and overwhelming numbers, I deemed it prudent to secrete ourselves by the roadside until they had passed. We lay concealed but a few minutes when, having completed their work of death and desolation, the whole party rode by, two deep. As they passed I counted them, and they numbered one hundred and fifty, headed by those notorious scoundrels, robbers, and murderers, who defeated the gallant Roberts on the Edisto, as before stated, Chaney and Williams. They now made their way for the "Big House," but apparently pressed for time, and finding no one at home, (my father's family having taken the precaution during my absence to remove therefrom) they proceeded on their course towards Capt. Vince's station, on Savannah River. Believing that they intended an attack upon the fort, I suggested to John Cave, one of my companions, that we had better set out forthwith, and if possible head them, and apprise Capt. Vince of his danger. So mounting our fleetest horses, we sallied forth with

all possible speed, and after considerable difficulty, threading our way through the swamps, we arrived at the fort just before the break of day. I requested the sentinel to inform the captain that I had important intelligence to communicate to him, and desired as quick an interview as possible. The captain returned an answer that he was sick and confined to his bed. I replied that I could take no excuse,—sick or well, he must come out directly. This authoritative command brought him forth immediately. I then related to him what had transpired at the Big House, of the enemy's numbers, and of his approach towards that garrison, advising him, at the same time, to evacuate the fort as soon as possible, unless he felt assured of his safety, and of his being able successfully to contend against so formidable a body, tendering, at the same time, our assistance. He stated to us that his force consisted of but twenty-five men, expressed great doubts of his ability to defend himself against such a numerous enemy, and thought it policy to adopt my suggestion to leave the fort, which was agreed on, and in a few minutes the fort was left to the mercy of the enemy, who in the course of one hour afterwards made a charge upon it with his full force, confidently expecting a prize

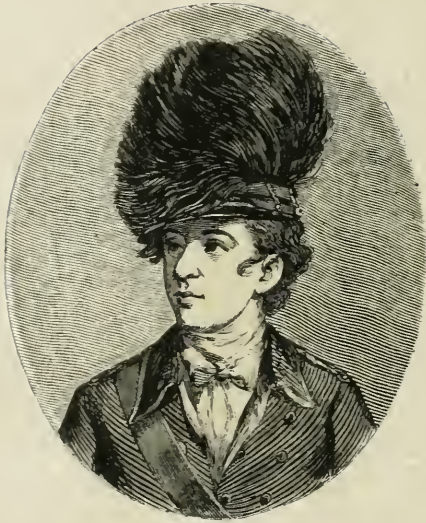
but instead of a prize they had the sore mortification to find that their deep laid scheme and hellish design on this occasion, was completely baffled.

From this point they turned towards their headquarters, on Edisto. In crossing the Lower Three Runs, they stopped at the house of a Mr. Collins, a very quiet and inoffensive man, and far advanced in years, say about eighty-five. Whatever may have been the sentiments of this old gentleman, he maintained a strictly neutral position, shouldering arms on neither side; yet those fiends of darkness dispatched him, with his head as white as snow, by the frost of many winters, for an eternal world. How, how could these monsters in human shape dream of prospering, when murdering the aged and inoffensive in this horrid and brutal manner,—and why all this bloodshed? Because the honest Whigs of the Revolution, knowing full well the rights of man, and daring to maintain them, refused to be galled by the servile chains of a foreign despot, and to bow submissively to his barbarous impositions. It was this which inspired them with invincible fortitude and zeal, and enabled them to throw off the tyrant yoke, and to declare themselves “free, sovereign, and independent.”

I continued scouting both in Georgia and Carolina

with very little intermission, until the British, under Sir Henry Clinton, took Charleston, with Gen. Lincoln's army of 4,000 men in 1780,—the intelligence of which threw the whole State into consternation and alarm. Our strong-hold, with the major part of our army, were now effectually in the hands of the enemy, and those poor de'nded wretches, the Tories, by this success of their allies at Charleston, seemed urged on with renewed impetuosity in their cruel and diabolical purposes. And dark indeed were the prospects of the friends of liberty about this juncture—despair was depicted in every countenance—our sun became obscured, and seemed ready to go down to rise no more, and the bird of liberty appeared as if taking its parting gaze of the fertile and flowery region over which it had hovered, to plant the tree of liberty—beneath whose bowers the dispersed and oppressed of all nations might find an asylum.

What now to do I knew not. It appeared like madness to remain longer surrounded by an overwhelming foe, liable at any moment to be butchered without mercy, and to flee the country was almost equally trying,—many were pursuing the latter expedient, leaving for other sections, where danger was less threatening and



COLONEL TARLETON.

where hostilities had scarcely opened. And my brother, Bartlet Brown, and myself thought it advisable for us to pursue the same course, so we returned to Virginia, our native State. In consequence of the scarcity of clothing during the war, we were poorly clad, and in a bad condition to set out on a journey of 500 miles, and that too with but the paltry sum of three dollars in our pockets to defray expenses. On reaching the "Ridge," about seventy miles from home, our little party had augmented to the number of sixty or seventy, all fleeing the country with the same object in view as ourselves. Journeying onward, we arrived at Fishing Creek, where we encamped a day or two, not wishing to progress too rapidly for fear of overtaking a detachment of British cavalry under Colonel Tarleton, (10) who we learned had been sent by Lord Cornwallis (11) to attack Col. Buford, and had surprised and defeated him at the Waxhaws, (12) and were on their line of march through Charlotte, North Carolina, which lay directly in our route. Whilst encamped at Fishing Creek, a fellow by the name of Mobley, a Tory, came into our camp as a spy. This fellow was so inquisitive, and so particular in examining every body and everything about the premises that our suspicions were very much

excited in regard to his true character. We, however, suffered him to depart unmolested. And we afterwards learned that he returned to the encampment, at the head of a large gang of Tories, with a view to capture us, but we anticipated his design, and escaped from his clutches, being at the distance of fifteen or twenty miles when he made his charge upon the tents. Continuing onward, we arrived in sight of Charlotte, when we again encamped, remaining several days. Here many of our party separated from us for different routes, reducing our number to about thirty.

The citizens of Charlotte despatched a messenger to us, praying that in the event the British, who were marching towards that quarter, attacked the town, we would render them assistance. This we promised to do, provided they would furnish us with ammunition, our supply being almost exhausted. On the return of their messenger, they sent us a keg of powder, and lead in proportion. But at the expiration of three days, waiting for the anticipated attack, the citizens of Charlotte informed us that the enemy had gone back. We then "struck our tents" and resumed our march, taking with us the ammunition sent to us by the citizens of Charlotte, which served us in the place of money, as

we could barter it for bacon and corn at the mills as we passed on. Throughout the rest of our journey, nothing of importance transpired. We reached our place of destination in Virginia, our mother country, all safe and sound. Shortly after our arrival there, intelligence was received that depredations and outrages, to an alarming extent, had been perpetrated in South Carolina, particularly in our own district. The substance of which was that McGeart (13) and his company of Tories crossed the Savannah River from Georgia, at Summerlin's Ferry, (now called Stone's Ferry), taking the course of the river, and killing every man he met who had not sworn allegiance to the King. This notorious scoundrel passed in this trip through the neighborhood where my father lived, and brutally murdered seventeen of the inhabitants, among whom were my father, Henry Best, and Moore, leaving John Cave for dead, who afterwards recovered. They burnt my father's house level with the ground, and destroyed everything he possessed—my mother and sisters escaping by fleeing to the woods, in which they concealed themselves until the vile wretches departed. But the work of death did not stop here. This atrocious deed of the sanguinary McGeart and his band, was shortly succeeded by an-

other, equally, nay, doubly cruel. The British Colonel Brown (14) marched down from Augusta with an overwhelming force of Tories and Indians, and taking their stand at "Wiggins' Hill," commenced a slaughter of the inhabitants. The news of which reached the ears of those brave and dauntless officers, Cols. McCoy and Harden, who soon hastened to the defence of the terrified Whigs, and coming upon the enemy, charged upon them, and killed and routed them to a man, Col. Brown escaping to the woods. Colonels McCoy and Harden, having accomplished all that was required of them, retired from the field of action, after which, Brown returned with the residue of his force, and retook the "Hill," at which he remained until he hung five of our brave fellows, Britton Williams, Charles Blunt, and Abraham Smith, the names of the other two not recollected,—then he decamped for Augusta. My brother and myself were now in Virginia, among our relations and friends, and would have been as happy as we desired had it not been for the intelligence from South Carolina, particularly of the section we had left. Hearing that the British Tories and Indians had murdered our father, and sixteen more of his neighbors, burning to ashes his house, and all within it, our mother and

sisters escaping to the woods, with little or nothing to support upon, and no male friend to help them, my blood boiled within my veins, and my soul thirsted for vengeance. We now learnt that General Washington had sent an army to the South, under the command of Gen. Gates (15) and Baron DeKalb, (16) and we determined forthwith to set out for the seat of strife we had left. In our journey we passed Anson Court House, North Carolina, which we found to be a hot bed of Tories. Col. Wade and his company were stationed there, and the Tories were flocking in and rallying under him from all quarters. On the day of our arrival there, a large gang came in, headed by a fellow who doubtless thought he was doing great things for the King and his servile subjects. My mind could but revolve upon their delusion, and the little value they set upon the rich gems of liberty and independence, with which the Whigs were so enamored, and for which they so hard struggled. It has often been a matter of astonishment to me how we escaped the swarm of Tories at Anson C. H. But so it is, we did, and being eager to accomplish our journey and lose no time, we traveled through long and chilling rains, it being in the fall season, exposing ourselves to imminent danger, for the fever

raged with great mortality at that time in that region of country. While at Anson C. H. a fellow endeavored to prevail on us to stay all night with him, but from his suspicious appearance we declined his invitation, and declared our intention to pursue our route, notwithstanding the storm that was then raging. On that night, as well as on several preceding ones, we took shelter under large trees in the swamp, our clothes being as wet as water could make them, and our bodies almost chilled through. In the morning it cleared off, and we pursued our journey.

Overtaking General Marion (17) at "Kingstree," Black River, S. C., we immediately united with his troops. Marion's route lay then between the Santee and Little Pedee Rivers; and being desirous to intercept and defeat Col. Watts, who was then marching at the head of 400 men, between Camden and Georgetown. Every arrangement and preparation was made to carry into execution his design. All things being now ready, Watts appeared in sight at the head of his large force, and as they marched down the road with great show and magnificence, (hoping, no doubt, to terrify and conquer the country) they spied us; at which time, the British horse sallied forth to surround us.

Marion, with his characteristic shrewdness and sagacity, discovered their manœuvres, anticipated their object, and retreated to the woods, some four or five hundred yards, and prepared for them. In a few moments they came dashing up, expecting to find us all in confusion and disorder, but to their astonishment we were ready for the attack, and perceiving this, they called a halt, at which time Marion and Horry ordered a charge. Col. Horry (18) stammered badly, and on this occasion he leaned forward, spurred his horse, waved his sword, and ran fifty or sixty yards, endeavoring to utter the word *charge*, and finding he could not, bawled out, "*damn it, boys, you, you know what I mean, go on.*"

We were then doing what we could, pressing with all rapidity to the strife, and before the British could get back to the main body, we slew a goodly number of them. Being eager to do all the damage we could, we pursued the fellows very close to the line of their main body, and as soon as they got in, Watts began to thunder his cannon at us, and to tear down the limbs and branches of the trees, which fell about us like hail, but did no other damage than to wound one of our men, Natt. Hutson, and one horse slightly. Marion, now finding his force, which consisted only of two hundred

men, (though sterling to a man, brave, fearless, and patriotic) was too small to give Watts open battle, guarded the bridges and swamps in his route, and annoyed and killed his men as they passed.

For prudence sake, Marion never encamped over two nights in one place, unless at a safe distance from the enemy. He generally commenced the line of march about sun-set, continuing through the greater part of the night. By this policy he was enabled effectually to defeat the plans of the British and to strengthen his languishing cause. For while the one army was encamping and resting in calm and listless security, not dreaming of danger, the other, taking advantage of opportunity, and advancing through the sable curtains of the night unobserved, often effectually vanquished and routed their foes. It was from the craftiness and ingenuity of Marion, the celerity with which he moved from post to post, that his enemies gave to him the significant appellation of the "Swamp Fox." Upon him depended almost solely the success of the provincial army of South Carolina, and the sequel has proven how well he performed the trust reposed in him. His genuine love of country and liberty, and his unwearied vigilance and invincible fortitude, coupled with the

eminent success which attended him through his brilliant career, has endeared him to the hearts of his countrymen, and the memory of his deeds of valor shall never slumber so long as there is a Carolinian to speak his panegyric.

The heavy rains which prevailed at this time, and inundated the country to a considerable extent, proved very favorable to Marion. He now sent a detachment of seventy men, myself one of the number, across the Santee, to attack the enemy stationed at "Scott's Lake" and "Monk's Corner." (19) We crossed the river at night in a small boat, commanded by Captains James and John Postell, dividing our force into two companies, each consisting of thirty-five men. Capt. James Postell took one company and proceeded to "Scott's Lake," but ascertaining the strength of the enemy, and finding the place too well fortified to warrant an attack, he abandoned the project and returned again to the river, and awaited the arrival of Capt. John Postell, who, in the meantime, had marched with the other company to "Monk's Corner." It was my good fortune to accompany the latter. Just about the break of day we charged upon the enemy. Our appearance was so sudden and unexpected that they had not time even to fire a

single gun. We took thirty-three prisoners, found twenty odd hogsheads of old spirits, and a large supply of provisions. The former we destroyed, but returned with the latter and our prisoners to the army on Santee. The news of our attack on "Monk's Corner" having reached the enemy at "Scott's Lake," they forthwith marched to their assistance, but arrived too late to extend any:—we had captured their comrades, bursted their hogsheads of spirits, gathered their provisions, and decamped before their arrival. Capt. James Postell, being apprised of their march to assist their friends at "Monk's Corner," returned to the fort, set fire to it, and burned it level to the ground.

Shortly after this circumstance, one of our most efficient officers, Col. Harden, (whom I have before mentioned as having had an important engagement with Brown at "Wiggins' Hill") joined the army under Marion, as also did Major Snipes, who had recently made a miraculous escape from the Tories through the faithfulness of his negro man, Cudjo. Major Snipes related the whole circumstance to me, and displayed the blisters upon his body, occasioned by the intense heat of the flames from the house set on fire by the Tories as he lay concealed in a brier patch close by, a

particular account of which may be seen in Horry's life of General Marion (20).

On the first day of April, 1780, I left Gen. Marion on the Big Pedee River, in company with eighty others, forming a detachment under the command of Cols. Harden and Baker, and Major John Cooper. The two last mentioned officers were from Midway settlement, Georgia. There were also several other brave and energetic men, who rendered themselves conspicuous in the war in our detachment, Fountain Stewart, Robert Salley, the Sharps and Goldings from Georgia. Our route lay by the "Four Holes." Crossing the Edisto at Givham's Ferry, we fell in with a man who assisted Brown in hanging the five brave fellows at "Wiggins' Hill." We gave him his due, and left his body at the disposal of the birds and wild beasts. Pursuing our march, we came to "Red Hill," within about two miles of Patterson's Bridge, Salt katchie. It was now in the night, but the moon being in full strength, and not a cloud to darken her rays, it was almost as bright as day : near this place were stationed a body of Tories, commanded by Capt. Barton. They were desperate fellows, killing, plundering and robbing the inhabitants without mercy or feeling. A company of men, com-

manded by Major Cooper, were now sent to see what they could do with those murderers. In a few minutes after their departure we heard them fighting, which continued for nearly one hour, when Cooper returned, and told us he had killed the greater part of them, with but the loss of one man, John Steward from Georgia.

We then proceeded on for Pocatigo. Soon after we left Red Hill, we entered upon a long, high causeway ; a man came meeting us, and told us Col. Fenwick, with the British horse, were marching on just behind. We paid no attention to him, not knowing who he was, but went ahead ; however, we did not go many rods before the advance parties met, and hailed each other—a charge was now ordered on both sides, and we directly came together on the causeway, which was so high that there was no getting off on either side, so a fight was inevitable, and at it we went like bull dogs. The British at length made their way through, though they found it tough work in doing so. We put one of their men to his final sleep on the causeway, and wounded eight more badly, one of whom they had to leave on the road. They wounded one of our men, Capt. James Moore, in thirteen places, though very slightly, and two others who never laid up for their wounds.

We now lay by for two or three days, and then marched for the fort at Pocatigo. When we came in sight of it, I took thirteen of the best mounted men to survey the premises and to lead them out if possible. When we had got within about two hundred yards of Bambifer's house, where the British had deposited their wounded, I saw a negro run in the house, and immediately I saw several men running for the fort—we struck spurs to our horses, and soon came up with them and took them prisoners. When we had gotten them to our company we found them to be Cols. Fennick and Leachmore, (21) who had been out to see their wounded. When we arrived at the fort we had not the smallest hope of taking it, but now finding we had two of their most efficient officers, [Major Andrew Devo (22) the only one in the fort] Colonels Harden and Baker sent a flag in for them to give up the fort. When the flag was passing by Col. Fennick, he asked what that meant. On being told it was for them to surrender the fort, he ripped and swore, and hoped "that if they did surrender it, they might all be in hell before the morrow."

After deliberation in the fort for the space of two hours, they all marched out, well armed, tied their horses to what was then called "Abatis," advanced

some little distance from the fort, and formed a line. We then marched between them and the fort and took them prisoners,—they having one hundred and ten men, and we eighty. If all the men in the fort had been brave and true to their cause, I don't think one thousand men could have taken them, for the fort was advantageously located and well fortified, approachable only at three points, all of which were well guarded by a deep creek and cannons. Part of the men in the fort were as good Whigs as we had—Col. Stafford, Col. Davis, Capts. Felts and Green, whose son was with us, also others. We now paroled the prisoners and sent them to Charleston, then burnt the house and leveled the fort with the ground. Next day Col. McCoy, who had been out-laying, came down to us, and my brother Bartlett and myself left Col. Harden and came off with him. On our way we called in at old Mr. Hext, at Coosawhatchie, the father of the late Lawrence Hext, of the Boiling Springs, Beaufort District. After we left Mr. Hext's, and had progressed some distance, a young man behind us, named Wald, whose horse was jaded and traveled slowly, met Ned Williams, with a gang of Tories, who asked him who those were that turned up the lane. He told them that it was Col. McCoy and his

company, and that the fort at Pocatigō was taken. They then broke for the Saltkatchie. Wald now came up and told us the circumstance, and we immediately pushed after them, and followed them into the Saltkatchie swamp, but could not overtake them. We returned, got dinner, and encamped that night near the water pond, on the side next to Capt. John Cater's Boiling Springs, in a pine thicket, a little below the Springs. Next morning we went up to the "Big House," now belonging to Col. Hay, and there found those of my father's family that the Tories and Indians had left, whom we had not seen before for twelve months. To describe the joy of that meeting is inexpressible:—we now beheld some of those, who were endeared to us by the strongest ties of nature, whom we never expected to see again this side of eternity's ocean, thinking they had fallen victims to the awful storm of war which had been and was then raging. Here we could have remained with them, and gladly toiled and labored for their comfort and happiness, but such was our country's great demand for services, we could only stay a few moments with them.

Bidding them farewell, with no hope of meeting them again, we marched for the siege of Augusta. On our

way up we learned that Col. Brown's (a Tory) boats were going up the Savannah River. We went in pursuit of them, and attacked them about opposite the place of the late Stephen Smith, of Savannah River, but they got on the Georgia side, and we could do nothing with them. From this we marched to Augusta, where we met Generals Pinckney and Twiggs, and commenced the work of extermination. The first attack we made was on the fort at Silver Bluff, (23) now the property of Gov. Hammond, of South Carolina. Brown's boats had now arrived, and stowed away their goods in the fort. The British not being willing to yield without a struggle, we stove a cannon ball through the brick house in the fort, and they immediately marched out and surrendered, for fear we would serve them the like trick.

The next fort we attacked was that commanded by the wretched Grason, at the upper end of the town. This we soon stormed and took—Capt. Alexander shooting Grason for his villainous conduct in the country. Some made their escape from us by fleeing to Brown's fort near the river. Before we laid siege to Brown's fort, a fellow by the name of Rutherford (a villain withal) took a company and slipped out in the night

down the river, opposite Beech Island, (24) and just at the break of day, surprised our horse-guard. It being in the bend of the river, the British and Tories got round them, and having a superior force, our men took to the river, but they killed several of our brave fellows while they were swimming, some making their escape—my brother, Bartlett Brown, was one among that number. We heard of their trip after our guard and pushed to cut them off, but were too late by a few moments only, for as we got within one hundred and fifty yards of the lane, we saw them enter. A few moments sooner, and we would have fixed them snugly.

We now commenced the siege of Brown's fort. In taking this fort we had great difficulty. We raised a platform fifteen or twenty feet high, and mounted a cannon upon it, and from thence fired at them in the fort. In this way we destroyed a good many of them, but finding we were too hard for them in this way, and to screen themselves from the thunder and lightning of our platform, they dug caves in the sides of the walls of the fort and crawled into them. We then continued the entrenchment, and as we entrenched, we rolled up cowhides and placed them on the embankment for port-holes to shoot through. One morning I was standing

next to young Stafford, who was about to shoot through one of our-port holes, and there came a ball from the fort and killed him dead. Young Stafford was with me in Gen. Marion's army, and he was, indeed, a brave and patriotic fellow, and dying in freedom's cause, his memory should never fade from our recollection. Before Brown would surrender, we entrenched so near his fort that I could run a hoe-helve from the entrenchment into the fort. On finding we were so near upon him, he marched out and surrendered with all his force and goods. Brown had been such a desperate fellow, there existed great anxiety to kill him ; but as he came under the capitulation, we had no chance to do so at this time, but I determined to do so on his way down the river. I took a few brave fellows, and slipped down the river to carry into execution my determination, but he made his escape, through the shades of the night, in a small canoe.

When we commenced the siege of Augusta, it was the first of April, 1781 ; when we closed, it was the first of the ensuing August. Having labored so hard and incessantly to dig Brown out of his fort, I concluded when I had done so to take a peep into it, but it was a sore peep to me, as I took the small-pox from it.

I now went home very sick, and as none of our family had ever had it, I had to take the woods—so I retreated back of the Big House to an old field, next to the swamp, under a large oak tree. The weather being very hot, I suffered intensely. While there I employed one Peggy Ogleby to be my nurse. This slut was a Tory, and informed her clan where I was. They said they would come and kill the d—n rebel, but as I had an invisible and Almighty Protector, they had not the power to execute their malicious design. If I am not mistaken, the period I lay under that oak was forty days. When I recovered, I joined Major Cooper, at Beech Island, and we continued scouting until the end of the war, in December, 1782. I then returned home, but the British and Tories had nearly destroyed everything we possessed. My mother lived but a short time after the close of the war, and the estate she left each child, was thirty-nine pounds, ten shillings sterling.

Although the war had closed, the Tories were still troublesome, plundering and occasionally killing the inhabitants. The foremost scoundrels in this diabolical work, were John Black, Zekiel Maulfers, Lark Loudon, and two others, whose names I will not mention, as they have relations in the country who could not help

what they did. These fellows murdered a good man at Cherry Hill, Ga.; for which, John Black and the two whose names are not mentioned, were killed and hung at Savannah;—the other two, the worst of the clan, made their escape to Carolina, where they murdered and plundered until the citizens were afraid to travel the roads, day or night. Finding the Whigs were upon the look out for them, they stole Judge Haywood's match horses, and five negroes, and horses from various persons, and started for the Western country.

I heard of their crossing the ridge, and being unwilling they should escape with impunity, I got three other men, Richard Simmons, Gill Thomas, and Benjamin Brown, and put out after them. We pursued them into East Tennessee—over Watorger, we came upon them and took them prisoners. It was now in the month of January, and extremely cold; the snow was on the ground two feet deep, and withal, I had the meazles very badly. What to do I hardly knew. I concluded, however, to risk the consequences, and bidding farewell to these cold and frozen regions, I began to retrace my steps with my prisoners and their plunder. We crossed the Watorger on the ice, and when we had gotten on the Yellow Mountains it snowed again and

frozeed on the top, so that a passage through it was very difficult. We had to force our way by changing the foremost horse every hundred yards. Just as we got to the turn in the mountain, night overtook us, so we encamped for the night, building our fire out of the chestnut limbs on the snow. Next morning we came down to the foot of the mountains, to one Samuel Bright, and got a little dry pumpkin for our breakfast, the people having little or nothing else to eat. Having so many prisoners, horses, and negroes, our funds now run out, so we had to sell what we could spare to defray expenses. We now came to Pad. Bryant's, where these runaways had left one of Judge Haywood's horses, which we got, and tarried all night. It was indeed a dark and rainy night, and the prisoners thought to take an advantage of us by it, so they framed an excuse to go out. Being handcuffed and tied, I apprehended no danger, but I took one of my company along with me. They had, unperceived, loosed the rope under their blankets. It was in an old field, on the slant of a hill, and when we had gotten out, they started to run down the hill. My gun being loaded with buck-shot, I fired at one of them, and stuck one shot in his ancle, his foot being up at the crack of the gun, the shot run up into

the calf of his leg, but it did not bring him to the ground. Being young and active, I now threw down my gun and pushed after him, and just as I was about to take hold of him I struck a stump, which knocked me over, but I soon recovered from my fall, and put out after him again ; and as before, just as I was about to take him the second time, I ran upon the second stump, which threw me clean over. I now gave up the chase, as by this time he had gotten too far. Next morning I had a curiosity to examine the ground I had run over after these fellows, and I found but the single two stumps in the way—they had just missed them, and I run over both. We now went in pursuit of these villains, when we soon came upon one, and in taking him, Simmons, put an end to his existence ; the other was taken the next day, and put in the 96th District prison. When we had gotten home, we sent for him, and he was carried to Beaufort, where there were seven indictments against him. He was tried, condemned and hung. On the delivery of Judge Haywood's horses to him, he gave me twenty-five guineas, not only for his horses, but also for putting a stop to the outrages of these villains. The other persons whose property we brought back, gave us five guineas

apiece, and the public gave us twenty-five pounds sterling.

Some time after the close of these things, I married and settled myself between the Sand Hill and Cedar branches, waters of the Lower Three Runs, Barnwell district. On each of these streams I built mills, and from the mills, between which I lived, I gave my place the name of "Fork Mills." The mills are now owned by Major William H. Peyton, my son-in-law. From this place I moved to Boiling Springs, where I have lived and enjoyed fine health for many years, and where I expect to die, if I die at home. I have followed the delightful business of farming ever since the close of the war, and the Lord has been pleased to grant me enough of the good things of this life to keep me free from want down to the present moment.





NOTES.

(1) GEN. STEPHEN BULL, of Beaufort, S. C., was Colonel of one of the regiments first raised by South Carolina, and supported the Georgians when struggling to escape the Royal Government. His brother, William Bull, was a physician by profession, and was Royal Governor of South Carolina for many years. Though he was firm in his allegiance to the King, he exercised his office with great dignity and propriety, and was in fact a great favorite in his State.

(2) COL. WILLIAM HARDEN, was a native of Barnwell District, S. C. He was first appointed captain of the Beaufort Artillery by the council of safety, about the middle of March, 1776. He was placed in command of Fort Littleton, opposite the town of Beaufort, where he remained about fourteen months. He then became Colonel of militia, in Beaufort and Barnwell Districts, and continued in active service on the southern frontier of South Carolina, and occasionally on the Georgia side of the river.

(3) SIR HENRY CLINTON was the grandson of Francis, sixth

Earl of Lincoln. After distinguishing himself in the battle of Bunker Hill, in 1775, he was sent unsuccessfully against New York and Charleston. He afterwards, in Sept., 1776, occupied the city of New York. On the 6th October, 1777, he assaulted and took forts Clinton and Montgomery. In 1778 he succeeded Gen. Howe in the command at Philadelphia, whence Washington compelled him to retire. In May, 1780, he took Charleston, for which he received the thanks of the House of Commons. It was he who negotiated with Arnold in his treason. He returned to England in 1782, where he published a narrative of his conduct in America, 1782, observations on Cornwallis' answer, 1783, and observations on Stedman, 1784. He was made Governor of Gibraltar a few months before his death. He died Dec. 22d, 1795.

(4) ADMIRAL MARRIOT ARBUTHNOT, was the son of the celebrated Dr. Arbuthnot, the distinguished friend of Pope and Swift. He was made a lieutenant of the navy in August, 1739, and in 1746 commanded the Jamaica sloop, with the rank of master and commander. In April, 1747, the Jamaica, in company with the Surprise, of twenty guns, took the Superbe, a French ship of thirty-six guns and 136 men, designed for the South Sea, and valued at £70,000. In June, 1747, he was made a post-captain. On the breaking out of the Revolution, he was appointed commissioner of the navy yard at Halifax, in Nova Scotia, and soon after he was raised to the rank of Admiral, and also made Governor of Nova Scotia. In 1779 he was appointed to the command of the fleet in North America. On his arrival in New York, he acted with great spirit and humanity, in rectifying the enormous abuses of the Naval Hospital on Long Island. About the 1st Dec., he convoyed Sir Henry Clinton and part of his army to Charleston, and commanded the fleet at that place upon its capitulation.

(5) GEN. ANDREW PICKENS, was born in Paxton Township, Penn., on the 19th Sept. 1739, and was of French descent. In 1752 his father removed from Virginia, where he had resided for a few years, and settled in Waxhaw, S. C. Andrew served in the French war, which terminated in 1763, and he then began to develop those qualities for which he was afterwards so celebrated. At the commencement of the Revolution, he raised a military company, and was appointed the captain. He acted a distinguished part throughout the struggle for independence, and his zeal, skill, and courage were rewarded by his country, in his being rapidly promoted to the respective commands of Major, Colonel, and Brig.-Gen. In the year 1782, he commanded in chief an expedition against the Cherokee Indians. He was with Gen. Lincoln at the battle of Stono, and had his horse killed under him, while covering the retreat ordered by that General. At the battle of Cowpens, he commanded the militia forces, and for his gallantry and bravery on that occasion, Congress voted him a sword. He was possessed of great sagacity and decision, collected courage and prudence with sleepless watchfulness. At the close of the war he served in various civil capacities. He died suddenly at Tumassee, Pendleton District, S. C., in the year 1817, apparently in full health, at the age of 78 years.

(6) SISTERS' FERRY,—a village in South Carolina, twenty-five miles from Coosawatchie, and one hundred and three miles from Charleston.

(7) BENJAMIN LINCOLN was born in Hingham, Mass., Jan. 23d, 1733. His advantages for education were limited, and until the age of forty he was employed in the pursuits of agriculture. He was appointed in Feb., 1776, a Brigadier, and soon after a Maj.-Gen., in the Provincial army, and in Feb., 1777, a Maj.-Gen. on

the Continental establishment. His services were conspicuous towards the close of that year, in the Northern Campaign. He was second in command in the army which, under Gen. Gates, captured the British under Burgoyne. On the day after the battle of Stillwater, he received a dangerous wound while reconnoitering. In the following year, he was appointed by Congress to take command in the Southern department, at the solicitation of the delegates from that portion of the Union. After a number of inferior operations, on the 20th of June, 1779, he made an unsuccessful attack on the British post at Stono Ferry. He afterwards retired to Charleston, and attempted its defence, but was compelled on the 12th May, 1780, to capitulate. He was exchanged in November, and in the spring following, he joined the army on the North River. At the siege of Yorktown, he commanded a central division, and shared largely in the dangers and triumphs of the day. He was designated to conduct the surrendering army to the field, where their arms were deposited, and to see the conditions of the capitulation executed. In Oct., 1781, he became Secretary of the War Department, and after the establishment of peace he returned to his native State, and in 1787 was appointed to command the troops engaged in suppressing the insurrection in Massachusetts. In 1788 he was chosen Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts, and he afterwards held the office of collector of the ports of Boston and Charlestown. He died in the house in which he was born, on the 9th day of May, 1810, aged 78 years.

(8) BRIER'S CREEK.—At this place Gen. Ashe, with 1500 North Carolina militia and a few regular troops, was on the 3d day of March, 1779, surprised by Col. Prevost, who, taking a circuitous route, came upon his rear with 900 men. The militia were thrown into confusion and fled at the first fire. The Americans

had 150 killed and as many taken prisoners. The whole artillery, stores, baggage, and nearly all the arms were captured by the enemy. A few Continentals, under Elbert, made a brave resistance, but the survivors of this body, with their gallant leader, were at last compelled to surrender.

(9) COL. LE ROY HAMMOND, was born in Richmond Co., Va. He left Virginia about 1765, and became a merchant in Augusta, Georgia. He afterwards removed to South Carolina, where he continued the mercantile business for a while, and then became an extensive cultivator of tobacco. He took an active part in the Revolution, and rendered conspicuous services to his country. He was engaged in the battle of Stono, and at the siege of Ninety-Six. He was distinguished for his bravery and gallantry. He died in Edgefield District, S. C., leaving but one descendant.

(10) COL. BANASTER TARLETON was born in Liverpool, in 1754, and was the son of a merchant of eminence in that place. He was intended for the counting house, but having no relish therefor, he entered the army as a cornet of dragoons, about the beginning of the Revolution. He soon embarked for America as a volunteer, and after his arrival, Sir William Erskine, of the cavalry, noticing his spirit, vigor, and capacity, appointed him his Brigade-Major. In this situation he acted in 1777, and part of 1778, with the main army in Pennsylvania. As Gen. Howe seldom, if ever, brought his cavalry to serious action, Tarleton had no opportunity of displaying his character. He had plenty of time for frolic, and when he was not riding races on the common against Major Gwynne, he was making love to the ladies, and indulging in every sort of excess. At one time he was fairly caught "in flagrante delicto," with Major Crew's mistress. In 1778 he became Lieutenant-Colonel of the British Legion, a

corps which had just been raised. In his campaign in the South he distinguished himself for his activity, his bravery, and his cruelty. After the war he returned to England. He subsequently became General Tarleton, and was M.P. for Liverpool and Governor of Berwick. He died at Leintwardine Co., Salop, in the year 1833, aged 79 years.

(11) LORD CHARLES CORNWALLIS was born on the 31st Dec., 1738. His title, as eldest son of Earl Cornwallis, was Lord Viscount Broome. He was appointed, August 4th, 1759, Capt. in Crawford's Royal Volunteers, and on May 1st, 1761, Lieut.-Col. of the 12th Regt. On the 25th of the same month he joined his regiment in Germany, where he served with distinction. In July, 1765, he was made Lord of the Bed Chamber, and in August 2d, Aid-de-Camp to the King, with the rank of Col., and in March, 1766, he was appointed Col. of the 33d Regt. On the 14th July, 1768, he was married to Miss Jemima Jones, a lady of most excellent disposition, and large fortune, and niece of Lt.-Gen. Daniel Jones, of the 2d Regt. In Dec., 1770, he was made constable of the Tower, and in Sept. 29, 1775, was raised to the rank of Maj.-Gen. In 1776 he embarked for America, with his own and five other regiments. He distinguished himself at the battle of Long Island, and at Fort Washington he supported the second column in their attack on that place, at the head of the Grenadiers and the 33d Regt. Lady Cornwallis being in declining health, he was about to embark for England, after his return to New York, but on hearing the result of the battle of Trenton, his zeal for his King superseded all family considerations, however dear to his heart, and he instantly left New York and rejoined the army. He distinguished himself greatly during the war, and was promoted to the rank of Lieut.-Gen. He defeated Gates at Camden, with a much inferior force, and reduced South

Carolina to subjection, but these advantages were tarnished by the surrender of his army at Yorktown, in 1781—an event which established the independence of America. He was, notwithstanding, never blamed for want of courage, prudence, or sagacity, but on the contrary, the gallant conduct and high military talents he had at all times shown, recommended him to the Ministry, and he accordingly became Governor-General of India, where he regained his laurels in the defeat of Tippoo, whom he compelled to sue for peace. He afterwards became Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and subsequently became again Governor of India. He died Oct. 5th, 1805, leaving one son and one daughter surviving him. His remains were interred at Glazepore, with every mark of honor and respect. His wife died in 1779, while he was in America.

(12) The engagement at the Waxhaws occurred on the 29th day of May, 1780. The Americans were composed of some Virginia troops, under the command of Col. Buford. Confiding in their distance from the enemy, they had been at no pains to choose a proper position. Cornwallis, having been apprised of their situation, detached Col. Tarleton, with 700 light cavalry and a new corps of infantry called the Legion, mounted on horseback, to rout and disperse them, before they could be reinforced. By pushing on with unexampled celerity, Tarleton came upon the Americans suddenly and unexpectedly, and after a short encounter, routed the party, and captured the artillery, baggage, colors, and indeed everything. The carnage was terrible. The Americans, inferior in number, made but a feeble resistance, and cried for quarter. This was refused, and the infuriated enemy continued to cut down and massacre them without mercy, until satiated and tired with slaughter. The Americans had 108 killed, and 150 wounded, and 53 taken prisoners, while the loss of the

British was only 7 killed and 12 wounded. "Tarleton's Quarters" became afterwards a by-word to express deliberate cruelty.

A particular account of Col. Buford's defeat is contained in Garden's *Anecdotes of the Revolution*, 2d series, p. 135.

(13) DANIEL MACGIRTH was a native of Kershaw District, South Carolina. He at first took sides with the Americans, and rendered valuable services to his country. Having committed a breach of subordination, which could not be overlooked in an army, he was tried by a court martial, and sentenced to be publicly whipped. He then vowed vengeance against the American cause, and afterwards executed his threats most fearfully and vindictively, causing much public and private suffering. When the Americans recovered the State he fled into Georgia, and thence into Florida. When Florida was reconveyed to the Spaniards, by the treaty of peace, he became subject to their laws or suspicions, and was arrested and confined by them for five years, in one of their damp dungeons in the castle of St. Augustine, where his health was totally destroyed. He died in misery, but not in want. The father of MacGirth was a captain in the South Carolina militia at the time of his son's defection, but continued firmly and devotedly attached to the interests of his country.

(14) COL. THOMAS BROWNE, of Augusta, Geo., commanded a body of Royalists and Indians, and committed many aggressions upon the inhabitants of South Carolina during the revolution, butchering peaceful citizens, and destroying their houses, cattle, and provisions.

(15) GEN. HORATIO GATES was born in England, in 1728. In early life he entered the British navy. He was aid to Gen. Monekton at the capture of Martinico, and was at the defeat

of Gen. Braddock, in 1755, where he was shot through the body. At the commencement of the Revolution, he was appointed by Congress Adjutant-General, with the rank of Brigadier-General. In June, 1776, he was appointed to the command of the army of Canada, but was superseded by Gen. Schuyler in May, 1777. In August following he took the place of this officer in the Northern Department. The success which attended his arms in the capture of Burgoyne filled America with joy. Congress passed a vote of thanks, and ordered a gold medal to be presented to him by the President, in honor of this event. It should be mentioned here, however, that most of the credit of this achievement properly belongs to Generals Arnold and Morgan, who were the real actors in the affair, and without the aid of whose services, a different result altogether might have been produced. In June, 1780, Gates was transferred to the command of the Southern Department, and in August following, he was totally defeated and routed by Cornwallis, with an inferior force, at Camden, S. C. His conduct in that engagement proves him, as a military man, to have been of but very ordinary ability. In fact, to sum up his character, he was a vain, conceited man, puffed up with the idea of his own consequence, flattered by attention, and perfectly intoxicated by success. Such was the man who attempted to supplant the immortal Washington!!! After the peace, Gates retired to his farm in Berkeley, Va., where he remained until 1780, when he moved to the city of New-York, where he died on the 10th day of April, 1806, aged 77.

(16) **BARON DE KALB** was a native of Germany, and was born about the year 1717. He came to America with Lafayette, in 1777, and on the 15th September following, was commissioned a Major-General by Congress. When Lincoln's overthrow at Charleston opened the South to the British, he was sent with

2,000 Continentals to operate against them, and had he been left alone, would have given a good account of himself, as he was a brave, experienced, and able officer. But Congress appointed Gen. Gates, a vain and fool-hardy man, to the command of the South, and thereby changed the whole aspect of affairs, and in the battle of Camden the American army was totally defeated, by an inferior force under Cornwallis. The militia gave way at once, and fled in the utmost confusion, Gates following after them with full speed, leaving poor De Kalb with his Continentals to fight the battle as best they could. The Continentals were cut to pieces in endeavoring to save the main army, and the noble De Kalb fell, pierced with eleven wounds, and died August 16th, 1780.

It is singular that Congress, so discreet in awarding medals to the heroes of Saratoga, did not present a similar gift to Gates for the part he took at Camden. The celerity of his flight to Charlotte on that occasion has never been equalled in ancient or modern times, not even by John Gilpin himself. It was a common report that day, that he killed three horses in his eighty mile ride.

(17) FRANCIS MARION was born at Winyaw, near Georgetown S. C., in the year 1732. In 1759 he served as a soldier against the Cherokee Indians. At the commencement of the revolution he was appointed captain in the regiment of Col. Moultrie. He soon after received a Major's commission, and assisted at the defence of Sullivan's Island in 1776. Being promoted to a lieutenant-colonelcy, he was intrusted with a small corps employed in harassing the British and Tories, and gained a number of important advantages, which procured him, in 1780, the commission of Brigadier-General. He continually surprised and captured parties of the British and their friends by the secrecy

and rapidity of his movements. In 1780 his troops, which had amounted to only a few hundred, and often to only a few dozen were reinforced by the legion of Gen. Lee, and he soon after captured a number of forts, and forced the British to retire to Charleston. He joined the main army under Gen. Green a short time before the battle of Eutaw Springs, and received the thanks of Congress for his intrepid conduct in that action. After the British evacuated Charleston, he retired to his plantation, and soon after married Mary Videau, a lady of wealth. He represented his parish of St. John's in the Senate of the State, and in May, 1790, was a member of the convention for forming the State Constitution. He was one of the ablest partisan officers of the Revolution, and one of the most successful. He seldom failed of capturing his enemy, and almost always did it by surprise. His courage was the boldest, his movements the most rapid, his discipline severe, and his humanity most exemplary. He died on the 27th day of February, 1795, aged 63 years.

(18) COL. PETER HORRY was a descendant of one of the many Protestant families who moved to Carolina from France, after the revocation of the Edict of Nantz. He early took up arms in defence of his country, and through all the trials of peril and privation experienced by Marion's brigade, gave ample proof of his strict integrity and undaunted courage. The fame which he acquired, as one of the band of heroes who defended the post at Sullivan's Island, was never tarnished. No man more eagerly sought the foe, none braved danger with greater intrepidity. He was a brother of Col. Hugh Horry, who was also a very able officer.

(19) MONK'S CORNER was, before the Revolution, a place of some commercial importance. There were three or four well

kept taverns and five or six excellent stores there. These last were generally branches of larger establishments in Charleston, and as they sold goods at Charleston prices, they commanded a fair business. The usual practice of the Santee planter was to take his crop to Monk's Corner, sell it there, receiving cash or goods in exchange, dine, and return home in the afternoon. A party of American cavalry were stationed near this place during the Revolution. On the night of 14th August, 1780, they were surprised by a party of British under command of Col. Tarleton, and completely routed and dispersed. On another occasion, the Americans surprised a party of British here.

(20) MAJOR SNIPES was a Carolinian, of remarkable strength and courage, and a vindictive hater of the Tories. He had suffered some injuries at their hands, which he never forgave. His sanguinary temper led him to treat them with such ferocity that he was more than once subject to the harshest rebuke of his commander. On one occasion he had leave of absence for awhile, and repaired to his plantation. The Tories fell upon his trail, and followed him. Unconscious of pursuit, and lulled into security by the apparent silence of the neighborhood, he retired to rest, and fatigued with the labors of the day soon fell into a profound sleep. At midnight he was aroused by the cries of his faithful negro, Cudjo, and apprised of the approach of the Tories, who were already on the plantation. Snipes at once started up, and proposed to shelter himself in the barn, but he was told that it was in flames. He then rushed forth, covered only by his night-shirt, and flew, by the advice of his negro, to a thick copse of briars and brambles, within fifty yards of his dwelling, and hid himself. Though his shirt was torn from his back by the briars, and his flesh lacerated by them, yet once there, he lay effectually concealed. The Tories, in the meantime,

surrounded the house. Fearing the arm of Snipes, and knowing his courage, they dared not enter the dwelling, but set it on fire, and with pointed muskets waited for him to emerge. The house was consumed, and the intense heat of the flames drew blisters upon the body of poor Snipes, who nevertheless bore it all with the most manly fortitude. Finding themselves foiled in their object, the Tories then seized the negro, and threatened him with instant death unless he revealed the hiding place of his master. But the courage and fidelity of the negro was superior to the terror of death. Though a rope was placed around his neck, and he was thrice run up the tree to which it was fixed, and choked nearly to strangulation, yet he still refused to disclose the secret. His capacity to endure proved superior to the will of the Tories to inflict, and he was at length cut down, and left on the ground half dead. While this was going on, Snipes was but a few steps from them, and heard their threats, beheld all their proceedings, and witnessed the bravery and fidelity of his slave. Snipes and Cudjo had been brought up together from childhood, had played, fished, and hunted together, and were mutually attached to each other, and the noble-hearted slave truly bore for his master "that love which is stronger than death."

(21) COL. LECHMERE commanded Fort Balcour. He was at one time taken prisoner. He was the brother-in-law of Colonel Deveaux.

(22) COL. ANDREW DEVEAUX was descended from a Huguenot family, which settled in Beaufort District, after the repeal of the Edict of Nantz. He was remarkable from childhood for mischief, bravery and adventure. He took sides with the British, and being a man of considerable military genius, was of the utmost value to them. After the war, he married Miss Ver-

planck, of New-York, and lived at an elegant country-seat on the Hudson River. He had two daughters, one of whom married Col. Hare Powell, of Philadelphia. He was fond of gaiety and display. He drove his own carriage with four elegant horses about the streets of New-York, wearing an ostrich feather in his hat, at a time when such decorations were unknown, even among the gay of that city. Through his extravagance, he consequently outlived his fortune, and became embarrassed before his death.

(23) SILVER BLUFF.—A British post was established here in the Revolution, called Fort Dreadnaught. On the 21st day of May, 1781, it was surrendered to a detachment of Lee's Legion, commanded by Capt. Rudolph. One field piece and a considerable supply of stores were captured, besides some prisoners.

(24) BEECH ISLAND derives its name from the number of beech trees which grow upon it.





LEVI HANFORD

A
NARRATIVE
OF THE
LIFE AND ADVENTURES
OF
LEVI HANFORD.
A
SOLDIER OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY
CHARLES I. BUSHNELL.



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INTRODUCTION.



VERY few of the present generation appreciate the sufferings and sacrifices which were made by our forefathers in the war of the Revolution. While we enjoy the blessings which have descended to us, we little think of the immense cost at which they have been obtained. Those gallant, patriotic men, to whose noble and unselfish efforts we owe our present happiness and prosperity, are eminently worthy, and ought ever to receive our warmest admiration, gratitude and love.

It is for the purpose of perpetuating the memory of one of these noble soldiers that the following memoir is printed. Serving through the entire period of the war of the Revolution, it was his lot to endure more hardships and privations than is usual to fall to the lot of

man. Although the trials he met with were many and severe, yet he bore them all with patience and fortitude, contenting himself with the patriotic reflection that his loss would be his country's gain.

In the following narrative will be found a particular account of the dangers he passed through and the sufferings he endured. Known too long and too well ever to be charged with or even suspected of the least approach to duplicity or deception, every reliance can be placed upon the truth of the statements it contains.

In the Appendix are added some explanatory notes, elucidating the text, to which the attention of the reader is directed. In conclusion, we would here express our acknowledgments to William B. Hanford, Esq., the son of the subject of the memoir, for the materials from which the present pamphlet has been compiled.





NARRATIVE.



LEVI HANFORD was the son of Levi Hanford, (¹) a respectable farmer of Norwalk, (²) Connecticut; and the maiden name of his mother was Elizabeth Carter. They were the owners of good farms and mills. They were pious Christians, sincere and devout, and were, for many years preceding their death, strict members of the Baptist Church. Mr. Hanford was a man of good mind, but of a quiet and domestic turn. He was the lineal descendant of Rev. Thomas Hanford, (³) a Congregational clergyman, who emigrated to this country from England about the year 1642, and settled in Norwalk, where he was, for some forty years, the established minister.

The subject of this memoir was born in Norwalk, on the 19th day of September, 1759. He had two brothers, one older and the other younger than himself. His eldest brother, Ebenezer, had poor health during much of his life. His youngest brother, John, upon arriving at sufficient age, enlisted in the Continental service, in which he remained to the termination of the war. He was engaged in some of the hardest-fought battles of the Revolution, and was considered a good soldier. He was brave and determined, and thoroughly reliable, and was therefore generally one of those who were selected when any important or daring duty was to be performed. There were two sisters in the family; Polly, the youngest of whom, died at an early age. Elizabeth, the eldest sister, married Capt. Isaac Keeler,⁽¹⁾ who served in the Continental army to the termination of the war.

There was little in the early history of Levi Hanford worthy of record. The days of his childhood and youth were mainly spent at school, or with his father, on the farm, or in the mill. The advantages for education in those days, as compared with the present time, were, at the best, but very

limited. Schools and academies were but few and far apart, and there being but very few public libraries, access to books was extremely difficult. Even among the literary and wealthy, the supply was but meagre. In addition to this, the troubles with the mother country broke in upon and entirely disarranged, if not destroyed, what little organization had before existed. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that young Hanford, who like many others of that day, could only attend school during the winter months, being engaged in the summer and autumn in the occupations of the farm, made but slow progress in his studies, and that his early education was, therefore, but very limited. This loss, however, he afterwards retrieved to a great extent by constant study, and by reading and conversation acquired considerable general knowledge, so much so that he became, in after life, somewhat noted for his acquirements and general intelligence.

Although the mental training of young Hanford was deficient, this was not the case with his moral education. Brought up under the constant eye of his parents, who were eminently pious and devout, he received every attention, and under their care-

ful teachings and guided by their example, he early acquired those moral and religious principles which laid the foundation of his character, and governed his acts through life. Towards his parents, his thoughts were often turned in after years, as well as in youth, holding and cherishing for them always the strongest attachment, and never alluding to or speaking of them but with the most reverent affection and regard.

Among the prominent traits which distinguished young Hanford from his companions, were his untiring perseverance and energy of character, enabling him to overcome and triumph over obstacles at which most men would stand appalled. Although possessed of courage that was equal to any emergency, yet in his disposition he was humane and charitable, in his intercourse modest and unassuming, and in his bearing meek, gentle, and conciliating. In addition to these qualities, he was endowed by nature with a remarkable degree of coolness and self possession which seldom, if ever, forsook him even under the most trying circumstances.

In the month of September, 1775, Hanford arrived at the age of sixteen, and was then eligible to per-

form military duty and bear the hardships of the camp. The battles of Concord⁽⁵⁾ and Lexington⁽⁶⁾ had been fought, and the bravery and valor of the American soldier fully proved and substantiated. The glorious capture of Ticonderoga⁽⁷⁾ had taken place. That strong fortress, hitherto deemed impregnable, had been surprised and had fallen, and the name of Ethan Allen⁽⁸⁾ and the praise of his Green Mountain boys⁽⁹⁾ was upon every tongue. The flower of the British army had been opposed, and British pride had been more than humbled upon the bloody field of Bunker Hill⁽¹⁰⁾. Twice had those haughty red-coats advanced to the assault, and twice had they been, by raw militia, ignominiously repulsed. No wonder then that pride sat upon every face, that joy filled every heart, and that shouts of triumph rang through the excited land.

Roused by the common feeling and stimulated by the example of those around him, but no more so than by the natural emotions of his own patriotic heart, Hanford was not long idle. He soon shouldered his gun, and in the year 1776 became enrolled in a company of minute-men under the command of his maternal uncle, Capt. John Carter⁽¹¹⁾.

He was liable as one of such to be called upon for service at a moment's notice, communicated sometimes by arranged signals, such as the ringing of bells, the firing of cannon, or the tap of the drum, and sometimes, in cases of extreme necessity, by expressmen, who rode at full speed in all directions to summon them forth. These minute-men would sally out, armed and equipped, all repairing to a common rendezvous as fast as they received the order, those going first who were first notified, and the others following and falling in the ranks as they arrived on the ground. His duties as a minute-man were to keep guard along the coast of Long Island Sound and its vicinity, to prevent the carrying on of illicit trade, the landing of Tories, Cow-boys⁽¹²⁾, and others on expeditions of plunder, to arrest Tories and those who should attempt to join the British, and in general to be ready to repel the attack of any hostile party that might appear.—Such attacks were about that time very frequent, being generally made by squads who came from Long Island in whale-boats, who, after plundering and burning and destroying what they could, would then flee back to a place of safety before a sufficient

force could be collected to punish their audacity. —In addition to this kind of service, volunteers were often called for, and Hanford would frequently enlist, sometimes for a few months, but oftener for still shorter periods. In the spring of the year 1776, he with others was sent under the command of General Lee⁽¹³⁾, for a few weeks' service, to New York, to defend that city against an anticipated attack from the enemy. Upon his arrival, he was one of a detachment of men that was sent to Governor's Island⁽¹⁴⁾ for the purpose of breaking ground there, and erecting fortifications. It was on a dark and stormy night. Guards were placed around the Island to keep a look-out for danger and prevent surprise. Some British men-of-war were lying off in the harbor. They mistrusted that there was something going on upon the Island, and had accordingly sent off their small boats to reconnoitre. These reconnoitering parties would row up as near to the shore as they dared, and when they came within hailing distance, the sentinel on shore would hail them, and receiving no answer, would fire upon them, upon which the crew would immediately haul off, and make their appearance at some other place,

when the same results would again follow. In this manner the night was spent. On the following morning the men were withdrawn from the Island, and in the evening they were again returned to it and the work resumed. He was engaged in this manner during his stay in New-York, which lasted only about one month, at the expiration of which time he left the city and returned to his home.

In the month of October, 1776, Hanford enlisted in a troop of horse, commanded by Captain Seth Seymour⁽¹⁵⁾, whose duty it was to guard and protect the sea-coast.

On the thirteenth day of March, 1777, he together with twelve others of the troop, was detached as a guard and stationed at South Norwalk, Connecticut, at a place then called "Old Well." The night was dark and the weather inclement, and the officers in consequence, negligent in their duties. In the course of the evening they were entirely surrounded by a party of British and Tories, from Long Island, who came over in whale-boats, and the whole guard were taken prisoners, poor Hanford among the rest, he being at that time but an ignorant boy, a little over seventeen years of age⁽¹⁶⁾.

The prisoners were conveyed across the Sound to Huntington,⁽¹⁷⁾ from there to Flushing⁽¹⁸⁾ and thence to New-York. Upon their arrival in the city of New-York, they were incarcerated in the old Sugar House prison in Crown, now Liberty-street, near the Dutch Church, at that time used as a riding-school for the British light horse, but of late years converted to, and still used as the General City Post Office⁽¹⁹⁾.

The old Prison, which is now torn down, was a brown stone building, six stories high,—but the stories were very low, and the windows small and deeply set, making it very dark and confined. It was originally built for a sugar refinery, and had been previously used as such. Attached to it was a small yard, and the whole was enclosed by a high board fence, so that the general appearance of the building was extremely gloomy, and prison-like⁽²⁰⁾.

Upon our entrance into this miserable abode, says Hanford, we found some forty or fifty prisoners, all of whom were in a most wretched, emaciated and starving condition. The number of these poor sufferers was constantly being diminished by sickness and death, and as constantly increased by the

accession of new prisoners to the number of four hundred to five hundred. Our allowance of provisions was a scanty supply of pork and sea-biscuit—so scanty that the quantity would be far from keeping a well man in strength. The food, moreover, was anything else than of a healthy character.—The pork was old and unsavory, and the biscuit was such as had been wet with sea-water, and being damaged, was full of worms and very mouldy. It was our common practice to put water into our camp-kettle, then break up the biscuit into it, and after skimming off the worms, to put in the pork, and then, if we had fuel, to boil the whole together. The indulgence of fuel was allowed to us only part of the time. On occasions when it was precluded, we were compelled to eat our meat raw and our biscuit dry. Starved as we were, there was nothing in the shape of food that was rejected, or that was unpalatable.

Crowded together within our narrow abode, with bad air to breathe, and such food to eat, it was not strange that disease and pestilence should prevail, and that too of the most malignant character. I had not been long confined before I was taken with

the small pox, and conveyed to the small pox hospital⁽²¹⁾. Fortunately, I had but a slight attack, and was soon enabled to return to the prison.— During my confinement, however, I saw cases of the most malignant form, several of my companions dying in that building of that horrible disease.— When I came back to the prison, I found that others of our company had been taken to the different hospitals, there to suffer and die, for few of them were ever returned. I remained in the prison for a while, until from bad air, confinement, and unhealthy diet, I was again taken sick, and conveyed to the Quaker Meeting Hospital, so called from its having been used as a place of worship by Christians of that denomination⁽²²⁾.

I became insensible soon after my arrival, and the time passed by unconsciously until I began slowly and by degrees to recover my health and strength, and was then permitted to exchange once more the hospital for the prison.

Upon my return to the Sugar House, I found that during my absence, the number of my companions had become still further reduced by sickness and death, and that those who survived were in a most

pitiful condition. It was really heart-rending to see those poor fellows, who but a short time before were in the bloom of health, now pale and thin, weak and emaciated, sad and desponding, and apparently very near their final end. While the poor prisoners were thus pining away by degrees, an influence was constantly exerted to induce them to enter the Tory regiments. Although our sufferings were intolerable, and although we were urged to embrace the British cause by those who had been our own townsmen and neighbors, and had themselves joined the Royal ranks, yet the instances were very rare that they could induce any one of those sufferers to hearken to their persuasions.— So wedded were they to their principles, so dear to them was their country, so true were they to their honor, that rather than sacrifice them, they preferred the scoffs of their persecutors, the horrors of their dungeon, and in fact, even death itself.

On one occasion, I heard a great noise and uproar in the prison, accompanied by loud curses and threats of vengeance. Upon inquiry, I learned that the guard had been stoned while at his post of duty, and that the prisoners were charged with

the offence. This act having been repeated on one or two subsequent occasions, the British Commander at length came into the prison yard with a body of men. He questioned the prisoners very closely, but could elicit nothing that would implicate any one. He then told the prisoners that if the act was again committed, and the aggressor not revealed, the guard should fire upon the prisoners, when the innocent would suffer with the guilty. The following day, while I was standing in the prison yard, I saw a person come to a third-story window of a neighboring house, and partially concealed behind a chimney, waited until the sentry on duty had turned his back and was marching from him, when stepping from his place of concealment so as to get the full use of his arm, he hurled a brick bat at the sentry, striking him in the back, and injuring him severely. The guard were in an instant turned out and marched to the prison yard. The gates were thrown open, and the guard stood ready to fire. There was now no time to be lost, so I at once communicated what I had seen. The gates were thereupon closed, and the guard marched to the building where the man had appeared. After

a terrible uproar, with loud swearing and cursing, the guard at length retired with one or two prisoners in their custody. What became of them I never knew. Nothing concerning them was ever revealed to us. However, there were no more complaints made, after this, of the stoning of the sentry.

The sentries, as a body, were not only ungenerous and uncivil, but unfeeling and tyrannical, and committed many acts of wilful, wanton cruelty.— They considered anything short of death, to rebels, as humanity. This feeling was far more prevalent among the British than among the Hessians ; and hence, when the prisoners desired any favors, they deferred asking for them until the latter had the guard, which was two days out of every five. Occasionally, a humane man was on duty, but he was restrained from obeying his natural impulses through fear of the official power above him. The orders under which they acted were absolute and imperative, and a disobedience of command or a dereliction of duty were sure to be followed by severe and immediate punishment. I shall never forget a striking instance of this which occurred during my captivity here.

In the prison yard there was a large bar of pig-iron, which the prisoners, for pastime, would amuse themselves by throwing, and their contests for superiority would often be attended by considerable excitement. One day, while they were thus engaged, the sentry on duty, a stout, good natured man, after gazing for some time upon the performances of the prisoners, became at length emulous of their efforts, and, upon the impulse of the moment, ventured to enter the list and compete with them. Laying down his gun, he made one trial, and coming but little short of the best of them, was encouraged to try again. Throwing off his cartridge box and bayonet, he again grasped the bar, and though he did better than before, yet he still fell short. Stimulated by his success, and determined to gain his point, he now threw off his stock and coat. At this instant, an officer suddenly came in, and noticing the condition of the sentinel, said to him in a stern, authoritative tone, "*Walk this way, sir.*" They left the prison together, and we learned that for this breach of duty, the sentinel was sentenced to run the gauntlet and receive three hundred lashes.

On the following day, a company of men were drawn up in double line, facing each other, and in full view from the prison. Each man stood a little from his neighbor, and each was armed with a raw hide. When everything was ready, all the drummers of the regiment, beating the long roll⁽²³⁾, entered the lines, followed by an officer, with a drawn sword under his arm, the point turning backward. Then followed the prisoner, having nothing on but his breeches, and behind him came another officer with a drawn sword. As the prisoner passed through the lines, each man in succession gave him a severe blow with his raw hide. After he had passed, he then had to turn back again and retrace his steps, and thus walk up and down until the whole number of lashes was given. On the outside of each line an officer marched opposite the prisoner, and if any act of favor was shown, or if any man gave the prisoner a less forcible blow than he could have done, the officer would strike him so severely with the flat of his sword that he would almost bring him to the ground.

Under this dreadful trial the prisoner at first walked firmly and erect, but he soon began to

queek and droop, then to writhe and convulse, until at length his lacerated body was thrown into contortions, and was literally streaming with blood.— Sometimes he would receive a blow upon his breast, then upon his back, and then upon his head or legs, according as his body happened at the time to be placed. The scene was one of most barbarous cruelty, and ended, as might well be supposed, in the miserable death of the poor, offending sentinel.

Notwithstanding the sufferings we endured, and the rigorous treatment to which we were subjected in the prison, we were not without some friends and sympathizers. Among these, there was a lady, a Mrs. Spicer, who resided in the city, and who was a warm friend to the cause of liberty. She took a deep and lively interest in the condition of the prisoners, and visited the hospitals and prisons almost daily. She was esteemed by the prisoners as a mother, and her visits anxiously looked for, and received, always, with a warm and hearty welcome. She came, not alone, with the clear, mild sunshine. She came with the howling storm, and the whistling wind, and the pelting rain. The risk of contagion and death, even, could not deter her

from her noble, saint-like mission. She came as a ministering angel, comforting the sick, sympathizing with the distressed, and performing many acts of kindness and mercy.

What became of her, or where she lived, I never could learn. I made many efforts, after the war, to ascertain, but never with success. Although she has long since passed away, and her acts were unknown to public ear, yet many a poor prisoner has poured forth his blessings upon her. The memory of that stranger's kindness will live in many a heart until life's last pulse shall cease to beat. Her deeds of mercy, though unrequited here, have not been lost. They have been recorded in a higher sphere, where she will receive a great and glorious reward.

I remained in the prison until the twenty-fourth day of October, when the names of a company of prisoners, mine among the rest, were taken down. We were informed that the time had arrived for us to return to our homes. We became, at once, elated at the prospect of a speedy release. Our feelings immediately started up from the depths of despair. We joyfully drew our weekly provision,

and cheerfully divided it among our starving associates, from whom we were so soon to take our leave. But, alas! little did we dream what a cruel destiny was in store for us. How bitter, how aggravating to us was the disappointment when we found that, instead of being returned to our homes, we were to be removed only to undergo still further torments. We were put on board the prison-ship *Good Intent*(²⁴), then lying in the North River, and reported there with one week's provisions.

The scene of starvation and suffering that followed, it is impossible to conceive, much less to describe. Crowded together as we were with over two hundred in the hold of the ship, the air was exceedingly foul, close, and sickening. Everything was eaten that could possibly appease hunger.—From these and other causes, and enfeebled as we had become, and reduced as we were by famine, no wonder that pestilence in all its fury began to sweep us down. To such an extent did this prevail that in less than two months' time our number was reduced by death to scarcely one hundred. In addition to all this we were treated with the utmost severity and barbarity. Even the smallest indul-

gence was most rigidly denied. In the month of December following, the river began to freeze, when, fearing some of the prisoners might escape upon the ice, the ship was moved round to the Wallabout, where lay also the Jersey, another prison-ship of horrific memory, whose rotted hulk still remained, till within a few years past, to mark the spot where thousands of brave and devoted martyrs yielded up the precious offering of their lives, a sacrifice to British cruelty⁽²⁵⁾.

Here again, I became sick, and my name was again taken down for the hospital. The day before New Year's, the sick were brought out, and placed in a boat to be conveyed to the city. The boat had lost a piece of plank from her bottom, but the aperture was filled up with ice ; we were taken in tow and proceeded on our course. The motion of the water soon caused the ice to loosen, and our boat began to leak. We had gone but a short distance when the sailors inquired "*whether we leaked.*" Our men, either from pride, or from an unwillingness to betray fear, replied, "*but a mere trifle.*" The sailors, however, soon perceived our increased weight. They pulled hard for a while,

and then lay to until we came up with them. Our boat was at that time half filled with water. When the sailors perceived our condition, they vented their curses upon us, and with horrid oaths and imprecations, pulled for the nearest dock, shouting for help. When the boat reached her destination, she struck level with the water, and we were compelled to hold on to the dock and to a small boat by our side, to prevent her from sinking.

It being low water, the sailors reached down from the dock, and clenching our hands, drew us up in our turn. I well remember that I was drawn up by them, with such violence that the skin was taken from my chest and stomach. One poor fellow, who was unable to sit up, we had to haul upon the gunnel of the boat to keep his head out of water. Notwithstanding this, he still got wet, and died in a few minutes after he was placed on shore.

From the boat we were taken to the Hospital in Beekman-street, known as Dr. Rogers', afterwards Dr. Spring's Brick Meeting House^(2°). While passing through the yard, I took up one end of a bunk from which some person had just been taken, dead. I carried it into the church, and threw myself upon

it, perfectly exhausted and overcome. The head nurse of the hospital, passing by, saw and pitied my situation. She made me some warm tea, and pulling off the blankets from the poor, sick Irish, regardless of their curses and complaints, piled them upon me until I began to sweat profusely, and fall asleep.

The females who acted as nurses in the hospitals were many, perhaps most of them, the wives of British soldiers. Although they committed no designed acts of cruelty, yet many of them showed in their treatment of us much indifference and neglect.

When I awoke in the morning, some mulled wine and water was given to me. Wine and some other things were sent to the sick by our government.—As for the British, they furnished nothing. After taking the wine, I became refreshed. I lay perfectly easy, and free from pain. It seemed to me that I had never been so happy before in my life, and yet I was still so weak that I could not have risen from my bunk unaided even though it had been to “*save the uniu.*”^{*} The doctor in attendance was an American surgeon, who had been taken prisoner.

* This was Hanford's own expression.

He had been taken from the prison and transferred to the hospital to attend the sick. Upon examining me, he told me that my blood was breaking down and turning to water, from the effect of the small pox, and that I needed some bitters. I gave him what money I had, and he prepared me some, and when that was gone, he was good enough to supply me some more at his own expense. Under his kind treatment and professional skill, I began slowly, and by degrees, to regain my strength, and in course of time, was once more able to walk about.

While standing, one day, in the month of May, by the side of the church, in the warm sun, my toes began to sting and pain me excessively. I showed them to the surgeon when he came in, and he laid them open. They had been frozen, and the flesh had become so wasted away that only the bone and the tough skin remained. I had, in consequence of my feet, to remain in the hospital for a long time, and of all places, that hospital was least to be coveted. Disease and death reigned there in all their terror. I have had men die by the side of me in the night, and have seen fifteen dead bodies, at one time, sewed up in their blankets and laid in the

corner of the yard, the product of one twenty-four hours. Every morning, at eight o'clock, the dead cart came, and the bodies of those who had died the day previous were thrown in. The men drew the rations of rum to which they were entitled, and the cart was driven off to the trenches of the fortifications, where they were hastily covered, I cannot say interred.

On one occasion, I was permitted to go with the guard to the place of interment, and never shall I forget the scene that I there beheld. They tumbled the bodies promiscuously into the ditch, sometimes even dumping them from the cart, then threw upon them a little dirt, and away they went. I could see a hand here, a foot there, and there again a part of a head, washed bare by the rain, and all swollen, blubbering, and falling to decay. I need not add that the stench was anything but tolerable⁽²⁷⁾.

The use of my feet having become restored to me, I was again returned to the prison in Liberty-street, and from this time forward, I enjoyed comfortable health to the close of my imprisonment, which took place in the month of May following.—

One day, while I was standing in the yard, near the high board fence which enclosed the prison, a man passed by, in the street, and coming close to the fence, without stopping or turning his head, said in a low voice, "*General Burgoyne is taken with all his army. It is a truth. You may depend upon it.*"⁽²⁶⁾ Shut out, as we were, from all information, and all knowledge of what was going on around us, this news was grateful to us indeed, and cheered us greatly in our wretched abode. Kept in entire ignorance of everything occurring beyond the confines of our miserable prison, we had been left to the most gloomy fears and forebodings as to the result of our cause. We knew not whether it was still progressing, or whether resistance had ceased altogether. Of the probability of our government being able to exchange or release us, we knew nothing. What little information we received, and it was very little, was received only through the exaggerations of British soldiery, and could, therefore, be but very little relied upon. How grateful then to us was the news which we had just heard—how sweet to our ears, how soothing to our hearts! It gave us the sweet consolation that our

cause was still triumphant, and cheered us with the hope of a speedy liberation. It is fortunate, however, that our informant was not discovered, for if he had been, he would most probably have been compelled to have run the gauntlet, or to have lost his life for his kindness.

One day, I think it was about the first of May, two officers came into the prison. One of them was a sergeant by the name of Wally⁽²⁹⁾, who had, from some cause or other, and what I never knew, taken a deep dislike to me. The other was an officer by the name of Blackgrove. They told us that there was to be an exchange of those prisoners who had been the longest confined, and thereupon they began to call the roll. A great many names were called to which no answers were given. Their owners had already been exchanged by that Being who has the power to set the captive free. Here and there was one left to respond. At last my name was called. I attempted to step forward and answer, when Sergeant Wally turned, and frowning upon me with a look of demoniac fury, motioned me to fall back. I dared not answer, so all was still. Then other names were called. I felt that,

live or die, now was the time to speak. I accordingly told officer Blackgrove, that there were but eleven men present who had been longer in prison than myself. He looked at me, and then asked me why I did not answer when my name was called. I told him that I did attempt to answer, but Sergeant Wally prevented me. He thereupon turned, and, looking at him with contempt, put down my name. Of the thirteen who had been taken prisoners in the month of March, 1777, only two now remained to be exchanged, myself and one other⁽³⁰⁾.

On the eighth day of May, 1778, we were released from our long confinement. Our persecutors, however, had not yet done with us. They, as if to trouble and torment us, took the Southern prisoners off towards Boston to be discharged, while the Eastern prisoners were conveyed to Elizabethtown, in New Jersey⁽³¹⁾. There they set us free. Upon our liberation, we proceeded at once to Newark.— Here, everything was clothed in the beauty of spring. The birds were singing merrily, and the whole face of nature smiled with gladness. We were so delighted, and in fact, so transported with pleasure, that we could not forbear rushing out

and throwing ourselves upon the green grass, and rolling over it again and again. After a confinement of fourteen months in a loathsome prison, clothed in rags and filth, and with associates too numerous and offensive to mention, this was to us a luxury indeed.

From Newark⁽³²⁾, we traveled on as fast as our enfeebled powers would permit. We crossed the Hudson at Dobb's Ferry⁽³³⁾, and here we began to separate, each for his own home. The officers pressed horses and went on. My companion and myself were soon wending our way, slowly and alone. As we passed on, we saw in the distance two men riding towards us, each having with him a led horse. It did not take me long to discover the man on a well-known horse to be my father, and the other person to be the father of my comrade. The meeting I will not here attempt to describe, but from the nature of the case, you may well imagine that it was an affecting one, and more peculiarly so, as my friends had been informed some time before that I had died in prison. They had had prayers offered up, according to the custom of the time, and the family had gone into mourning⁽³⁴⁾.

They therefore felt as though they had received me from the dead. It seems that the officers had carried the news of our return, and our friends had ridden all night to meet us. We proceeded on our way together, and ere the shades of evening had closed around us, we were once more in the bosom of friends, and enjoying the sweets of home, and the society of those we loved. And may my heart ever rise in gratitude towards that Being whose preserving care has been over me, and who has never, never forsaken me.

Hanford did not remain long idle after his return from imprisonment. As soon as he had regained his health, he resumed his musket, and partook once more of the hardships of the tented field.— He again took his position in Captain Seymour's company, and continued in the active performance of his duty to the termination of the war. He was present at the taking and burning of Norwalk, in Connecticut, and assisted in driving the British and Tories back to their shipping⁽³⁵⁾. At another time, he was one of a body of troops that was called out one cold winter night to repel a large British force that was advancing from Kingsbridge, forag-

ing, marauding, and burning everything in their way⁽³⁶⁾. The American army marched in two divisions, one taking the Post-Road, and the other a more circuitous route, and coming together at a designated place near the enemy. The night was excessively cold, and the army suffered greatly.—The detachment to which Hanford belonged, arrived first at the place of destination, and halted near a public house. Hanford, and a few others of his party, soon entered the house, and found their way to the fire. While they were engaged in warming themselves, an officer, whose name is not now recollected, came in, chilled and shivering with cold, and placed his arms over Hanford's shoulders to warm his hands, which were quite stiff and benumbed. While thus engaged, he and Hanford were led to notice each other, and with a mutual half recognition. Soon after this, Hanford was stationed as a guard at the outer door of the house, and while performing this duty, the officer walked past him repeatedly, each time eyeing him closely. Finally, coming up to Hanford, he thus addressed him :—
“ Sir, I think I know you. I recognize you as one of my fellow-prisoners of the old Sugar House Pri-

son in New-York. I thought I knew you when I first saw you. I was with you for a while in that den of human suffering." After a mutual greeting, he asked Hanford how he liked his present position, to which the latter replied that he was not particularly attached to it. The officer then asked him how he would like to take a ride. Being answered in the affirmative, the officer then told him that he had letters and dispatches to the Secretary of State, at Hartford⁽³⁷⁾, Connecticut, and if he desired the trip, he would like him to go and deliver them. He told him, moreover, that he must furnish his own horse, pay his own expenses, and when he had performed the duty, he must make his report, when he should be re-imbursed and draw his pay. To this Hanford readily assented. The duty was accordingly performed by him, after the return of the troops, and the trip to Hartford was a pleasant one.

In the meantime, the troops passed on, and after several skirmishes, and a running fight, the British were finally driven back across Kingsbridge.—About this time, a party of British and Hessians commenced the erection of a redoubt on the Har-

lem river, and a body of men, of which Hanford was one, was sent to check their operations. The troops marched all night, intending to surprise the enemy, and make the attack at early dawn. They reached their destination before daylight, unobserved, and took a position from which they could rake the redoubt with their small arms, aided by one piece of artillery loaded with grape. In front of, and near the redoubt, was a vessel lying at the dock, loaded with fascines⁽³⁸⁾, a portion of which had already been landed. The Americans were hid from view when lying down, but when they arose, the whole scene was open before them. At daylight, a detachment of Hessian troops made its appearance, and soon came to the water for fascines. The Americans lay perfectly still until each Hessian soldier had shouldered his bundle, and was about to return to the fort, when the command was given in a loud tone of voice, "Attention, men—ready—aim—fire!" Quick as thought, each man sprang to his feet, and a volley of musketry and a discharge of grape were poured in upon the enemy. The scene that followed was ludicrous in the extreme. The enemy were taken completely by sur-

prise, and were terribly frightened. In their confusion and terror, they threw down their bundles, and used every exertion to run. Although they jumped, and sprang, and swung their arms, and made desperate strides, yet they seemed for a time to have lost all ability to move forward, for when one leg started in one direction, the other went off in one exactly opposite; and it was only by the most desperate efforts of springing and jumping that they effected their escape. This they were at last enabled to do by reason of the river being between them and their pursuers. The Americans, however, succeeded in carrying out the objects of the expedition. They destroyed the redoubt, made a prize of the vessel and cargo, and captured some prisoners.

On another occasion, when a party of British and Tories came on an expedition of plunder and destruction, Hanford was again called out, with others, to repel them. They met the enemy, and after a slight skirmish, succeeded in driving them back. The Americans pursued the retreating foe until the engagement became a running fight. The British finally made a stand in a favorable position,

and when their pursuers came up, they found a rising ground before them, partially concealing the enemy from their view. A portion of the Americans, Hanford among them, passed over the ridge, amid a galling fire, the bullets flying among them thick as hail. Hanford soon found shelter behind a large rock, under cover of which he used his gun for some time with telling effect, till finally, in attempting to load it, the cartridge stuck in the barrel, and in striving to force it down with his rod, he inadvertently leaned back to gain more space, in doing which, a part of his person became exposed to view. At that instant, a ball came whizzing by, just missing his head, and looking up, he perceived a British soldier in the act of dodging back to his covert. The Americans firmly maintained their ground, and finally bore off the honors of the day. They charged upon, and repulsed the enemy, who retreated in confusion to their lines.

After this, Hanford spent the remaining part of his term of service in guarding property, in repelling the invasions of the British and the Tories, and in peregrinate movements wherever his duty or the public exigency required, until the termi-

nation of the war. In this manner, he gave himself up to the call of his country, evincing at all times, and upon all occasions, those traits of character, which, when found in happy combination, form the true model of the Christian soldier. At the establishment of peace, he threw off the trappings of war, laid aside the implements of death, and sought once more the shades of private life.

In the year 1782, Hanford was united in marriage to Miss Mary Mead,⁽³⁹⁾ a lady of most amiable and exemplary character, with whom he had long been acquainted, and who was the daughter of Gen. John Mead,⁽⁴⁰⁾ of Horseneck,⁽⁴¹⁾ in Greenwich,⁽⁴²⁾ Connecticut. Mr. Hanford, after his marriage, settled in New Canaan, ⁽⁴³⁾ then a parish of Norwalk, where he resided for more than twenty-five years. During his residence in New Canaan, he went with his wife to Walton,⁽⁴⁴⁾ Delaware County, New York, on a visit to her brother and sister who had moved to that place. They performed the journey on horseback, the only mode of travel at that day. They traveled over bad roads, through woods, and fording deep and rapid streams. In the fall of the year 1807, he again visited Walton, but this time,

with the intention of purchasing a farm, and securing a residence. Upon his return, he sold his property in Connecticut, and on the twentieth day of March, 1808, with two wagons, loaded with goods, and his family of five sons and four daughters, he moved to Walton. The winter was past, the weather warm and pleasant, and the traveling reasonably good. After a toilsome journey of six days, the family arrived at their place of destination. They took possession of their plain, but comfortable home, a log house of ample accommodation, and soon became settled in their new abode. Here they remained, a happy and unbroken family, until the fifteenth day of September, 1847, when Mrs. Hanford closed her earthly pilgrimage, in the 88th year of her age, having lived with, and cheered the fireside of her husband for more than sixty-five years.

In the early history of Walton, religious conference meetings were held in the town every Thursday evening, under the superintendence of Deacon St. John.⁽⁴⁵⁾ They were held at private houses, in alternate rounds. In these gatherings, Levi Hanford took a warm and active part, generally lead-



MRS. HANFORD.

ing the meetings when Deacon St. John was absent. These meetings exerted a great influence upon the neighborhood, and kept many from deviating from the paths of moral rectitude. To this day, there are many persons, now scattered over our country, who look back to them as the source from which they derived much of their religious training. Encouraged by the clergy, and patronized by their occasional presence, they have been kept up for a period of nearly seventy years, although their leaders and principal supporters have been changed several times by death or removal.

In the month of January, 1852, an advertisement appeared in the *New York Journal of Commerce*, stating that the author, David Barker, Esq., of that city, had in his possession a cane, made from one of the beams of the Old Sugar House in Liberty street, and calling upon any surviving sufferer in that old prison, to send in his name that he might have the pleasure of presenting the relic to him as a support to his declining years. To this call, five only responded, disclosing the melancholy fact that of those prisoners, only five remained alive. Each of these applicants sent in his name, with a brief

account of his imprisonment and sufferings. It appeared from these statements that Levi Hanford was confined the longest of the five, and was the youngest of the number when imprisoned. There being so many applicants for the cane, it was concluded to leave the choice to be determined by lot. When this decision was made known to Hanford, he at once gave up all hope of receiving it, saying that in all his life, he never had any fortune in chance operations. The drawing, however, came off, and the cane fell to Hanford. It was transmitted to him by a friend, and he received it in the ninety-fourth year of his age, with a deep feeling of pride and pleasure. So delighted was he with this memento of his early career, that he kept it always near him, occasionally exhibiting it to those who visited him, and cherishing and preserving it to the day of his death.

Mr. Hanford always took a deep and lively interest in his country's welfare. On the exciting subjects which so much affected the nation's well-being, he took sides with the Republicans. He was a strong opponent of the leading acts and measures of John Adams, and the party that elected him,

but he was a warm friend and supporter of Thomas Jefferson, and his administration. His heart was with the Republicans in resisting the aggressive acts of Great Britain and France, in discarding their claimed right of search, and in opposing their Milan and Berlin decrees. He approved of the war of 1812, and the policy of Madison, and gave them his firm and steady support, and though age had placed him beyond the period of active duty himself, yet he gave three of his sons, all who were then of age, to the defence of that country, for which he himself had suffered so much, and which he had helped to establish. His two eldest sons were called to the Canadian frontier at Sackett's Harbor, and the younger to the defense of New York, when that city was threatened with an invasion. When peace was again restored, and the government strengthened and invigorated, and rendered more permanent by the ordeal through which it had passed, he rejoiced with the joyful, gave thanks with the thankful, looking forward with true, patriotic pride to that enviable position which she would hereafter take among the nations of the earth—a higher, a brighter, a nobler posi-

tion than she had heretofore attained. He gave his hearty and unwavering support to Andrew Jackson, and the measures of his administration, regarding him as a man far above the leading politicians of his day, pure, honest and self-sacrificing, striving for the good of the country with a firm and fearless determination that allowed no claim, no interest, no obstacle whatever to swerve him from his duty. As a Democratic Republican, Hanford warmly and cheerfully espoused the general principles of that party, but when Texas was presented for annexation, he felt that it was a measure which might end with disastrous results. He considered it as detrimental to the public good, that it was not sought for through any real sympathy for Texas, but was urged solely with the view of opening a new field for the ingress of slavery, and of increasing thereby the value of such property by increasing its demand. With Texas for a precedent, he always feared that annexation might be carried to a dangerous extent, and often remarked that if this Union was ever dissolved, the annexation of Texas would be the first link in the chain of events to bring it about. Though never an abo-

litionist, in the common acceptation of the term, yet he was always opposed to slavery in every form, considering it as a disgrace to humanity, a blot upon the national character, and a withering curse upon those States where it existed. He was in favor of letting it die out gradually, as he considered it would have done if the annexation policy had not given it new life by breathing into it an increased pecuniary interest. For these reasons he was opposed to all measures tending to the repeal of the ordinance of 1787, and of the Missouri Compromise. He considered such measures equally detrimental to the interest and stability of our government. When Congress was legislating upon the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, he took a deep and lively interest in its discussions, and his feelings became unusually excited. The subject was one that seemed to call out and develop all the energy of his earlier years. One day, after he had received his paper, and had perused the congressional proceedings, he turned to his son, and with a look of deep and solemn earnestness, said :

“ William, I see clearly that they are determined to repeal the Missouri Compromise, and I believe they

will do it. They seem determined to break down every barrier to the spread of slavery—those barriers which were established at the commencement of our government, and which have hitherto been held as sacred as the Constitution itself. If,” said he, “ruthless hands are to be laid upon those sacred compacts, and those barriers to be broken down, trampled upon, and destroyed, then will the curse of slavery spread,—then will tyranny and oppression reign triumphant o’er the land. Little, alas! very little will we have gained in our Revolutionary struggle, if these things come to pass. We endured privations—hunger, cold, toil and suffering to little purpose—we gave our treasure—we shed our blood—we gave our lives—all for naught, if these lines of demarkation are to be disregarded, scorned and taken away. If those worse than parricides, were so bent upon sapping the foundation upon which our great and almost perfect government is founded, and upon which its very life depends, why, oh! why could they not have waited a little longer, until the last of the old soldiers had passed away, and spared them the pain, the bitter mortification of witnessing that noble structure which they sacrificed so much to rear, broken down and destroyed, and the na-

tion reeling and falling back to that state of tyranny which cost so much treasure and so much blood to overthrow."

Thus spoke that honest patriot, and as he closed, as if to give due emphasis to his remarks, he stamped his foot upon the ground, while his tremulous voice and earnest look evinced the depth of the emotions that convulsed his heart. Oh! could those political vampires have beheld that aged man, have seen his solemn and impressive mien, and heard his soul-inspiring words. Though seared be their consciences, though obdurate be their hearts, that scene might have touched some tender chord, aroused some latent principle to check those unprincipled legislators in their headstrong course of depravity and ruin.

In his religious belief, Mr. Hanford was a frank and hearty supporter of the doctrines of the Baptist Church. Though fixed in his theology, yet he was no bigot. He was never arrogant or dogmatical, never narrow or illiberal. While he held his own views with tenacity, he allowed others to do the same, and to hold theirs undisturbed. His heart was ever open in brotherly fellowship, and

in all the relations of life, he ever manifested that true, humble, Christian spirit, of which any one might well be proud. He combined in his character the purity of a saint with the valor of a Roman,—a splendid model of the old Continental soldier,—a brave—a holy—“an honest man—the noblest work of God.”

But age was fast doing its work. A life of activity, of industry, of temperance, of virtue, had already extended his years far beyond the usual bound. At last, exhausted nature gave way, and on the nineteenth day of October, 1854, at his residence in Walton, Delaware County, New York, in the ninety-sixth year of his age, he sank calmly to rest,

“Calmly as to a night’s repose, •

Like flowers at set of sun.”

His remains were deposited by the side of his wife in the family cemetery at Walton, attended by a large circle of friends and relatives, to whom he had endeared himself in life, and by whom he was lamented in death.

Levi Hanford is dead, but yet he lives!—lives in the hearts of his children, to whom he has bequeath-

ed his spotless name—lives in the memory of his many acquaintances, who

“Knew him but to love him,
Who named him but to praise;”

—lives in the pure—the brilliant example which he has made and left behind him.





NOTES.

(1.) LEVI HANFORD, SEN., the father of the subject of this memoir, was born in Norwalk, Conn., in that part of the town which afterwards became New Canaan, on the 4th day of March, 1731. He died on the 21st day of November, 1796, at the age of 65 years, and was buried in the Congregational Church-yard, in New Canaan.

His wife, whose maiden-name was Elizabeth Carter, was born in Norwalk in the year 1731, and died on the 7th day of September, 1776, at the age of 45 years, and was interred in the same burial-place as her husband. Her father, Ebenezer Carter, was born near the village of Norwalk, and was a farmer by occupation. At an early age he moved with his parents to what was then called "The Woods,"—some four miles distant. The country was then new, and deer, bears, and other wild animals were very plenty. In the latter part of his life he used to amuse the children and young people by relating to them the events of his early childhood, when wild animals would cross his path in going to and returning from church. He was an active, energetic man, and was proverbial for his hospitality. He and his wife were both buried in New Canaan.

(2.) Norwalk, a town in Fairfield Co., Conn., on Long Island Sound, 63 miles from Hartford, and 45 miles from New York City. It has a good trade, and a number of vessels employed in coasting. There is a regular communication between this place and New York. Old Well is situated a little more than a mile from the centre of the town. It received its name from an *old well*, from which, in early times, vessels engaged in the West India trade took their supplies of water. †

(3.) REV. THOMAS HANFORD, according to Cotton Mather, was one of the class of ministers, "who not having finished their education at home, came over here to perfect it, before our college was come to maturity to bestow its laurels." He was in Scituate, Mass., in 1643, with the Rev. Charles Chauncey, one of the most distinguished Puritan divines, with whom he probably completed his studies. Mr. Hanford was made a freeman in Massachusetts, on the 22d day of May, 1650, began to preach in Norwalk in 1652, was ordained in 1654, and died in the year 1693, aged about 72 years. He was succeeded by the Rev. Stephen Buckingham. The widow of Mr. Hanford died on the 12th day of September, 1730, at the age of one hundred years.

(4.) CAPTAIN ISAAC KEELER was born in Wilton, Conn., in the year 1755. He was apprenticed to, and learned the tailor's trade. On the breaking out of the war, he entered the Continental Army as an ensign, and was promoted to Lieutenant, and afterwards to Captain. He was with the army at Valley Forge, and was at the battle of Red Bank, under Col. Green, and also in other engagements. At the end of the war, he went into business at Waterford, Saratoga Co., N. Y. He afterwards moved to the City of New York, where he opened a merchant tailor's store. He received the appointment of City Marshall, and held at one time the office of Police Justice. He afterwards

occupied a position in the Custom House, which he retained to his death. In the war of 1812, when the City of New York was in danger of an attack by the British, he volunteered in the veteran corps of revolutionary soldiers, for three months to guard the Arsenal, and received an appointment in the corps. Though he endeavored to discharge his duties with fidelity, the labors and exposures of camp life were too much for his years and enfeebled constitution. He took a severe cold, which settled upon his lungs, and ended in consumption, of which he died in the year 1825, in the 71st year of his age. His wife was burned to death about three years afterwards, her clothes taking fire while kneeling in secret prayer. She and her husband were both buried in the burial-ground of the church in Market Street, in the city of New York, of which church they were both members.

(5 & 6) With a view of seizing the military stores and provisions which the Americans had collected at Concord, 12 miles N. W. from Boston, Gen. Gage, on the evening preceding the 19th of April, 1775, detached from his garrison 800 picked men, under the command of Lieut.-Col. Francis Smith, of the 10th Regiment, and Major John Pitcairn, of the Marines. These troops made a rapid march to the place of their destination, in hopes of taking the malcontents by surprise, but, notwithstanding the precautions which had been taken, the alarm was given throughout the country, and the inhabitants flew to arms. Between 4 and 5 o'clock on the morning of the 19th, the advanced guard of the Royal troops arrived at Lexington, where they found about fifty or sixty, or possibly more, of the American militia under arms, whom Major Pitcairn ordered to disperse, and on their hesitating to obey his command, that officer discharged his pistol and ordered his soldiers to fire. By the volley which ensued, eight of the militia were left dead on the ground, ten were wounded, and the remainder dispersed. The troops

then proceeded to Concord, six miles further, where they destroyed a portion of the stores of the insurgents, and then commenced retreating towards Boston. They were not, however, permitted to make this retrograde movement without molestation. Before they left Concord, they were attacked by the American militia and minute-men whom they had provoked, and who accumulated by degrees, harrassed their rear and flanks, taking advantage of every inequality of ground, and especially availing themselves of the stone walls which skirted the road, and which served them as intrenchments. Had not the detachment been met at Lexington by a brigade of about 1,000 men with two pieces of cannon which Gen. Gage had sent out to its support, under the command of Lord Percy, it would certainly have been cut off, or forced to surrender. The United British forces arrived, wearied and exhausted at Bunker Hill near Boston, a little after sunset, having not only lost their baggage wagons, but sustained a loss of about 65 killed, 180 wounded, and 28 missing. Among the wounded was Lieut.-Col. Smith, the commander of the detachment. Some of the soldiers were so much exhausted with fatigue that they were obliged to lie down on the ground, their tongues hanging out of their mouths like dogs after a chase. The Americans had about 50 killed, 34 wounded and 4 missing. Intelligence of the battle spread rapidly through the Colonies, and excited everywhere feelings of mingled exultation, sorrow and rage. The mechanic left his work-shop and the farmer his plough, and seizing their arms, they resolved to avenge the death of their murdered countrymen.

Gordon's Amer. War, Vol. I, p. 476.

(7) In the year 1775, the project was conceived of surprising Ticonderoga, a fortified post on the western shore of Lake Champlain, and commanding the entrance into Canada. This design was communicated to Col. Athan Allen, who, in conjunction with

Col. Benedict Arnold, accordingly proceeded to Ticonderoga, and the remainder of the party to Skeensborough. Sentinels had been previously stationed on all the roads to prevent the passing of any intelligence. On the 9th day of May, about eighty, all that the boats could carry, crossed the lake and landed near the garrison. The two Colonels advanced along side of each other, and entered the gateway leading to the fort, by the grey of the morning. A sentinel snapped his fusce at Col. Allen and then retreated. The main body of the Americans then followed and drew up. Capt. De la Place, the Commander, was surprised in bed, and compelled to surrender the place. When the remainder of the party arrived, they were despatched under Col. Seth Warner, to take possession of Crown Point, and Arnold, hastily manning a schooner, sailed to capture a sloop-of-war lying at the outlet of the lake. These two expeditions, as well as that against Skeensborough, were successful, and thus was obtained, without bloodshed, the command of those important posts, together with more than 100 pieces of cannon, besides small arms, and other munitions of war, with stores, &c. The unexpected news of this brilliant success imparted high courage and animation to the Americans, and caused great joy and exultation.

Gordon's Amer. War., vol. II, p. 11.

(8) **ETHAN ALLEN** was born in Connecticut in 1738, and moved in early life to Vermont. He distinguished himself in the controversy in 1770 between the inhabitants of that State and the government of New York, and was declared by the latter an outlaw. At the commencement of the Revolution, he, with the inhabitants of Vermont, took a vigorous part in resisting the British. In May, 1775, at the head of a small party, he surprised and captured Ticonderoga. In the autumn of that year he went several times into Canada, to ascertain the disposition of the people, and endeavor to attach them to the cause of the Colonies.

In an attempt to take Montreal, at the head of a small body of troops, he was captured and sent to England. After a long and severe confinement, he was at length exchanged and returned to Vermont, and was appointed to command the militia of that State with the rank of Brig.-Gen., but was not called to any important service. He was a man of gigantic size, and possessed great strength. He had a strong mind, indomitable will and courage, but was without the polish of education. In his religious opinions he was a Deist. He died in Colchester on Feb 13, 1789, aged 51 years.

(9) The name of "Green Mountain Boys" was applied to those persons who resided within the limits of the Green Mountains in Vermont. They were a brave and hardy race of men, and were chiefly settlers from New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Connecticut.

(10) Fearing an intention, on the part of the British, to occupy the important heights at Charlestown and Dorchester, which would enable them to command the surrounding country, about 1,000 men were despatched on the evening of the 16th of June, 1775, under command of Col. Wm. Prescott, to Bunker Hill, with instructions to fortify that position. They were conducted by mistake to Breed's Hill, which was nearer to the water and to Boston than Bunker's. At 12 o'clock they began to throw up entrenchments, and by dawn of day had completed a redoubt about eight rods square. As soon as they were discovered, they were fired upon by a ship-of-war, and several batteries, but the Americans, nevertheless, continued to labor until they had nearly completed a slight breastwork extending eastward to the water. In the morning they received a reinforcement of five hundred men. The British were astonished and incensed at their temerity, and determined to drive them off. Accordingly, about noon, a

body of 3,000 regulars commanded by Sir William Howe, left Boston in boats, and landed in Charlestown, at the extreme point of the peninsula, where they formed and marched slowly up the hill. The Americans reserved their fire until the British were within ten or twelve rods of the redoubt, when, taking steady aim, they poured an incessant discharge upon them, doing great execution, and causing them to retreat in haste and disorder down the hill. Being stimulated by their officers, the British again formed in line, and were again induced to ascend. The Americans now reserved their fire until the enemy had approached even nearer than before, when a tremendous volley was at once poured among them, causing them to retreat with precipitation even to their boats. So great was the carnage, and such the panic, that Gen. Howe was left almost alone on the hill side, his troops having deserted him, and nearly every officer around him being killed. At this moment, Gen. Clinton arrived with a reinforcement, and by his exertions the troops were a third time rallied and were impelled forward by their officers, who marched behind them with drawn swords. The fire from the ships and batteries was now redoubled, and a few cannon had been so placed as to rake the breastwork from end to end. The Americans having exhausted their scanty supply of ammunition, defended themselves for a short time with the butt end of their muskets, but were soon compelled to retire from the unequal contest. This they did with the order and regularity almost of veterans. The British had suffered too severely to pursue them, and merely took possession of the hill. The British lost about 1,054 killed and wounded. Among the killed was Maj. Pitcairn, who was in the expedition to Concord and Lexington. The loss of the Americans was about 453 killed, wounded and missing. Among the killed was Gen. Warren, a man of marked ability and standing, whose death was deeply deplored. The Americans were commanded by Col. Wm. Prescott, of Pepperel, an officer of great prudence and of

most determined bravery. Though the Americans were compelled to yield the ground for want of ammunition, yet their defeat was substantially a triumph. Their conduct was such as effectually wiped away the reproaches of cowardice which had been cast upon them by their enemies in Britain. Though raw militia, yet they had twice repulsed the flower of her army and broken the charm of their invincibility. The news spread far and wide, and the result of the engagement tended greatly to increase the confidence of the Americans in their own powers, and impressed them with the idea that they were specially favored by heaven. Though grieved at the death of their countrymen, yet the joyful exultation of the Americans was such as well became the occasion that called it forth.

Gordon's Amer. War, Vol. II, p. 39.

(11) CAPT. JOHN CARTER was born in the parish of New Canaan, Conn., and was a man of property and influence, and a strong friend to his country. He served for a time as captain of a company, and was engaged in some adventures and skirmishes. In the month of January, 1780, he commanded a party, which in conjunction with another party, under Capt. Lockwood, made a midnight attack upon Col. Hatfield at Morrisania. The affair was a brilliant one on the part of the Americans, resulting in the capture of Col. Hatfield, besides one captain, one lieutenant, one quarter-master, and eleven privates. Captain Carter lived to an advanced age. He resided after the war in New Canaan, and died there respected and beloved. His remains were interred in the church-yard at New Canaan.

(12) COWBOYS. This term was applied in the Revolution to an infamous class of persons who lived between both armies in a dubious character, being as often in one camp as in the other. Their occupation was smuggling goods and thieving when op-

portunity afforded. Their propensity for stealing was chiefly exercised on cattle and other live stock, from which circumstance they derived their name.

(13) MAJ.-GEN. CHARLES LEE was a native of Wales. He entered the army at an early age, and served under Gen. Abercrombie, in America, in the campaign of 1758, and four years after under Gen. Burgoyne in Portugal, where he held a colonelcy. In the year 1773 he came to America, and settled in Virginia. On the commencement of the Revolution in 1775, he was appointed Major-General, and repaired with Gen. Washington to the army at Cambridge. He remained there till the following year, when he was ordered to New York to fortify that place, and discharged the duty with great promptness and energy. After this he commanded the Southern forces for a while. In the month of October, 1776, he rejoined the army under Washington, and was soon after captured by the British, and remained a prisoner in their hands till the spring of the year 1778, when he was released and returned to his command. At the battle of Monmouth he was entrusted with a division, and for disobedience of orders, and disrespect to the Commander-in-Chief, on that occasion, he was suspended from his command, and retired to private life. He lived on his farm in Virginia till the year 1782, when he moved to Philadelphia, and died soon after, apparently of chagrin and mortification, at the loss of his reputation, on the 2nd day of October, 1782, at the age of 55 years. He was remarkable for his ability as a writer and for his eccentricity. His military talents were, however, very much overrated.

(14) Governor's Island was known to the Indians by the name of Pagganck, and by the Dutch was called Nooten Eylandt, or Nutting or Nut Island, on account of the abundance of hazel and other nut trees which grew upon it, furnishing the winter's supply

to the citizens. It was called Governor's Island because it was always regarded as a perquisite attached to the office of Governor of the province of New York, and it was cultivated in gardens for their use. Governor Keift had a plantation on the island which he leased for 150 lbs. of tobacco per year.

The island, it is said, was originally so near to Red Hook main land, that cattle crossed the channel to and fro, at low water. Governor's Island was formerly a part of Long Island, being joined to it by a low, intervening morass and a small dividing creek. The widening and deepening of the Buttermilk Channel has been caused by the filling in of the south side of the city.

During the Revolution it was fortified with other islands in the bay of New York, at the time that the City of New York was in anticipation of an attack from Sir William Howe, just after the evacuation of Boston. The island was ceded to the United States by an act of the Legislature of New York, passed Feb. 15, 1800. The grant, however, reserved the right of executing process under the authority of this State. The island is now used solely as a military station of the U. S. Army, and is extensively fortified, and it is supposed would prove of great importance to the defense of the harbor. Its contiguity to the southern part of New York island, makes it an important place of defense, though no fortifications were erected upon it in the early colonial era. It contains about 120 acres of ground, and was at one time used as a race-course.

(15) CAPT. SETH SEYMOUR commanded a company of cavalry during the Revolution, and did considerable service to his country in the course of the war, chiefly in guarding property, and in protecting the sea-coast. He resided in the town of New Canaan, and died there.

(16) The names of the guard who were taken prisoners with

Hanford, on the 13th day of March, 1777, were Wright Everett, Jonathan Raymond, Samuel Husted, Ebenezer Hoyt, James Hoyt, Jonathan Kellogg, James Trowbridge, Matthias Comstock, Gideon St. John, ——— Jarvis, and two others, whose names cannot, at this time, be ascertained. They all died in prison, most of them with the small-pox, Ebenezer Hoyt and Hanford being the only ones who lived to be exchanged. Lieut. J. B. Eeels, the commander of the guard, was taken prisoner, but was soon paroled and went home.

The guard were stationed at a hotel kept by Capt. Samuel Richards. When they were taken prisoners, Capt. Richards was taken also. The Tories were so embittered against him that they put him in irons. When the irons were put on his wrists, they were so hot that the flesh fairly crisped and smoked under the heat. The blacksmith begged the Tories to let him cool them, but a Mr. Smith, one of the Tories and a former townsman of Richards, exclaimed, "*Put them on—it is good enough for the d—d rebel—let him have it.*" To this Richards replied—"*They are rather warm, but I can bear them.*"

Mr. Richards was subsequently released on parole, but he vowed vengeance on Smith if he ever met him. At the close of the war, Smith went with other Tories to Nova Scotia for a place of refuge, but eventually found his way back to his old home. For a while he kept himself concealed, and when he went out, ventured cautiously, carefully keeping himself out of the way of Richards. Richards, however, soon ascertained his whereabouts, and preparing himself for the interview, he went to Smith's hiding-place, and took him away and settled the matter to his full satisfaction. How it was adjusted was never known, further than that Smith was not to be seen for a long time afterwards. Neither of the parties would ever give any information in regard to the matter, or as to the mode of settlement, but Richards always

expressed himself satisfied, and Smith appeared to be very glad that the affair was ended.

At the time of the capture of the guard, there was another party taken prisoners with them. This party consisted of Captain Smith, Lieut. Brainard, and Ensign Bradford. They had been in the service at Horseneck, and their term of duty expired on the 14th. They were discharged on the 13th, and on their way home stopped at Richard's Hotel to stay all night. They were taken with the guard, but were eventually released on parole.

(17) HUNTINGTON, a town of Suffolk Co., Long Island, 45 miles from New York City.

(18) FLUSHING, a town of Queen's County, Long Island, about nine miles from New York City. It has a considerable trade, and its situation is pleasant and healthy. It was settled in 1644 principally by a company of Englishmen, who had been residents of Vissengen, or Flushing, in Holland.

(19) The Middle Dutch Church was erected upon ground purchased by the Consistory in the year 1726, of Mr. David Jamison, for the sum of £575, or about \$1,900. The church was opened for divine service in the year 1729, and was used for that purpose until the occupation of the city by the British, when it was first used as a prison and afterwards as a riding-school for the British cavalry. The whole interior of the church was destroyed, leaving nothing but the bare walls and roof. In this desecrated condition the building remained until the year 1788, when repairs were commenced upon it. In the month of July, 1790, it was again re-opened for public worship, on which occasion the Rev. Dr. Livingston preached an interesting discourse. The last sermon preached in the church was on the 11th day of August, 1844.

The building was then leased to the General Government for a Post-Office, and is still occupied for that purpose. It was in the old wooden steeple of this church that Dr. Franklin practised his experiments in electricity.

(20) THE SUGAR HOUSE in Liberty, formerly Crown Street, N. Y., was founded in the year 1689, and was used as a sugar refinery until the year 1776, when it was converted by the British, who then held possession of the city, into a place of confinement for American prisoners. After the Revolution the business of sugar refining was again resumed, and continued until about the month of June, 1840, when the old prison was demolished, and upon its site was erected a block of brick buildings, now used as stores and private offices.

(21 & 22) The first meeting-house, it is said, which was erected in the City of New York, by the Quakers, was built in Green Street Alley, between Liberty Street and Maiden Lane, about the year 1706. It was afterwards moved to Liberty Street, and in the year 1802, was rebuilt and enlarged. It was a plain, substantial building, and stood a little back of the street, on the north side. It was used as a place of meeting, and the grounds attached as a place of burial until after the Yellow Fever of 1822. In the month of October, 1826, the premises were purchased by Grant Thorburn, Esq., and in the month of December following, the ground all around and under the meeting-house, was trenched to the depth of seven feet. The bones were carefully collected, packed in neat boxes, and deposited in a cemetery out of town. In removing the bones, some interesting relics were discovered, among which was a leg and thigh-bone, each of which measured two inches more than any others found there, though there were a great number. They were evidently part of the skeleton of a giant. The building was occupied by Mr. Thorburn

as a seed-store and depot for plants until the year 1835, when the premises were sold by him for building purposes. The old meeting-house was demolished on the 10th day of September, 1835, and upon its site was erected a row of buildings now used as stores and offices.

In the year 1775, the Society of Friends erected a meeting-house in Pearl Street, on the east side, between Cherry and Oak. It was a brick building, 45x68, and covered about 3,264 feet square. It was taken down in the year 1824, and stores and dwelling houses were erected in its place.

These two meeting-houses were both used as hospitals by the British during the Revolution.

Mr. W. B. Hanford believes that the "*Quaker Meeting Hospital*," in which his father was confined, was the one located in Pearl Street. In regard to the location of the building used as the "*Small-Pox Hospital*," he is less positive. It may have been the meeting-house in Liberty Street, or perhaps have been the First Presbyterian Church in Wall Street, near Broadway, which, it is said, was also used as a hospital. He is, however, not at all certain on this point.

(23) The object of beating the drums at the whipping of the sentinel, was not for the purpose of disgracing him, as is usually the case when the "*Rogue's March*" is played, but to drown the screams and groans of the tortured criminal. It answered likewise as a call, to bring together the regiment to witness the execution of the sentence upon the prisoner.

(24) THE PRISON SHIP GOOD INTENT, on her voyage from England, had been cast upon the rocks at Halifax, whereby she had lost part of her keel. Being unfit for further sea service, she was converted into a prison ship. She required the daily use of her pumps to keep her afloat.]

(25) THE JERSEY PRISON SHIP was originally a British ship of the line. She was rated and registered as a 64, but had usually mounted 74 guns. Having become old and decayed, she was, at or near the commencement of the Revolution, dismantled, and soon after moored in the East river, at New York, and used as a store ship. She was afterwards fitted up as a prison ship, and used as such to the termination of the war. In the year 1783, the prisoners then on board of her were released, and she was abandoned where she lay. Her rotted hulk could be seen at low tide for about thirty years afterwards. The mortality on these prison ships was almost incredible. As many as 11,500 are said to have perished on board of them. The remains of those who died in them were slightly buried on the Long Island shore, and the ebbing of the tide often uncovered them, and exposed their whitened bones to view. They were shamefully neglected for many years. In the year 1808, the bones were collected and placed in thirteen coffins, and interred by the Tammany Society in a vault in Jackson Street, Brooklyn, presented for that purpose by the late John Jackson, Esq. A grand imposing procession honored the performance of this last tribute to them.

(26) THE BRICK MEETING HOUSE was erected in the year 1767. It was constructed of brick, and received its name from that circumstance. The celebrated Whitfield is said to have been heard preaching there upon one occasion. The building was 83 feet long by 65 wide, and had a lofty spire. The ground on which it was erected was granted to the church by the corporation of the city, in 1767. There were vaults under the church and in the ground surrounding it, and there was a session room in the rear. In the Revolution the church was used by the British, first as a prison and then as a hospital. It was demolished in the year 1856, and upon its site was erected the elegant edifice known as the "*Times Building*."

(27) "On a high hill, near where Franklin Street now is, on the east side of Broadway, there formerly stood a water basin, built before the Revolution, for supplying the city with water. Nearly opposite the water basin, on the west side of Broadway, stood an old fort, built of earth, which had been used during the Revolutionary war. On the outside of this fort, on the slope of the hill, were buried many of the American prisoners of war, who had died in the old Sugar House in Liberty Street, then Crown Street, or in the North Dutch Church in William Street, both of which were used as prisons by the British. These bodies were buried so near the surface, that by the slight washing of the hill their bones were exposed, and many a time, when a boy, have I seen their remains pulled out and abused by my thoughtless companions—as late as 1800."

Cozzens' *Geology of New York Island*, page 22.

Mr. Onderdonk, in speaking of the old Sugar House in Liberty Street, at the time when it was used as a prison, says: "For many weeks the dead-cart visited the prison every morning, into which eight or twelve corpses were flung and piled up, like sticks of wood, and dumped into *ditches in the outskirts of the city*."

Onderdonk's *Rev. Incidents of Suffolk and Kings Counties*, p. 208.

Mr. Jonathan Gillette, a native of West Hartford, Conn., who died on the 14th day of March, 1855, aged 93 years, was a prisoner in the Sugar House in Liberty Street, in the year 1780, and was confined there for ten months. He says, "Almost every day the corpse of one, and sometimes five or six were carried out for burial. They were conveyed to the *Bowery*, near the *Fresh Water Pump*, where they were interred."

The place where Mr. Hanford witnessed the burial of the prisoners, was not in any church-yard, but was in the trenches of

the fortifications, which had been made by the Americans previous to the evacuation of New York, in the year 1776, in what was then considered the *upper part of the city*. It was somewhere in the neighborhood of where Grand Street now is, but may not have been quite so high up. The city was dug full of trenches, in and around it, and into these the prisoners were thrown, and were scarcely furnished earth, much less coffins for their burials. The British did not dig graves for the prisoners, and hence were not usually inclined to bury them in church-yards or regular burying places, but threw them in wherever it was convenient. The mode of burial of those who died in the prison ships is well known. The remains of those who died in the prisons on land were not more favored than they. During the occupation of the city by the British, much mortality prevailed among the troops, and the burials said to have been made in Trinity Church yard, were probably those of British soldiers, or from the Tory regiments. Mr. Hanford had no knowledge of any American prisoners having been buried there by the British, and always scouted at the idea. Having been a prisoner for fourteen months, he certainly would have known if such had been the fact. When the troubles with England commenced, the Episcopal Churches almost unanimously took sides with the mother country, and were friends of the British, and when the City of New York was taken possession of, they were recognized as loyal branches of the Established Church of England, and as such were protected from profanation, while the churches of other denominations were converted into store-houses, hospitals, prisons, riding-schools, and even stables for British cavalry. The British being in possession of the Episcopal grounds, they were not at all likely to desecrate them by making them the receptacle of the rebel dead. They were not likely to honor or favor those, regarded as criminals and outlaws by a burial in consecrated ground whom, while living, they had starved and ill treated, and whom

they had allowed to languish and die in vile, pestilential prisons. The churches themselves were opposed to such burials. They did not want their grounds filled with the bodies of those who, while living, were in open rebellion not only against their king, but also the Established Church. Under these circumstances, the British certainly would not select such spots when the whole city was open before them, and would by no means be apt to pay the fee for interring bodies there, when they could be buried elsewhere for nothing. If a prisoner had Tory influence enough to insure his interment there, the same influence would have insured his release from captivity, and from the treatment and mode of life which caused or accelerated his decease.

Moreover, Mr. Inglis, the pastor of the church, was himself a bitter Tory, and took an active and decided part, as is well known, and as the records of the church will show. He would have raised both hands against any such desecration. His prayers for the king were vehement and unceasing, and he refused to omit them even during the presence of Washington himself at the church, although previously requested so to do by one of that General's own officers. Would he, who refused this civility to a member and a communicant of the church, be at all likely to grant an Episcopal burial to a prisoner confined for being a rebel, and who died firm and unshaken in his defection? Those noble patriots, those suffering martyrs were not so favored. No soothing words consoled their dying hours; no tones of pity softened their afflictions, and it may well be believed that no Episcopal services attended their remains to their place of interment.

The remains which are said to have been discovered in excavating the ground for the erection of the monument to the Martyrs, appearing to have been hastily and promiscuously ^{unleaved} made, and without coffins, were probably the remains of paupers, for that ground was used as a Potter's Field for many years before the Revolution—in fact as early as 1703 or 1704. When the Brit-

ish held possession of the city, they had full control of everything, and is it not natural that they would have protected from desecration the grounds containing their own friends and relatives, and grounds attached to and belonging to their own Established Church? Would not their vigilance after the destruction of the city by fire, in 1776, have been still greater than before? If the grounds were then left more open and exposed, is it at all probable that they would have been less guarded and protected? But one conclusion, therefore, remains, which is, that the remains of those found there *without* coffins were the remains of paupers, while those found there *with* coffins were not the relics of prisoners, for they were uniformly buried without them, and in places not consecrated, and not in the heart of the city, but at *such distances from it* as would prevent the residents from being infected by the effluvia arising from their half-covered bodies while in course of decomposition. During the discussion of these questions, some years ago, Mr. Hanford was referred to, and he always contended that no prisoners were interred by the British in the grounds of that church during the Revolution.

It has been said that the Negro burying ground on the site of Stewart's marble store, corner of Broadway and Chambers Street, and the Jews' burial-ground, on the location now known as Chatham Square, were used as places of interment for American prisoners. Such might have been the case, for the British despised the Jews and their religion, and had no respect whatever for either of those burial-places, and if they buried any prisoners in either of those localities, they did so with the intention of casting a stigma upon them, for they no doubt considered any such interments made by them as an indignity and disgrace.

Before putting this note in type, I sent the manuscript to W. B. Hanford, Esq., for inspection, and with its return received from him the following letter, which I take the liberty to append:—

“FRANKLIN, N. Y., Sept. 21, 1863.

CHAS. J. DUSHNELL, ESQ.,

My Dear Sir :—Your favor of the 14th instant is before me. * * I have examined the manuscript enclosed, but have no alterations to suggest. It is, I think, correct as it stands, and will give a just view of the facts in relation to the claim of Trinity Church to the honor of furnishing a receptacle for deceased prisoners, and will entitle you to the gratitude of the public for setting the matter right before them.

Yours, in Fraternal Regards,

WM. B. HANFORD.’

(28) The surrender of General Burgoyne took place at Saratoga on the 17th day of October, 1777. It was the cause of great rejoicing on the part of the Americans, who justly considered it as an event having a most important bearing upon the result of the contest between the Colonies and the mother country. The brass artillery captured from Burgoyne at various times during the campaign, amounted to forty-two pieces, constituting one of the most elegant trains ever brought into the field; five thousand stand of arms; six thousand dozen cartridges, and a number of ammunition wagons, traveling forges, shot, carcasses, shells, &c., &c., also fell into the hands of the Americans. The whole number of troops surrendered by the convention, amounted to five thousand seven hundred and ninety two, which, added to the number killed, wounded and captured, in the various actions previous to the 17th of October, amounting to near 5 000, makes Burgoyne’s total loss upwards of ten thousand men. He also lost a number of his best officers, among whom were Gen. Fraser and Colonel Breyman. The American army, including 2,500 sick, amounted to 13,200 men.

The thanks of Congress were voted to General Gates and his army, and a medal of gold, emblematic of the occasion, was presented to him—honors which though bestowed upon him, properly belonged and ought in justice to have been awarded to

Generals Arnold and Morgan, who were the real actors and heroes of the affair, and without whose aid altogether different results might have followed.

General Burgoyne returned to England in the month of May, 1777, where he met with a very cool reception, and was denied admission to the presence of his sovereign. He was even ordered immediately to repair to America as a prisoner, but the ill state of his health prevented compliance. At length he was permitted to vindicate his character. Soon after this, he resigned his emoluments from government, amounting to the sum of \$15,000 a year. Towards the close of the year 1781, when a majority of Parliament seemed resolved to persist in the war, he joined in the opposition, and advocated a motion for the discontinuance of the fruitless contest. He knew that it was impossible to conquer America. From the establishment of peace to the time of his death, he lived as a private gentleman, devoted to pleasure and the muses. He published a "Letter to his Constituents," "State of the Expedition from Canada," and some plays which were once very popular, and are considered respectable compositions. Burgoyne was an elegant writer. He died by a fit of the gout, on the 4th day of August, 1792, and nine days after was privately buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey.

(29) SERGEANT WALLY was the assistant of William Cunningham, the Provost Marshal. Both of these men were remarkable for their cruelty and inhumanity to the American prisoners, allowing no occasion to pass that afforded them an opportunity to exercise their barbarity. After the war they went to England, and it is said that they both eventually lost their lives upon the scaffold. A confession, said to have been made by Cunningham, in which he acknowledges himself the perpetrator of numerous cold-blooded murders during his official career, was published

many years ago. The names of these two men will be handed down from age to age with undying infamy.

A gentleman, of this city, now in the 89th year of his age, who was present at the evacuation of New York by the British, in 1783, informs me that he lived at that time at the lower end of Murray Street, on the north side of the street. Opposite his residence was a tavern kept by a Mr. Day. An American flag had been hoisted from the tavern before twelve o'clock, the time appointed for the Americans to enter the city, and Cunningham, incensed at the premature display, came there to pull it down. He was met at the door of the tavern by Mrs. Day, a stout, athletic woman, very loyal in her sentiments, who refused him admittance, and upon his attempting to force his way into the house, a scuffle ensued between them, in which she boxed his ears warmly, made the powder fly from his hair, and caused him to beat a hasty retreat, amid the jeers and laughter of some few spectators who were present at the scene. My informant further says that Cunningham was a ruddy-faced Irishman, nearly if not quite six feet in stature. He wore his hair tied in a cue, with powdered bat-wings over his ears. He wore light-colored knee-breeches, and his manner was that of a coarse, insolent and imperious fellow.

(30) EBENEZER HOYT was a member of the same company of cavalry with Levi Hanford, both being under the command of Capt. Seth Seymour. He was taken prisoner with Mr. Hanford, and was confined with him in the Sugar House, and they were the only survivors of the party that was captured. They were liberated together and returned home in company. After regaining his health, Mr. Hoyt again joined the company with Hanford, and continued in the performance of his duty to the end of the war. He lived to an advanced age, and died where he had always lived, in the town of New Canaan.

(31) ELIZABETHTOWN, a town in Essex County, N. J., fifteen miles S. W. of New York City. It is a very thriving place, and has considerable shipping.

(32) NEWARK, a city and seat of justice of Essex Co., N. J., on the Passaic, six miles from Elizabethtown, and nine from New York City. It is handsomely situated, and is particularly noted for producing cider of a superior quality. It is likewise celebrated for its numerous manufactures, among which are carriages, saddlery and harness, boots and shoes, coach lace, chairs, cabinet and plated-ware. Its population in 1848 was 30,000.

(33) DOBBS' FERRY is situated on the Hudson river, twenty-two miles N. of New York, and opposite the northern termination of the Palisades. It was a noted place during the Revolution.

(34) While Hanford was in prison, his father obtained permission for a flag of truce in order that he might procure the release of his son by exchange for a British officer. On examining the roll of prisoners, it was found that *Levi Sanford* had died in prison some time before. The flag of truce, taking this to mean *Levi Hanford*, reported his death to his friends. This led to the ceremonies and mourning that followed, and caused a suspension of all further efforts towards his release.

(35.) The burning of Norwalk took place in the month of July, 1779. The land forces of the British consisted of about 2,600 men, and were assisted by a fleet of forty armed vessels. The land forces were under the command of Gen. Tryon, assisted by Gen. Garth, an officer of distinguished ability. The troops were landed at New Haven, where they encountered considerable opposition from the inhabitants and militia. After destroying

the fort which protected the place, and all the naval and military stores, they proceeded to Fairfield, where the troops were again landed and again opposed. Here the town was set on fire and consumed with everything of value. The same desolation took place at Norwalk, where the militia were more numerous and made greater resistance than at the other places. Here the loss of the Americans was great; both Norwalk and Greenfield, a small town in the neighborhood, were totally destroyed, with a considerable number of ships, either finished or on the stocks, and a still greater number of whale boats and small craft, with stores and merchandize to a large amount. The furniture of the inhabitants was wantonly destroyed, and their plate and other articles of value carried off. One hundred and thirty-two dwelling houses, meeting-house and church included, eighty-seven barns, twenty-two store-houses, seventeen shops, four mills, and five vessels were burnt, besides the wheat and hay, &c., which had been gathered in.

Lendrum's Am. Rev., Vol. II, p. 253.

Bouton's Hist. Discourse, p. 43.

(36) **KINGSBRIDGE** is situated at the north end of New York island, on Spuyten Duyvel Creek, and is distant from the City Hall about thirteen miles. The neighborhood was the scene of important military operations during the Revolution.

(37) **HARTFORD**, a city and seat of justice of Hartford Co., Conn., and semi-capital of the State, situated on the Connecticut river, 110 miles from New York City.

(38) **FASCINES** are made of brush-wood, with their ends sharpened, and are bound together in bundles like sheaves of grain. They are used in forming breastworks, being built in fortifications with dirt, in such a manner that their sharp ends project.

(39) MISS MARY MEAD was the daughter of Col. John Mead, and was born at Horseneck, in the town of Greenwich, State of Connecticut, on the 11th day of December, 1759. She was an eye-witness to many acts of cruelty and rapine on the part of the British during our Revolutionary struggle. Her brother, who was an officer in the army, had been taken prisoner and was discharged on parole. He was afterwards exchanged and returned to the army, but becoming sick, was sent home on a furlough. While he was at his home, he heard the British approaching the house and fled from the back door, and under the protection of an orchard, made his way to the fields, where he sprang into a thicket and hid himself. While he lay here concealed, a party of British Light Horse surrounded the house, and some of them coming up to his sister Mary, who had gone to a neighboring spring to rinse some clothes, pointed their swords at her breast and threatened her with instant destruction, unless she revealed the hiding-place of her brother. By her presence of mind and firmness on this occasion, she not only saved her own life but also preserved his.

At another time the house was surrounded by a party of British Light Horsemen, and one of them struck at her twin-sister with his sword, just missing her head, but cutting the casing of the door, an inch in thickness, quite in two. The family were repeatedly plundered by marauding parties of their clothes and other valuable effects. They would carry off everything of value, and what they could not take away, they would destroy. They would even ride into the house, and upset the chairs and tables, and hack to pieces with their swords, mirrors, pictures and furniture. They would rip open the feather beds, and empty into the ticks hives of bees with the honey. The family were compelled to secrete their clothing and valuable effects in the fields and other places of security to preserve them from pillage.

After the termination of the war, Miss Mead was married to

Levi Hanford. In the year 1809, she and her husband united with the Baptist Church in Franklin, Delaware County, N. Y., then under the pastoral charge of Rev. Daniel Robertson, and to the close of their lives lived in Christian fellowship with the church, and evinced by their conduct, in public and private, the sincerity of their belief in the religion they professed. Mrs. Hanford died at Walton, Delaware County, N. Y., on the fifteenth day of September, 1847, in the eighty-eighth year of her age, and was buried in the family cemetery at that place.

(40) COL. JOHN MEAD was born in Greenwich, Connecticut, in the year 1726, and was a farmer by occupation. Being a very fleshy man, his farm labor was mostly performed by his sons and hired help. He was at one time connected with the building of several vessels, one of which was taken in the early part of the Revolution by the British. He was placed early in command of the American lines at Horseneck, together with an extent of sea-coast each way from that place. He had command of a regiment, and sent out men by companies, or in smaller detachments, as he had orders, or as he deemed the public safety demanded. He was with his regiment at the evacuation of the City of New York, under General Washington, and his regiment was the last to leave the place. The day was a remarkably warm and sultry one, and the men suffered greatly from heat and thirst, and many of them were sun-struck. Col. Mead remained after the regiment had left, and before he had overtaken his men, they had retreated to a place of safety. When he entered the public house, he found every spot occupied. Even the floor was covered promiscuously with officers and men, seeking repose and sleep after the labors of the day. Edging his way along, he at length found a place, and stretched himself upon the floor among them. Incommoding, however, one of his neighbors, by using his feet for a pillow, the man remonstrated, when the Colonel

immediately apologized. The soldier recognized the voice of his commander and exclaimed :

“ Why, Colonel Mead—is it you ? God bless you ! Can it be possible you are alive and well ? I really never expected to see you again alive after what we have endured. Lie down, Colonel. —use my feet for a pillow, and welcome, if you can find any rest in such a place.”

On one occasion, while the Colonel was at his home at Horse-neck, a party of British and Tories formed a plan to capture him for the purpose of exchanging him for one of their officers who had been taken by the Americans some time before. The party set out from Long Island, and were piloted along by a man who had been brought up by the Colonel, and who was dependent upon him, and whom he had often befriended. When the Colonel saw this man among the party, he at once exclaimed,

“ Eben, I hardly expected such treachery at your hands.”

The only reply he received was,

“ Colonel, you know times have changed.”

The party were pursued but succeeded in effecting their escape to Long Island with their prisoner. On their arrival at their place of destination, they offered the Colonel a parole, which he declined. He was, however, soon after exchanged.

The farm and residence of Colonel Mead being situated in the forepart of the American lines, was a constant place of resort by the Tories and Cowboys, who committed so much depredation, and annoyed the family to such a degree, that they were finally compelled to leave the place and move to New Canaan, some fifteen or twenty miles distant, to avoid further persecution.

At the termination of the war, they returned to their home, but found it to be a mere wreck of what it had once been. The roofs of the houses had been torn off, the windows broken in, the doors and ceilings destroyed, and some of the walls demolished. Fences had been pulled down and used for fire-wood, the farming

utensils and implements had been carried off or destroyed, and the stock upon the farm had been killed or driven off by Cowboys. The Colonel found himself reduced from a good and valuable estate to limited means and straightened circumstances. His native State, however, made up for some of his losses, by a grant of a large tract of land in that part of Ohio, owned at that time by Connecticut, and known as the "Connecticut Fire Lands." The people of his locality honored him by making him their representative to the Legislature for nineteen consecutive years, and up to the time of his death. He was also promoted to the rank of Brigadier General.

He died of dropsy in the year 1788, in the sixty-third year of his age, and was interred in the burying-ground at Horseneck. His wife's maiden-name was Mary Brush. She was of Scotch extraction, and was born in Stanwix, a parish of Greenwich, State of Connecticut. She died several years prior to the death of her husband, at the age of about forty years.

(41) HORSENECK, a village in Fairfield County, Connecticut, noted for the defeat of the Indians by the Dutch in the year 1646.

[42] GREENWICH, a town in Fairfield County, Conn. The settlement was begun after it had been purchased of the Indians, in 1640, under the Dutch Government at New York, then New Amsterdam. In 1665 it was incorporated by Governor Stuyvesant. It was, however, originally purchased for the Colony of New Haven by Robert Feeks and Daniel Patrick. But the purchasers violated their engagements to that Colony, and together with the few inhabitants, placed themselves under the government of New Amsterdam. The settlement went on very heavily until the people returned to the jurisdiction of Connecticut, then including the Colony of New Haven. The Indians

were hostile to the Dutch, and were not very favorably inclined towards the inhabitants. "A great and general battle was fought between them in that part of Horsesneck commonly known by the name of Strickland's Plain. The action took place in 1646, and was long and severe, both parties fighting with much obstinacy. The Dutch with much difficulty kept the field, and the Indians withdrew. Great numbers were slain on both sides, and the graves of the dead, for a century or more, appeared like a number of small hills." The population in 1850 was 5,040.

(43) **NEW CANAAN**, a town of Fairfield County, Conn., incorporated in 1801. It was originally a parish lying partly in Stamford and Norwalk, and was incorporated as a parish in 1731. Its business consists chiefly in leather manufacture. Its population in 1850 was 2,601.

(44) The town of Walton in Delaware County, was organized about the year 1793. The first frame house erected in the town was built by Robert North, who afterwards became the first supervisor. There being no saw mills near, the boards and timber were floated down the river from Paine's mill at Hobart. The wife of Mr. North often boasted that she was the first woman that ever made a foot-print upon the soil of Walton. The first grist-mill was erected in 1793, and the first wedding in the town took place in 1790. Many of the early settlers of the town emigrated from New Canaan, in Connecticut. The population in 1841 was about 2,000.

Gould's Hist. Delaware County.

(45) **PETER ST. JOHN** was born in Norwalk, Conn., about the year 1762. Though he was too young to take a part in the commencement of the war, yet he rendered some service to his

country before its close as a volunteer. He moved to Walton, N. Y., in the year 1802 with his family. He became a professor of religion, and gave much time and labor to the study of the Scriptures. This with a happy communication, gave him an influence in the Congregational Church to which he belonged, which has outlived the man. Early on his arrival in Walton, he was elected Deacon of the church, which office he retained to the close of his life. He was a farmer by occupation, and possessed a competency, and was elected by his townsmen to discharge the duties of several public offices. He was in the course of his life the husband of three wives, and he was the father of six sons. He lived to an advanced age, and died as he lived, a man respected and beloved.





COL. CHRISTOPHER GREENE

6

JOURNAL

OF THE

EXPEDITION AGAINST QUEBEC,

UNDER COMMAND OF COL. BENEDICT ARNOLD,

IN THE YEAR 1775,

BY

MAJ. RETURN J. MEIGS,

WITH

AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES,

BY

CHARLES I. BUSHNELL.



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INTRODUCTION.



ISTORY, nowhere, upon its checkered page, records an enterprise of greater perseverance, daring and intrepidity than that of Arnold's Expedition to Quebec. When we consider the extreme difficulties and dangers encountered by that hardy band, unused to arms, the privations and sufferings they endured, and the firmness evinced by them under every trial, how amazing does it appear! Engaging in the service for the common cause of liberty, they marched through a dense wilderness, interrupted by swamps, cataracts, precipices and mountains, in the midst of a Canadian winter, remarka-

ble for its unusual severity : surely, the expedition was a most wonderful one, and the fame of those men who were engaged in it, must and ever will shine upon history's brightest page.

In the following Journal, which appears now, for the first time, in an independent form, will be found a daily record of events occurring during that memorable campaign. The interest of the subject is in no degree lost by the lapse of time. By the historical student it will ever be appreciated, and the patriotic American will always recur to that brilliant exploit, with feelings of pride and admiration.

Return J. Meigs, the author of the Journal, was born in Middletown, State of Connecticut, on the 28th day of December, 1740. In the year 1775, immediately after the battle of Lexington, he marched with a company of light infantry to the neighborhood of Boston. With the rank of Major, he accompanied Arnold through the wilderness of Maine, and in the assault on Quebec by Montgomery and Arnold, at the close of the year, he was made prisoner with Captains Morgan and Dearborn. In

the year 1776, he was exchanged and returned home, and in the year following, he was promoted to the rank of Colonel.

His expedition from Guilford to Long Island, in the month of May, 1777, was one of the most brilliant enterprises of the war, for which he received the thanks of Congress and an elegant sword. At the head of a few companies, he attacked the British troops at Sag Harbor, with fixed bayonets, and in spite of the resistance of the soldiers, and of the crews of the enemy's vessels, he destroyed twelve brigs and sloops, and much stores and forage, and brought off ninety prisoners, among whom were the officer in command, with most of the masters and crews of the vessels destroyed, returning to Guilford, a distance of ninety miles, within twenty-five hours after he had left it, without the loss of a man.

In the year 1779, he commanded a regiment under Wayne at the storming of Stony Point, and was honorably mentioned by Washington. In the year 1788 or 1789, he moved to the West, and was one of the first settlers of Ohio, then a wilderness.

The latter part of his life was devoted to the amelioration of the condition of the aborigines of the country as agent of the Cherokee station, and his official course obtained for him the highest confidence of that nation, by whom he was emphatically denominated "The White Path." Col. Meigs was a pattern of excellence as a patriot, a philanthropist and a Christian. In all the vicissitudes of fortune, the duties of religion were strictly observed, and its precepts strikingly exemplified. He died at the Cherokee Agency on January 28, 1823, aged 82 years. His remains were interred with the honors of war, amidst a concourse of sincere friends and in the anguish of undissembled sorrow.





JOURNAL.



JOURNAL of occurrences, which happened within the circle of my observation, in the detachment commanded by COL. BENEDICT ARNOLD,*⁽¹⁾ consisting of two battalions, which were detached from the army at Cambridge, in the year 1775.

Field Officers' names. COL. CHRISTOPHER GREEN. ⁽²⁾

COL. ROGER ENOS. ⁽³⁾ MAJ. RETURN J. MEIGS. ⁽⁴⁾

MAJ. TIMOTHY BIGELOW. ⁽⁵⁾

1775.

Sept. 9th. I marched from Roxbury, (where I had been stationed the summer,) to Cambridge.

10th, 11th, 12th. At Cambridge, preparing for our march.

13th. In the evening marched to Mystick.

* See Appendix, Note I.

14th. Continued our march through the towns of Malden, Lynn and Salem, and encamped in Danvers.

15th. In the morning continued our march through the towns of Beverly and Wendham, and encamped at Rowley.

16th. In the morning, continued our march, and at 10 o'clock, A. M., arrived at Newburyport, and encamped.

17. Sunday, attended divine service at the Rev. Mr. Parson's (6) meeting at Newburyport. Dined at Mr. Nathaniel Tracy's. (7) Weather fine.

18th. Preparing to embark. Dined at Mr. Dalton's.* (8) Weather fine.

19th. Embarked our whole detachment, consisting of 10 companies of musketmen and 3 companies of rifle-men, amounting to 1,100 men on board 10 transports. I embarked myself on board the sloop Britannia. The fleet came to sail at 10 o'clock, A.M., and sailed out of the harbour and lay to till one o'clock, P. M., when we received orders to sail for the river Kennebeck, fifty leagues from Newburyport—received with our sailing orders the following for signals, viz.

1st signal. For speaking with the whole fleet. Ensign at maintopmast head.

2d signal. For chasing a sail. Ensign at foretopmast head.

* Tristram Dalton.

3d signal. For heaving to. Lanthorn at maintopmast head, and two guns if head on shore, and three if off shore.

4th signal. For making sail in the night. Lanthorn at mast-head, and 4 guns; in the day, jack at foretopmast head.

5th signal. For dispersing, and every vessel making the nearest harbour. Ensign at mainpeak.

6th signal. For boarding any vessel. Jack at maintopmast head, and the whole fleet drawn up in a line, as near as possible.

The wind being fair and very fresh I was very sea-sick.

20th. In the morning we made the mouth of Kennebeck right ahead, which we soon entered. The mouth of the river is narrow. We were hailed from the shore by a number of men under arms, which were stationed there. They were answered, that we were Continental troops, and that we wanted a pilot. They immediately sent one on board. The wind and tide favouring us, we proceeded up the river; 5 miles from the mouth lies an island called Rousack. Upon this island is a handsome meeting-house, and very good dwelling houses. The river to this island of very unequal width, from one mile to a quarter of a mile wide, the water deep, great tides, the shores generally rocky; ten miles from the mouth some elegant buildings, at a place called Georgetown; twenty miles from the mouth is a very large bay, called Merry-meeting Bay; 25 miles from the mouth an island, called Swan Island. A little above this island we came to anchor, opposite to Pownalborough, where is a block-house. I would mention here, that this day makes fourteen only, since the orders

were first given for building 200 battoes, collecting provisions for and levying 1,100 men, and marching them to this place, viz., Gardiner's Town, which is great dispatch.

21st. All day at Gardiner's Town; weather fine.

22d. Embarked on board battoes—proceeded up the river toward evening. I lodged at the house of Mr. North, and was very agreeably entertained.

23d. In the morning proceeded up the river, about 6 miles, to Fort Western, where an unhappy accident happened in the evening. A number of soldiers, being in a private house, some words produced a quarrel, and one McCormick, being turned out of the house, immediately discharged his gun into the house, and shot a man through his body, of which he soon expired. McCormick was tried by a Court Martial, and received sentence of death; but denied the crime till he was brought to the place of execution, when he confessed the crime. But for some reasons he was reprieved till the pleasure of General Washington could be known. (9)

24, 25, and 26th. At Fort Western, (10) preparing for our tour to Quebec. Fort Western stands on the east side of the river Kennebeck, and consists of 2 block-houses, and a large house, 100 feet long, which were enclosed only with pickets. This house is the property of ——— Howard, Esq., where we were exceedingly well entertained. Captain Morgan, (11) with 3

companies of riflemen embarked, in battoes, with orders to proceed with all expedition to the great carrying-place, and clear the road, while the other divisions came up.

26th. Colonel Green embarked on board battoes three companies of musketmen, with whom went Major Bigelow, on their tour to Canada.

27th. At three o'clock, P. M., I embarked on board my battoe with the third division of the army, consisting of 4 companies of musketmen, with 45 days' provision, and proceeded up the river, hoping for the protection of a kind Providence. We encamped at evening 4 miles from Fort Western; the water some part of the way rapid. I had forgot to mention, that the navigation for vessels is good to Fort Western, which is 50 miles from the mouth.

28th. Proceeded up the river—the stream very rapid, and the bottom and shores rocky.

29th. In the morning continued our route up the river. At 11 o'clock, A. M., arrived at Fort Halifax,* which stands on a point of land between the river Kennebeck and the river Sebaste-cook. This fort consists of two large block-houses, and a large barrack, which is enclosed with a picket fort. I tarried half an

* Fort Halifax was built by Mr. Shirley in 1754, to awe the Indians and cover the frontiers of New England.

hour at the fort—then crossed the river to a carrying-place, which is 97 rods carriage—then proceeded up the river, which falls very rapidly over a rocky bottom 5 miles, and encamped. The above falls are Toconock.

30th. Proceeded up the river 7 miles, and encamped, where Colonel Arnold joined us at night, and encamped with us.

October 1st. Proceeded up the river 9 miles, and encamped. The land we passed this day generally very good; the timber, butternut, beech, hemlock, white pine, red cedar, &c.

2d. In the morning proceeded up the river, and at 10 o'clock arrived at Scohegin Falls, where is a carrying-place of 250 paces, which lies across a small island in the river. Here I waited for my division to come up, and encamped on the west side the river, opposite the island, with Captain Goodrich. It rained in the night. I turned out, and put on my clothes, and lay down again, and slept well till morning. Our course in general, from the mouth of the river to this place, has been from north to northeast.

3d. Proceeded up the river to Norridgewalk. On my way I called at a house, where I saw a child 14 months old. This is the first white child born in Norridgewalk. (12) At 7 o'clock in the evening, a little below Norridgewalk, my battoc filled with water, going up the falls. Here I lost my kettle, butter and sugar, a loss not to be replaced here. At Norridgewalk are to

be seen the vestiges of an Indian fort and chapel, and a priest's grave.* (13) There appears to have been some intrenchment, and a covered way through the bank of the river for the convenience of getting water. This must have been a considerable seat of the natives, as there are large Indian fields cleared. This day I wrote to Mrs. Meigs, to my brother, and Ensign Warner. Opposite to Norridgewalk, which lies on the east side the river, a river comes in from the westward, called Sandy River.

4th. I proceeded up the river about one mile, and crossed the river, where is a carrying-place of one mile and a quarter; here I came up with the second division, commanded by Col. Green.

5th. All day at the carrying-place. At evening moved one company up the river one mile, where they encamped, waiting for the other companies of my division.

6th. Still at the carrying-place, getting over boats and provisions. At 4 o'clock, P. M., I proceeded up the river 5 miles and encamped.

7th. Continued our march up the river, and at 12 o'clock arrived at Carratuncas carrying-place. Here the river is confined between two rocks, not more than 40 rods wide, which lie in piles 40 rods in length on each side the river. These rocks are polished curiously in some places, by the swift running of the water. The carrying-place here is 433 paces in length.

* The grave of Sebastian Ralle, the French Jesuit missionary.

8th. All day at the carrying-place at Carratuncas—weather very rainy. Captain Dearborn's (14) company passed the carrying-place this day, at 3 o'clock, P. M.

9th. Captain Ward's (15) company passed the carrying-place this day at 12 o'clock. At one o'clock, P. M., I left the carrying-place, and proceeded up the river, about 4 miles, and encamped. The stream these 4 miles very rapid, and in some places very shoal, being divided by a number of islands, which appear fine land. From this encampment some high mountains rise to our view to the northward.

10th. Proceeded up the river, which continues its course northwest between two high mountains, and encamped at the great carrying-place, which is $12\frac{1}{2}$ miles across, including three ponds, which we are obliged to pass.

11th. I crossed the great carrying-place, as far as the third pond. There had the pleasure to discover Lieut. Steel (16) and party, who had been sent forward on a reconnoitering command, as far as Chaudiere Pond. They discovered nothing with regard to the enemy. I returned back to the second pond, and lodged with Col. Green.

12th. In the morning I repassed the second and first pond, and went to the river and gave orders, which I received from Col. Arnold, for building a block-house, and then returned and crossed the first pond and encamped. In these ponds we found great

plenty of trout. Col. Enos arrived this day at the great carrying-place, with the 4th division of the army, consisting of three companies of musketmen.

13th. Employed in carrying our boats and provision across the first pond and the second portage. I went myself once across the third portage, and returned back to the east side of the second portage, and encamped with Col. Arnold—the wind so high, that the boats could not cross the third pond. To this time our men have killed four moose, which is excellent meat.

14th. At eleven o'clock, I repassed the first pond to see Capt. Dearborn's and Capt. Ward's companies over. Last night, a tree, blown down by the wind, fell upon one of our men and bruised him in such a manner, that his life is despaired of. In the evening I returned back to the 2d portage, and encamped with Capt. Ward.

15th. This morning orders were given, that the allowance should be $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. pork and $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. flour per man per diem. At 2 o'clock I crossed the 3d pond and encamped in a cedar swamp. This 3d pond is about nine miles in circumference, and is surrounded with cedar timber. This pond is much larger than the other two.

16th. In the morning I went forward to the Dead River, and took part of Capt. Goodrich's company, and returned to the third pond, where I met Capt. Ward's company. At evening, I returned to the Dead River, marched one mile up the river, and encamped with Capt. Hanchet.

17th. In the morning I set out with Capt. Hanchet to reconnoitre a very high mountain that lies about 10 miles from our encampment. But we were too late in the day, and returned towards evening without being able to ascend the mountain.

18th. In the morning ordered eight men to kill two oxen, which we had drove with great difficulty to this place, and to bring forward five-quarters to the detachment that was gone forward, and to leave three-quarters under a guard for Col. Enos's division. Then I proceeded up the river with my division about 20 miles, the water running with a very gentle current, and encamped on the south side the river. Here I joined Col. Arnold and Col. Green's division. The land we passed this day very fine—thinly timbered, and mostly covered with grass as high as a man's waist.

19th. In the morning it rained. We tarried in our camp till 2 o'clock, P. M. Then continued our route up the river 5 miles, and encamped on the north side the river. This afternoon we passed three small falls; the current, except the fall, very gentle. This day I received orders from Col. Arnold to proceed with my division, with the greatest expedition, to Chaudiere River, and when arrived there, to make up our cartridges, and wait for the rear division, and furnish a number of pioneers, under command of Mr. Ayres, to clear the carrying-place.

20th. Proceeded up the river, passed several small falls and one

portage, only 13 rods across, and encamped at evening. Weather rainy all day.

21st. In the morning proceeded up the river about 3 miles, to a carrying-place 35 perches across. Then continued our route up the river about 2 miles to a portage 30 perches across, where we encamped.

22d. Continued our route up the river about three miles. In our way we passed 2 portages, or carrying-places, each 74 perches. Our whole course this day is only 3 miles, owing to the extraordinary rise of the river the last night. In some parts of the river the water rose 8 feet perpendicular, and in many places overflowed its banks, and filled the country with water, which made it very difficult for our men that were on shore to march.

23d. In the morning continued the march, though very slow, on account of the rapidity of the stream. A number of our men that marched on the shore, marched up a river that came in from the westward, mistaking it for the main river, which, as soon as we discovered, we despatched some boats after them. The river now falls fast. Encamped this evening at a carrying-place, 15 perches across. Here a council was held, in which it was resolved that a captain, with 50 men, should march with all despatch by land to Chaudiere pond, and that the sick of my division and Captain Morgan's, should return back to Cambridge. At this place the stream is very rapid, in passing which, five or

six battoes filled and overset, by which we lost several barrels of provisions, a number of guus, some clothes and cash.

24th. Proceeded up the river, though with great fatigue, the water being very rapid. Our whole course this day only 4 miles, when we encamped. This day I wrote to Mrs. Meigs by the officer that returned with the sick.

25th. Continued our route up the river, about six miles and encamped; the stream very rapid. In our way we passed 3 carrying-places, two of them 4 rods each, the other 90 rods.

26th. Continued our route, and soon entered a pond, about two miles across, and passed through a narrow strait, only $2\frac{1}{2}$ perches wide, about 4 rods long; then entered another small pond about a mile over, and then through a narrow strait, about a mile and a half long, to a third pond, three miles wide; then passed through a narrow strait, and entered a fourth pond, about a quarter of a mile wide; then entered a narrow, crooked river about three miles in length, to a carrying-place, 15 perches across, to a pond about 100 perches across, and encamped on the north-west side, upon a high hill, which is a carrying-place. These ponds are surrounded with mountains.

27th. In the morning continued our route across the carrying-place, which is one mile, to a pond 50 rods wide, to a carrying-place, 44 perches long, to a pond about two miles wide, to a car-

rying-place of 4 miles and 60 perches. This carrying-place lies across the height of land. (This high land runs through the colonies to Georgia.) It is about two miles from the last-mentioned pond to the height, where the streams all run the reverse of the rivers we came up in. We encamped this evening on the height of land.

28th. In the morning crossed the heights to Chaudiere River. Made division of our provisions and ammunition, and marched back upon the height and encamped. Here I delivered the following sums of money to the following persons: to Col. Green 500 dollars, to Major Bigelow 501 do., and paid Mr. Gatchel * 44 dollars; paid to Mr. Berry £4 5s. lawful money.

29th. Continued our march by land towards Quebec. At one o'clock we came to Nepress Lake, which we then supposed to be Ammeguntick Lake, but were mistaken. We continued our march till night, and encamped on the bank of Lake Nepress, where there had been an Indian camp.

30th. Marched through the woods about 15 miles, and encamped near the north end of Ammeguntic Lake.

November 1st. Continued our march through the woods—the marching this day exceedingly bad. This day I passed a number of soldiers who had no provisions, and some that were sick, and not in my power to help or relieve them, except to encourage

* Nehemiah Gatchel, employed as a guide.

them. One or two dogs were killed, which the distressed soldiers eat with good appetite, even the feet and skins. (17) This day, on our march upon the banks of the Chaudiere, we saw several boats, which were split upon the rocks, and one of Captain Morgan's men was drowned.* The travelling this day and yesterday very bad, over mountains and morasses.

2d. In the morning continued our march on the banks of the Chaudiere. The marching this day better than we have had. The river grows wider and runs very quick, and some places very shallow. We passed this day several small islands—the weather this day exceeding fine, clear, and as warm as ever I saw at this season in New England.

3d. Continued our march on the banks of the Chaudiere. At 12 o'clock we met provisions, to the inexpressible joy of our soldiers, who were near starving. After refreshing ourselves, marched a few miles and encamped.

4th. In the morning continued our march. At 11 o'clock arrived at a French house, and were hospitably used. This is the first house I saw for 31 days, having been that time in a rough, barren, uninhabited wilderness, where we never saw human being, except our own men. Immediately after our arrival, we were supplied with fresh beef, fowls, butter, pheasants, and vegetables. This settlement is called Sertigan. It lies 25 leagues from Quebec.

* The name of this man was George Innis. Capt. Morgan himself narrowly escaped the same fate.

5th. Marched down to the parish of St. Mary's—the country thinly settled—the people kind. They supply us with plenty of provisions.

6th, 7th, 8th and 9th. I was on business up and down the country on each side the river—the Canadians very hospitable. This day our men, that were gone forward to Point Levi, made prisoner of Mr. M'Kenzie, a midshipman of the Hunter sloop-of-war. This night I lodged at St. Henry's.

10th. I marched down to point Levi, and joined the detachment.

11th, 12th and 13th. I was at Point Levi. Nothing extraordinary happened, except that a deserter came in to us from Quebec, by whom we are informed that Col. M'Lean (18) had arrived from Sorel with his regiment. I had forgot to mention that the Lizard frigate arrived a few days before our arrival at Point Levi. On the evening of this day, at nine o'clock, we began to embark our men on board 35 canoes, and at 4 o'clock in the morning we got over and landed about 500 men, entirely undiscovered, although two men-of-war were stationed to prevent us. We landed at the same place that General Wolfe did, in a small cove, which is now called *Wolfe's Cove*. Soon after our landing, a barge from the Lizard frigate came rowing up the river. We hailed her, and ordered her to come in to the shore. They refusing, we fired upon them. They pushed off shore, and

cried out. After parading our men on the heights, and sending a reconnoitering party towards the city, and placing sentries, we marched across the plains of Abram, and took possession of a large house, which was formerly owned by General Murray, (19) and other houses adjacent, which were fine accommodations for our troops.

14th. This morning employed in placing proper guards on the different roads to cut off the communication between the city and country. At 12 o'clock the enemy surprised one of our advanced sentries and made him prisoner. (20) The guard soon discovered the enemy, and pursued, but were not able to overtake them. We rallied the main body, and marched upon the heights near the city, and gave them three huzzas, and marched our men fairly in their view ; but they did not choose to come out to us. They gave us a few shot from the ramparts. We then returned to our camp. This afternoon they set fire to the suburbs, and burned several houses. This evening Col. Arnold sent a flag to the town, with a demand of the garrison, in the name and behalf of the United Colonies. As the flag approached the walls, he was fired upon, contrary to all rule or custom on such occasions. We constantly lie on our arms to prevent surprise. We are informed by a gentleman from Quebec, that we might expect an attack very soon. from Quebec.

15th. The commanding officer this day sent into the town a flag, concluding that the firing on our flag yesterday was through

mistake ; but he was treated in the same manner as yesterday, on which he returned. An express went off to General Montgomery this morning. About 12 o'clock we were alarmed with a report, that troops in town were coming out to attack us. We turned out to meet them ; but it proved a false report.

16th. This morning it is reported, that Montreal surrendered to General Montgomery the last Sabbath, and that the shipping were taken. (21) One of our men, a sergeant in one of the rifle companies, received a shot from a cannon in one of his legs, which was shattered in such a manner, that amputation was necessary. This day we sent a company of men and took possession of the general hospital. The Canadians are constantly coming in to express their satisfaction at our coming into the country.

17th. The sergeant that was wounded yesterday, died this morning, with great composure and resignation. We have this morning a confirmation of the surrender of Montreal to General Montgomery. A soldier just came in from Quebec—no intelligence extraordinary from him—a party of our men gone over to Point Levi with boats, to bring over a part of our detachment that were left there with provisions. Weather pleasant.

18th. We have orders to parade to-morrow morning at 3 o'clock.

19th. Early in the morning decamped, and marched up to

Point aux Trembles, about 7 leagues from Quebec. The country through which we marched thick settled; every few miles a handsome little chapel. We have with us 7 prisoners and 2 deserters.

20th. An express came in this morning from General Montgomery at Montreal. The contents are, that the king's troops had abandoned the town in the shipping, and that he was about to attack them with row galleys and boats, with artillery mounted in them; and that he should immediately join our detachment with men and artillery. We have now an express ready to return to Montreal, by which conveyance I wrote to my family.

21st. The curate of the parish at Point aux Trembles dines this day at head quarters. I wrote this day to my honored father and to Mrs. Meigs, by Mr. William Grubb.

22d. An express arrived from Montreal, who informs, that all the shipping there were taken last Sabbath evening, and that General Montgomery was about to march for Quebec.

23d. An express arrived from Montreal, by whom we have intelligence, that General Montgomery was on his march yesterday, and that he had sent clothing (23) the 20th instant for our troops. One of our men came in from the woods, who had been left behind, who says, that himself, with one more, killed a horse, and lived on his flesh several days.

24th. This morning the Hunter sloop of war and 3 other armed vessels appeared in sight. An express now going to meet the troops that are coming down from Montreal.

25th. The Hunter sloop, a large scow, and an armed schooner, came to anchor opposite our quarters. This morning a number of men were sent up the river, in a canoe to meet the troops that are coming down.

26th. A number of gentlemen came in this morning from Quebec. I wrote to my father, and two letters to Mrs. Meigs.

27th, We are informed that the house of Major Caldwell, in which our troops were quartered in St. Foy's, is burned.

28th. Colonel Arnold gone up to Jackarty to hasten down the ammunition.

29th. Captain Morgan, who had been sent down to the neighborhood of Quebec, sent up to our quarters two prisoners, which he took in the suburbs.

30th. This day an express is gone to meet General Montgomery. Captain Duggiu is arrived with ammunition and provisions.

1st December. General Montgomery arrived this day at one o'clock, with three armed schooners, with men, artillery, ammunition and provision, to the great joy of our detachment. To-

wards evening our detachment turned out, and marched down to the General's quarters in two battalions, and was there reviewed. The General complimented us on our appearance.

2d. In the morning I assisted in sending down our field artillery by land. The large cannon are ordered down in battoes, which, when landed, the battoes are to go to Point Levi for the scaling ladders.

3d. Major Brown (24) arrived from Sorel. The soldiers drawing their clothing.

4th. We marched at 12 o'clock for our camp before Quebec. At evening quartered at the house of the curate of the parish of St. Augustine. We were entertained with hospitality and elegance. The curate's name, Michael Beriau.

5th. In the morning proceeded on our march for St. Foy, our camp before Quebec, where we arrived about noon. This day I wrote to Mrs. Meigs.

6th. I wrote to Titus Hosmer, Esq., (25) at Middleton. Weather cold, with squalls of snow.

7th. Yesterday, I am informed, that our men took a sloop, with provisions and some cash.

8th. I sent my watch to repair. We received some shot from the city, but no person hurt.

9th. A party of 100 men are ordered to cover the train this evening, while they bombard the town. I went with this party—twenty seven shells were thrown into the town. This day we began to erect a battery before St. John's Gate.

10th. The enemy began to cannonade our camp early in the morning, and continued it till night. A party of our men are ordered into St. Roch this evening, to cover the train who are ordered there this evening, with five mortars and two field pieces. This evening 45 shells were thrown into the town. The enemy returned a few shells, and some 24 round and grape shot—none of our men were hurt, but a Canadian woman was shot through the body by a cannon shot from the enemy.

11th. The enemy kept up a faint cannonade upon our men this day. One of our men this morning lost his way in a snow storm, and found himself under the walls of the town, and was fired upon from the walls of the city, and wounded in the thigh, but came off. This evening we sent 45 shells into the town. I had the command of the working party at the battery this night. The weather extreme cold. I froze my feet. The enemy gave us a few shot and shells, but none of them struck the battery.

12th. The platforms nearly ready for the gun battery. Weather cold. One of our guns was rendered unfit for use by a shot from the enemy.

13th. We opened our battery. We had two men wounded

this day in the battery by a cannon shot from the town. Five men, of Col. Livingston's (26) regiment of Canadians, were wounded by a cannon shot, which went through a house in St. John's suburbs, where they were quartered.

14th. I have just now received an account that one of our men was killed in our battery, and several wounded this evening. We threw into the town 24 bombs. At the same time we were briskly cannonaded from the town.

15th. This morning, before sunrise, our battery began to play on the town, and continued one hour, and then ceased by order of the General; and a flag was sent to the city, but was refused admittance. After some discourse with the officer from the ramparts, the flag returned. At 2 o'clock, P.M., our battery began to play on the town. Our mortars at the same time began to play from the suburbs of St. Roch, and sent into the town 50 bombs. This day we had two men killed at our battery, and one of our guns damaged by a shot from the enemy. It is now in agitation to storm the town, which, if resolved, I hope will be undertaken with proper sense of the nature and importance of such an attack, and vigorously executed.

16th. The enemy this morning began to cannonade our quarters. Several shot struck the house. It was thought best to remove to other quarters. One of our men was shot through the body with a grape shot. His life is despaired of. I wrote

this day to Mrs. Meigs, by way of Montreal. This evening a council was held by all the commission officers of Col. Arnold's detachment, a large majority of which were for storming the garrison at Quebec, as soon as the men are provided with bayonets, spears, hatchets, and hand granadoes.

17th. All day at Capt. Hanchet's quarters. Nothing extraordinary happened. Weather cold and snowy.

18th. This morning I came to Mr. Devine's house to quarter. This day I wrote to Mrs. Meigs. Weather snowy.

19th. No occurrences extraordinary. Weather moderate and snowy.

20th. Weather cold. Several of our men have the small-pox at this time.

21st. We have orders that all our men wear hemlock sprigs in the'r hats, to distinguish them in the attack upon the works. I have wrote this day to Mrs. Meigs.

22d. Preparation is making, and things seem ripening fast for the assault upon the works of Quebec. The blessing of heaven attend the enterprize. This evening is celebrated as the anniversary of a happy event or circumstance in my life.

23d. This day the officers of our detachment met. The General attended to compose some matters, which were happily settled.

24th. I was on a general court-martial. Our chaplain * (27) preached a sermon in the chapel of the General Hospital, which is exceedingly elegant inside, and richly decorated with carvings and gilt work.

25th. Col. Arnold's detachment paraded this evening at Capt. Morgan's quarters, at 4 o'clock. His Honor, General Montgomery, attended, and addressed us on the subject of an assault upon the town of Quebec, in a sensible, spirited manner.

Memo. The sun sets on the 21st day of December, at 4 hours, 13 minutes, 21 seconds, and rises at 7 hours, 46 minutes, 41 seconds. The shortest day is 8 hours, 27 minutes, 38 seconds.

26th. Nothing material happened. Weather cold.

27th. This evening the troops assembled by order of the General, with design to make an attack on the works of Quebec; and were about to march, when an order from the General came for their returning to quarters, the weather not being thought proper for the attack.

28th. The following came out in general orders, viz :

“ The General had the most sensible pleasure in seeing the good disposition with which the troops last night moved to the attack. It was with the greatest reluctance he found himself called upon by his duty, to repress their ardour; but he should hold himself answerable for the loss of those brave men whose lives might be saved by waiting for a favorable opportunity.

*Rev Samuel Spring.

This day is the 35th anniversary of my birth. A variety of scenes have presented themselves in this short term—prosperity and adversity have alternately chequered my path. Some dangers escaped, and favors innumerable, demand a tribute of the warmest gratitude.

29th. This day dined with General Montgomery, and spent the afternoon and evening with him in an agreeable manner. This evening as a party of our men were executing a command, in the suburbs of St. Roch, were fired upon from the walls, and had one man wounded in the leg.

30th. This morning, between the hours of 1 and three o'clock in the morning, our train threw into the city about 30 shells, which produced a number of shells and a brisk cannonade, which continued all the day. As it had been determined to make an attack upon the city, the ladders being ready, and the weather stormy, which was thought best for our purpose, the troops are ordered to parade at two o'clock to-morrow morning.

31st. The troops assembled at 2 o'clock this morning. Those that were to make the attack by the way of Cape Diamond (28) assembled at the General's quarters, upon the Heights of Abraham, and were headed by General Montgomery. * Those that were to make the attack through the suburbs of St. Roch assem-

* The division of the army commanded by Gen. Montgomery, consisted of the 1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th battalions of New York troops, and part of Col. Easton's regiment.

bled at our guard house in St. Roch, and were headed by Col. Arnold; which were two battalions that were detached from the army at Cambridge and Roxbury.

Colonel Livingston, with a regiment of Canadians, and Major Brown with part of a regiment of Boston troops were to make a false attack upon the walls to the southward of St. John's Gate, and in the meantime set fire to the gate with combustibles prepared for that purpose.

These different bodies were to move to the attack from their respective places of assembly, exactly at 5 o'clock, but the different routes these bodies had to make, the depth of the snow, and other obstacles, prevented the execution of Colonel Livingston's command.

The General moved with his command, with a number of carpenters with him, to the pickets at Cape Diamond. The carpenters soon cut the pickets with saws, the General pulled them down with his own hand, and entered with his aid-de-camp, Mr. M'Pherson, Mr. Antill, the engineer, Capt. Cheeseman, and the carpenters and some others.

The troops did not follow, except a few who attacked the guard house. The enemy gave them a discharge of grape shot from their cannon, and of small arms at the same time—at which time the General, his aid-de-camp, Capt. Cheeseman, and some few others bravely fell. The firing then entirely ceased, the lights in the guard house were out, at which time, it is said, the troops might have entered. Col. Campbell (29) thought best to retreat, which they did, and carried off the wounded to the camp.

I now come to Col. Arnold's division, which was to proceed to the attack in the following manner. A lieutenant and 30 men were to march in front, as an advanced guard; then the artillery company, with a field piece mounted on a sled; then the main body, of which Capt. Morgan's company was first. The advanced party were to open when arrived near the battery, which was raised upon a wharf, which we were obliged to attack in our way; and when our field piece had given them a shot or two, the advanced party were to rush forward, with the ladders, and force the battery above mentioned, while Capt. Morgan's company was to march round the wharf, if possible, on the ice. But the snow being deep, the piece of artillery was brought on very slow, and we were finally obliged to leave it behind; and, to add to the delay, the main body were led wrong, there being no road, the way dark and intricate, among stores, houses, boats, and wharves, and harrassed at the same time with a constant fire of the enemy from the walls, which killed and wounded numbers of our men, without our being able to annoy them in the least from our situation. The field piece not coming up, the advanced party, with Captain Morgan's company, attacked the battery, some firing into the port holes or kind of embrasures, while others scaled the battery with ladders, and immediately took possession of it, with the guard, consisting of 30 men. This attack was executed with so much despatch, that the enemy only discharged one of their cannon. In this attack we lost but one or two men, the enemy lost about the same number. In the

attack of this battery, Col. Arnold received a wound in one of his legs, with a musket ball, and was carried to the General Hospital. As soon as the prisoners were taken care of, and a few men came up, which was perhaps half an hour, our men attempted the next barrier, but could not force it, as the main body were some time in coming up, occasioned by obstacles before mentioned. To add to this, that part of the army, commanded by General Montgomery, after his fall having retreated, gave the enemy an opportunity to turn their whole force and attention upon us, so that before our men attempted the second barrier, the enemy had got such a number of men behind the barrier and in the houses, that we were surrounded with such a fire from treble our numbers, that we found it impossible to force it, the enemy being under cover, while we were exposed to their fire. Here we found some brave officers and men. To add to our embarrassment, we lost the advantage of one of our companies, which was quartered on the north side of the river St. Charles, not having notice in season, who in endeavouring to join the main body, was surprised by a body of men, who made a sortie through Palace Gate, and the most of them made prisoners. Our men near the second barrier took possession of some houses, and kept up a fire from them for some time; but as the body which sallied out of the Palace Gate, came upon the rear, and our numbers greatly lessened by our killed and wounded, it was thought best to retreat to the first battery which we had taken, which we did. with the greatest part of our men; where, upon a consulta-

tion of officers present, it was the unanimous opinion that it was impracticable to retreat, as we must have passed a great part of the way under the walls of the town, exposed to a line of fire for a quarter of a mile, and our rear exposed to the fire of the enemy at the same time, and the party that sallied through Palace Gate to oppose in front. We maintained our ground till about ten o'clock, and no hopes of relief, as General Montgomery's party were gone, and were at last obliged to surrender prisoners of war, which we did with great reluctance. The firing continued from half-past five till about ten o'clock, A.M.

By the best account we can obtain, our loss in killed and wounded amounts to about one hundred. The loss which the town sustained we cannot obtain. It must be small in comparison of ours, owing to their advantage of situation.

We had one captain and two lieutenants killed.

Wounded officers.—Colonel Arnold, Capt. Hubbard, Capt. Lamb, (30) Lieutenant Steel, Lieutenant Tisdale, Brigade-Major Ogden (31).

The loss in that part of the army commanded by the General, besides the General, his aid-de-camp, Mr. M'Pherson, and Capt. Cheeseman.

Privates, the number unknown—about four or five, I am since informed.

His honor, Brigadier-General Montgomery was shot through both his thighs and through his head. His body was taken up the next day. An elegant coffin was prepared, and he was decently interred the next Thursday after.

I am informed that when his body was taken up, his features were not in the least distorted, but his countenance appeared regular, serene, and placid, like the soul that late had animated it (32).

The General was tall and slender, well limbed, of genteel, easy, graceful, manly address. He had the voluntary love, esteem, and confidence of the whole army.

His death, though honourable, is lamented, not only as the death of an amiable, worthy friend, but as an experienced, brave general, whose country suffers greatly by such a loss at this time. The native goodness and rectitude of his heart might easily be seen in his actions. His sentiments, which appeared on every occasion, were fraught with that unaffected goodness, which plainly discovered the goodness of the heart from whence they flowed (33).

In the afternoon the officers were confined in the Seminary, and well accommodated with bedding. The soldiers were confined in the Recollets, or Jesuits' College. I dined this day with Capt. Law, the principal engineer, whom in the morning I made prisoner, but in a few hours I was, in my turn, made prisoner. Capt. Law has treated me with great politeness and ingenuity. In my return from Capt. Law's quarters, I called at the house of Mr. —— Munroe, who politely invited me to live at his house, if I could have permission.

1776. January 1st. This whole day in the Seminary. The first day I knew confinement. I hope I shall bear it with becom-

ing fortitude. Major M'Kenzie brought General Montgomery's knee-buckles and Mr. M'Pherson's gold broach and made a present of them to me, which I highly value for the sake of their late worthy owners.

RETURN J. MEIGS.





NOTES.

(1) BENEDICT ARNOLD was born in Norwich, Conn., on the 3d day of January, 1741, and was brought up as an apothecary. He quitted his occupation for the sea, and was for some years employed as master and supercargo of a trading vessel. He embraced with enthusiasm the republican cause against the mother country, and took command of a company of volunteers at New Haven. His good conduct raised him to higher offices, and he was, on account of the boldness of his character, pointed out to make an attack, through pathless wilds, upon Canada. In his attempt to take Quebec by surprise, he received a wound in the leg, and upon the failure of his plans, and the death of Montgomery, he withdrew the remainder of his forces to Crown Point. He was afterwards employed in the flotilla on Lake Champlain, where he distinguished himself for his gallantry and intrepidity. In the battle of Saratoga, he took a most brilliant part, and he and Gen. Morgan were the master spirits to whom the country was indebted for the defeat and surrender of Burgoyne. The names of Arnold and Morgan can never be forgotten while Saratoga is remembered. When we think of the great and glorious services which Arnold rendered to the American cause

it must ever be a source of regret that his subsequent desertion of that cause, tarnished forever a name which otherwise would have shown with undying lustre. After the war, he went to England. He was afterwards in Nova Scotia, and in the West Indies, and was at one time taken prisoner by the French, but escaped in a way that none but one of his bold and daring character would have attempted. He died in London on the 14th day of June, 1801, aged 60 years.

(2) CHRISTOPHER GREEN was born in the town of Warwick, R. I., in the year 1737, and was the son of Philip Green, a gentleman of the first respectability, who was at one time Judge of the Court of Common Pleas in the county of Kent. Christopher received a good education, and was particularly attached to the study of Mathematics, in which he made great proficiency. He was elected at an early age to the Colonial Legislature, and was chosen Lieutenant of the Kentish Guards, and in 1775 was appointed Major. He was at the attack on Quebec, where he was made prisoner. He was afterwards promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel. His gallant repulse of the enemy at Red Bank, was one of the most brilliant events of the war, and he was, by the resolve of Congress, voted a sword, which was presented to his eldest son, Job Green, in 1786, by Gen. Knox, then Secretary of War. Col. Green was barbarously murdered by a party of refugees, on the Croton River, near Pine Bridge, Westchester County, New-York, on the 13th day of May, 1781, in the 44th year of his age. He left a widow, with three sons and four daughters.

(3) ROGER EXOS accompanied Arnold in his expedition to Quebec, as far as fifty miles up Dead River, in Maine, when he returned with his division, in consequence of the want of pro-

visions, and thus perhaps, the whole army was saved from destruction. He was put under arrest by order of Washington, and tried for quitting the detachment without orders from Arnold, but was acquitted on the score of provisions.

(4) MAJOR RETURN J. MEIGS obtained his name from the following interesting incident. His father, whose Christian name was Jonathan, and who was a resident of Middletown, when a young man, was seeking a companion for life, and paid his addresses to a fair Quakeress who resided in his neighborhood. He was unsuccessful in his suit, and was repeatedly rejected by his charmer. Jonathan, however, had some spirit and wisdom, as well as love, and persevered in his efforts. At length he told Ruth plainly and decidedly that it was his last visit. He mounted his horse, and was about leaving her forever, when the relenting lady beckoned to him to stop, saying, in a sweet tone of voice, "*Return, Jonathan ; return, Jonathan.*" These, the happiest words he had ever heard, made a lasting impression upon his mind, and induced him to call his first born son, "Return Jonathan."

The late Hon. Return J. Meigs, who held at different times the offices of Judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio, a Senator in Congress, Governor of Ohio, and Postmaster-General of the United States, and who died at Marietta, in March, 1826, was the son of Major Meigs, the author of this journal.

(5) TIMOTHY BIGELOW was the son of Daniel Bigelow. On hearing of the battle of Lexington, he marched at the head of a body of minute-men. He was engaged in the expedition against Quebec, and was taken prisoner. After his release he again entered the army, and was at Saratoga, Rhode Island, Valley Forge, and West Point. He was an original grantor of the

town of Montpelier, Vt. As a benefactor of Leicester Academy, he is honored by its friends. He died in Worcester, Mass., on the 31st day of March, 1790, aged 50 years.

(6) REV. JONATHAN PARSONS was born in West Springfield, Mass., on the 30th day of November, 1705, and graduated at Yale College in 1729. He was ordained, in 1730, minister at Lyme, Conn., where he continued several years. The last thirty years of his life were spent at Newburyport, Mass, in one of the largest congregations in America. His labors were incessant, and he sometimes sunk under his exertions. He was eminent as a scholar, and was accounted a dexterous and masterly reasoner. His invention was fruitful, his imagination rich, his voice clear and commanding, varying with every varying passion, now forcible, majestic, terrifying, and now soft, persuasive, and melting. His church is now called the Old South Church of Newburyport. He died on the 19th day of July, 1776, aged 70 years.

(7) NATHANIEL TRACY was born at Newbury, afterwards Newburyport, Mass., about the year 1749, and was the son of Patrick Tracy, an opulent merchant in that place. Nathaniel graduated at Harvard College, in 1769. Upon leaving college he commenced business in his native town, in company with Jonathan Jackson, an accomplished gentleman and thorough merchant. The house was prosperous, and extended its concerns to a wonderful magnitude for that day. During the war of the Revolution, their privateers were for several years numerous and successful. Mr. Tracy was generous and patriotic, and assisted the Government with money and articles of clothing, and other necessaries for carrying on the war. He lived in a most magnificent style, having several country seats, with elegant summer houses and fine fish ponds. His horses were of the choicest kind,

and his coaches of the most splendid make. In the last years of the war he met with immense losses. Many of his vessels were captured, the Government failed to pay him, and his debtors, who were numerous, left him the loser of large sums by reason of similar difficulties encountered by themselves. Mr. Tracy was a gentleman of polished manners and fine taste. He died some years ago, the exact date we have been unable to ascertain.

(8) TRISTRAM DALTON was born in Newbury, Mass., in June 1738, and graduated at Harvard College in 1755. After pursuing the study of the law for a while in Salem, he married a daughter of Robert Hooper, of Marblehead, and entered into business with his father, Michael Dalton, as a merchant, in Newburyport. For many years he continued actively engaged in mercantile pursuits, after which he was called to fill some of the most responsible offices. He was a representative in Congress from Newburyport, Speaker of the House of Representatives, and a member of the Senate of Massachusetts, and lastly member of the Senate of the United States. When his term of office in Congress expired, he sold his estate, and moved to Washington, where he entered into speculations, which proving unfortunate, reduced him from affluence to poverty. He was appointed surveyor of the ports of Boston and Charlestown in 1815, and continued in the discharge of his official duties till his death. He had lived on terms of intimate friendship with the first four Presidents of the United States, and had their confidence and regard. He was a generous and warm-hearted man, and was kind and considerate to his servants, of whom he had at one time a large retinue. He died in Boston, June 1817, aged 77, and his remains were brought to his native town, and interred in the burying ground attached to St. Paul's Church.

(9) JAMES McCORMICK, who shot Sergeant Reuben Bishop,

was a resident of North Yarmouth, and was drafted from Capt. Hill's company, Col. Scamman's Regiment. He was an ignorant and simple person, and bore in the company to which he belonged the character of a peaceful man.

(10) This fort was formed by two block houses and a large house one hundred feet long, the property of James Howard, Esq. One of the block houses, a venerable memorial of Indian wars, is still standing, near the covered bridge which stretches across the river. Judge Howard, at whose house the officers were entertained, died in May, 1787, aged 86 years. He was the first commandant at this fort, and although he reached a remarkably old age, yet one of his soldiers at this fort lived to be much older. This person was John Gilley, a native of Ireland, a singularly active and vigorous man, who enlisted about the year 1756, and died at Augusta, Me., on the 9th day of July, 1813, aged about 124 years.

(11) DANIEL MORGAN was born in New Jersey, in 1737, and moved to Virginia in 1755. He enlisted in Braddock's expedition as a private soldier, and on the defeat of that general he returned to his occupation as a farmer. At the commencement of the Revolution, he was appointed to the command of a troop of horse, and joined the army under Washington, then in the neighborhood of Boston. He distinguished himself in the expedition against Quebec, where he fell into the hands of the enemy. On the exchange of prisoners he rejoined the American army, was appointed to the command of a select rifle corps, and detached to assist Gen. Gates on the Northern frontier. To his exertions, in connection with those of Gen. Arnold, the country was indebted for the defeat and capture of Gen. Burgoyne and his army. After a short retirement from service, on account of ill

health, he was appointed Brigadier-General by brevet, and commanded at the battle of Cowpens, where he signally defeated Col. Tarleton, who commanded a superior force. A gold medal was presented to him by Congress for the brilliant part he took on this memorable occasion.

UPON THE OBTVERSE of this medal is an Indian queen with a quiver on her back, in the act of crowning an officer with a laurel wreath. A cannon lies upon the ground. In the back ground are military weapons and implements.

LEGEND. "*Danieli Morgan duci exercitus.*"

EXERGUE. "*Comitia Americana.*"

REVERSE. AN officer mounted, at the head of his troops, charging a retreating foe. A battle in the back ground. In front a personal combat between a dragoon unhorsed, and a foot soldier.

LEGEND. "*Victoria libertatis vindex.*"

EXERGUE. "*Fugatis, captis aut cæsis ad Cowpens hostibus, XVII. Jan. MDCCLXXXI.*"

In the year 1794, Gen. Morgan commanded the militia of Virginia, called out to suppress the insurrection in Pennsylvania, and continued in the service till 1795. He was afterwards elected to a seat in Congress. He was a brave, competent and brilliant officer. He died in the year 1799.

(12) The name of this child was Abel Farrington. He was the son of Capt. Thomas Farrington, formerly of Groton, Mass.

(13) SEBASTIAN RALLE was a French Jesuit, and arrived at Quebec in Oct., 1689, and acted as a missionary among the Indians of North America. After traveling in the interior several years, he went to Norridgewock, on the Kennebec River, where he tarried twenty-six years, and till his death. Being considered as the inveterate enemy of the English, and as stimulating the

Indians to their frequent depredations, Capts. Harman and Moulton were sent in 1724 against the village in which he lived. They surprised it Aug. 23, 1724, and killed Ralle, and about thirty Indians, all of whose scalps were brought away by Harmon. The Jesuit was found in a wigwam, and he defended himself with intrepid courage. At the time of his death, he was in his 67th year. By his condescending deportment and address, he acquired an astonishing influence over the Indians. Such was his faithfulness to the political interests of France, that he ever made the offices of devotion serve as an incentive to savage ferocity, for he kept a flag on which was depicted a cross surrounded with bows and arrows, and he raised it at the door of his little church when he gave absolution, previous to the commencement of any warlike enterprise. He was a man of good sense and learning, and was particularly skilled in Latin, which he wrote with great purity, and he was acquainted also with several Indian languages. In his preaching he was vehement and pathetic. For the last nineteen years of his life his health was feeble, as his limbs had been broken by a fall. An ineffectual attempt was made to seize him in 1722, but some of his papers were secured, and among them a dictionary of the Abnâki's language, which is now in the library of Harvard College. It is a quarto volume of 500 pages. Two of his letters, of considerable length, are preserved in the "Lettres Edifiantes."

(14) HENRY DEARBORN was born in Hampton, N. H., on the 1st day of March, 1751. He studied medicine with Dr. Hall Jackson, of Portsmouth, and had been settled three years when the battle of Lexington occurred. He at once took up arms in behalf of his country. He was engaged in the battle of Bunker Hill, and in the month of September following, accompanied Arnold in the expedition to Quebec. He was here taken pris-

oner, and put in close confinement until May 1776, when he was permitted to return home with Major Meigs, on parole. He was exchanged in March, 1777, and was subsequently engaged in the battle of Saratoga. He was afterwards engaged in the battle of Monmouth, and in 1779 was in the expedition under Gen. Sullivan, and in 1781 was at Yorktown at the surrender of Cornwallis. In 1789 he was appointed Marshal of Maine, and was subsequently twice elected a member of Congress. On the accession of Jefferson he was appointed Secretary of War, and held the office for eight years with entire satisfaction. In Feb., 1812, he received a commission as senior Major-General in the army of the United States. He captured York, in Upper Canada, the year following, and soon after Fort George, at the mouth of the Niagara. After the peace he retired to private life. In 1822 he was appointed minister to Portugal, which office he held for about two years, and then returned home. He died at the residence of his son, Gen. H. A. S. Dearborn, in Roxbury, Mass., on the 6th June, 1829, aged 78 years.

(15) SAMUEL WARD was the son of Governor Ward, of Rhode Island, and graduated at Brown University in 1771. In the year 1774, he was enrolled in the patriot company of the Kentish Guards. As a captain, he was in the camp at Cambridge in 1775, and accompanied Arnold through the wilderness of Maine to Quebec. He was made prisoner but exchanged. As a Major in Green's Regiment, he fought at Red Bank, and served bravely during the whole war. His military operations were then exchanged for those of the merchant. He made a voyage from Providence to Canton in 1783, and then established himself in business in the city of New York. His affairs carried him to Europe. On his return he settled on a farm at East Greenwich, R. I., where he lived to see his children educated to usefulness.

At last, to be near his children, who were in business in New York, he removed to Jamaica, Long Island. Here he lived until it pleased God to remove him from earth. He died at New York, on the 16th day of August, 1832, aged 75 years. His wife was a daughter of Governor William Greene, of Rhode Island.

(16) ARCHIBALD STEELE was a man of active, courageous, sprightly, and hardy disposition. He belonged to Captain Matthew Smith's company, from the county of Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

(17) One of these dogs belonged to Gen. Dearborn. It was a very large dog, and a great favorite. In a letter to the Rev. William Allen, Dearborn says :—" I gave him up to several men of Capt. Goodrich's company on their earnest solicitation. They carried him to their company, and killed and divided him among those who were suffering most severely with hunger. They eat every part of him, not excepting the entrails ; and after finishing their meal they collected the bones, and carried them to be pounded up, and to make broth for another meal. There was but one other dog with the detachment. It was small, and had been privately killed and eaten. Old moose-hide breeches were boiled and then broiled on the coals and eaten. A barber's powder bag made a soup in the course of the last three or four days, before we reached the first settlements in Canada. Many men died with fatigue and hunger, frequently four or five minutes after making their last effort and sitting down."

(18) COL. ALLAN MACLEAN commanded the 84th Regiment, or Royal Emigrants, composed principally of those of the gallant Fraser's Highlanders, who had settled in Canada—a regiment

which was of great service to the British during the invasion by the Americans, in 1775.

(19) BRIG.-GEN. JAMES MURRAY was of an ancient Scottish family. He was the fifth son of the fourth Lord Elibank. After the capture of Montreal, he was for some years Governor of the Province. His published documents show him to have been a man of keen enquiry and observation, just and impartial in his government, though rather hasty in his temper. He was also at another period Governor of Minorca. He died a General of the army, in June, 1794, leaving a son, Col. James Patrick Murray.

(20) This person was George Merchant, of Morgan's company, a tall and handsome Virginian, a man who would at any time, give him fair play, have sold his life dearly. He was stationed as a sentinel in a thicket, within view of the enemy, but out of sight of the garrison, and in such a situation that though he could not be seen, he could see no one approach. He was taken absolutely unaware of danger. A sergeant of the "seventh," who, from the manner of the thing, must have been clever, accompanied by a few privates, slyly creeping through the streets of the suburbs of St. John, and then under cover of the bushes sprung upon him, even before he had time to cock his rifle. In a few days, he, hunting-shirt and all, were sent to England, probably as a finished specimen of the *riflemen* of the colonies. The Government there very liberally sent him home in the following year. Merchant was the first prisoner taken at Quebec by the British.

Henry's Journal, p. 86.

(21) MONTREAL, which was entirely defenceless, there being but very few British troops in the colony, capitulated on the

12th day of November, 1775, and Sir Guy Carleton, the Governor, conceiving it of the utmost importance to reach Quebec, the only place capable of defence, passed through the American forces at Sorel, during the night, in a canoe, with muffled paddles, and arrived in Quebec on the 19th, to the great joy of the garrison and loyal inhabitants, who placed every confidence in his well known courage and ability.

Hawkin s' Picture of Quebec, p. 423.

SIR GUY CARLETON was born at Newry, in the County of Down, in Ireland, in 1722. Having entered upon the military life, he rose to be Lieut.-Colonel in the guards in 1748. He served afterwards with General Amherst, in America, and in 1762 distinguished himself at the taking of Havannah, where he was wounded. In 1772 he obtained the rank of Major-General, and was appointed Governor of Quebec, which he successfully defended against the Americans under Gen. Montgomery. By his exertions, afterwards, he saved the whole of Canada, for which act he was made Knight of the Bath in 1776. The next year he became a Lieut.-General, and in 1781 he was appointed commander-in-chief in America, where he remained till the termination of the war. In 1786 he was again nominated Governor of Quebec, and was at the same time created Lord Dorchester. He married in the year 1772, Maria, daughter of the Earl of Effingham, and died in the year 1808, aged 86, and was succeeded in his titles by his grandson. Gen. Carleton was an able officer, of sound judgment, and distinguished for his humanity.

(22) SERGEANT DIXON was a man of good education. He was a farmer by occupation, and was possessed of a good estate in W. Hanover, Lancaster Co., (now Dauphin Co.,) Pennsylvania. He was the first man who fell at Quebec. He was struck by a 36 pound ball, which took off his leg below the knee, and carried

away the bones of that part entirely. He was conveyed upon a litter, to the house of an English gentleman, about a mile off. An amputation took place—a tetanus followed, which, about nine o'clock of the ensuing day, ended in the dissolution of this honorable citizen and soldier. An anecdote of him is well worthy of record, showing, as it does, his patriotic character. The lady of the house where he was taken, though not approving of the principles or actions of the Americans, was nevertheless very attentive to Dixon, and presented him with a cup of tea, which he declined, saying, "No, madam, I cannot take it—it is the ruin of my country." Uttering this noble sentiment, he died, sincerely lamented by every one who had the opportunity of knowing his virtues.

Henry's Journal, p. 92-93.

(23) When Gen. Montgomery took possession of the city of Montreal, on the 13th day of November, the naval force in the river was surrendered into his hand, and Gen. Prescott, with the volunteers and soldiers who had taken refuge on board, became prisoners of war. Montgomery found plenty of woollen manufactures in Montreal, and took the opportunity of new-clothing his troops, who had suffered excessively from the severity of the climate, the badness of the roads, and the want of suitable wearing apparel.

Bosworth's History of Montreal, page 75.

(24) MAJOR JOHN BROWN was born in Sandisfield, Berkshire Co., Mass., on the 19th day of October, 1744. After graduating at Yale College in 1771, he studied law with Oliver Arnold in Providence. He was a delegate to the Provincial Congress in 1775, and afterwards was at the attack on Quebec, where he rendered important services. He was appointed Lieut.-Colonel by Congress, in 1776. In the fall of 1780, he marched up the Mo-

hawk for the relief of Gen. Schuyler, but was led by a traitor into an ambuscade of Canadians, Tories and Indians, at Stone Arabia in Palestine, and was slain, on his birth-day, October 19, 1780, aged 36.

(25) **TITUS HOSMER**, of Middletown, was born in the year 1736, and graduated at Yale in 1757. He was for many years a representative of the Connecticut Legislature, was chosen a member of the Council in 1778, and was elected three times in succession a member of the Continental Congress. In 1777, he was speaker of the house. In January, 1777, he was appointed by Congress a Judge of the Court of Appeals for the revision of maritime and admiralty cases. In his mature years, he was regarded as one of the greatest men in the State. He died on the 4th day of August, 1780, aged 44 years.

(26) **COL. JAMES LIVINGSTON** was a native of New York. He had long resided in Canada, and was appointed to the command of a regiment of Canadians which had been formed by General Montgomery.

(27) **REV. SAMUEL SPRING, D.D.**, was born in Northbridge, Mass., on the 27th day of February, 1746, and graduated at Princeton College, in 1771. He was the only chaplain in Arnold's detachment that penetrated the wilderness of Maine to Quebec in 1775. On his return, in 1776, he left the army, and was ordained as a minister on the 6th day of August, 1777. He was one of the founders of the Massachusetts Missionary Society, and held the office of President of that institution. He assisted also in founding the Theological Seminary at Andover, and the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. He was distinguished for metaphysical acuteness. He was the

author of several works. He was a minister in Newburyport for many years, and was an attractive preacher. He died on the 4th day of March, 1819, aged 73 years. He was the father of the Rev. Gardiner Spring, Pastor of the Brick Church in this city.

(28) The city of Quebec is situated on a promontory on the north-west side of the St. Lawrence, formed by that river and the St. Charles. The extremity of the head-land is called Cape Diamond, whose highest point rises 345 feet above the level of the water. On the cape is erected the famous CITADEL of Quebec—a formidable combination of powerful military works—frequently called the “*Gibraltar of America.*”

(29) COL. CAMPBELL, being next in lineal rank to Montgomery, assumed the command of the army after the death of that General—a position for which he was totally unqualified, for instead of inspiring the troops and pressing on the victory half won, he was entirely disconcerted by the sudden loss of the commander, and ordered a retreat, leaving behind him the bodies of the General, his two aids, and twelve others of the detachment, unburied and uncared for.

Life and Times of Gen. Lamb, p. 123.

(30) JOHN LAMB was born in the city of New-York on the 1st January, in the year 1735. His father was Anthony Lamb, a celebrated optician and mathematical instrument maker. In his early youth, John followed the occupation of his father. He afterwards became a merchant. In the war of the Revolution, he took an active part, and was one of the most zealous leaders of the sons of liberty. As a captain of artillery, he joined the expedition against Quebec in the year 1775, where he was severely wounded and taken prisoner. He was afterwards pu

moted to the rank of Major, and in the year 1777 advanced to that of Lieut.-Colonel. He was at the attack on Danbury, where he was again wounded, and narrowly escaped death. In the year 1780 he had command of the artillery at West Point. He was afterwards promoted to the rank of Brig.-General. General Lamb was a valiant soldier, a pure patriot, and an able and energetic officer. He died on the 31st day of May, in the year 1800, and his remains were buried in Trinity Church-yard, in the city of New York.

(31) MATTHIAS OGDEN joined the army at Cambridge. He was engaged in the attack upon Quebec under Arnold, and was carried wounded from the place of engagement. On his return from this expedition, he was appointed to the command of a regiment, in which station he continued until the conclusion of the war. On the occurrence of peace, he was honored by Congress with a commission of Brig.-General. He died at Elizabethtown, N. J., in the year 1791.

(32) The following facts, taken from Hawkins' Picture of Quebec, (pages 439-40,) relating to the disinterment of the remains of Gen. Montgomery, are unquestionably authentic.

In the year 1818 a request was made of the Governor-in-Chief, Sir John Sherbrooke, on behalf of Mrs. Montgomery, the widow of the General, for leave to disinter the remains of Gen. Montgomery, in order that they might be conveyed to the city of New York, and there re-interred, to which His Excellency acceded.

Mr. James Thompson, a gentleman of respectability, then in his 84th year, who bore arms during the siege of the winter of 1775-6, in defence of the city of Quebec, and was present when the body was found, and saw it afterwards interred, was now

ordered to explore the place of interment and dig up the remains. This he accordingly did, in the presence of one of his Excellency's aids-de-camp, Capt. Freer; and although the spot where the body had been deposited was entirely altered in appearance, from the demolition of an old building or powder magazine which was near it, and the subsequent construction of a range of barracks, he hit upon the foot of the coffin, which was much decayed, but of the identity whereof, there could not be a doubt, no other body having been interred in its immediate neighborhood, except those of the General's two aids, McPherson and Cheeseman, which were placed on each side of their commander's body, in their clothes, and without coffins.

Mr. Thompson gave the following certificate of the facts, in order to satisfy the surviving relatives and friends of Gen. Montgomery, that the remains which had been disinterred after the lapse of forty-two years, by the same hand that had interred them, were really those of the late General:

"I, James Thompson, of the City of Quebec, in the Province of Lower Canada, do testify and declare—that I served in the capacity of Assistant-Engineer during the siege of this city, invested during the years 1775 and 1776 by the American forces, under command of the late Major-Gen. Richard Montgomery. That in an attack made by the American troops, under the immediate command of General Montgomery, in the night of the 31st December, 1775, on a British post at the southernmost extremity of the city, near *Près-de-Ville*, the General received a mortal wound, and with him were killed his aids-de-camp, McPherson and Cheeseman, who were found in the morning of the 1st January, 1776, almost covered with snow.

That Mrs. Prentice, who kept an hotel at Quebec, and with whom General Montgomery had previously boarded, was brought

to view the body, after it was placed in the Guard-Room, and which she recognized by a particular mark which he had on the side of his head, to be the General's.

That the body was then conveyed to a house (Gobert's *), by order of Mr. Cramahé, who provided a genteel coffin for the General's body, which was lined inside with flannel, and outside of it with black cloth. That in the night of the 4th of January, it was conveyed by me from Gobert's house, and was interred six feet in front of the gate, within a wall that surrounded a powder magazine, near the ramparts bounding on St. Lewis-Gate.

That the funeral service was performed at the grave, by the Reverend Mr. de Montmolin, then chaplain of the garrison.

That his two aids-de-camp were buried in their clothes, without any coffins, and that no person was buried within twenty-five yards of the General.

That I am positive, and can testify and declare, that the coffin of the late General Montgomery, taken up on the morning of the 16th of the present month of June, 1818, is the identical coffin deposited by me on the day of his burial, and that the present coffin contains the remains of the late General.

I do further testify and declare, that subsequently to the finding of General Montgomery's body, I wore his sword, being lighter than my own, and on going to the Seminary, where the American officers were lodged, they recognized the sword, which affected them so much that numbers of them wept, in consequence of which, I have never worn the sword since.

Given under my hand, at the City of Quebec, Province of Lower Canada, 19th June, 1818.

JAMES THOMPSON.

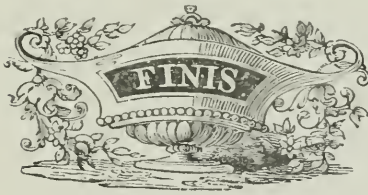
* Gobert's house was at the corner of St. Lewis and St. Ursule Streets, on the site of the house now numbered 42, St. Lewis Street.

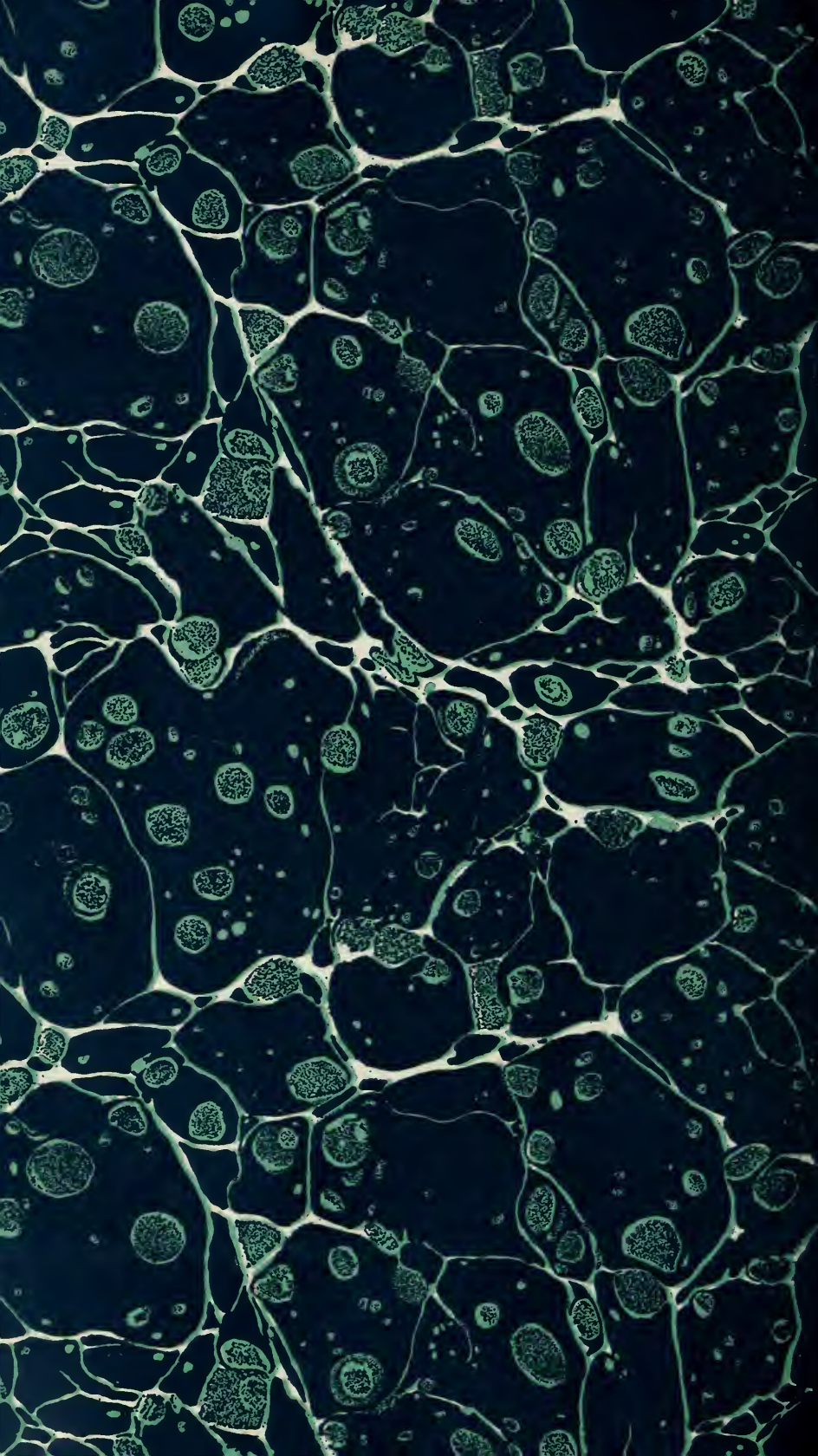
(33) GEN. RICHARD MONTGOMERY was born in the north of Ireland, in the year 1737. He fought under General Wolfe at the battle of Quebec in the year 1759, as Captain in the 17th Regiment of foot, and after his return to England, he quitted his regiment in the year 1772, though in a fair way to preferment. He came to America, and, on his arrival in this country, purchased an estate in New-York, and married a daughter of Judge Livingston, of Livingston's manor. On the breaking out of the Revolution, he was placed in command of the Continental forces in the Northern Department, in connection with General Schuyler. By the indisposition of Schuyler, the chief command devolved upon him. He reduced Fort Chamblee, and on the 3d day of November, 1775, he captured St. Johns, and on the 12th took Montreal. In the month of December following, he marched to the city of Quebec. The city was besieged, and on the last day of the year it was determined to make an assault upon it. The several divisions were accordingly put in motion in the midst of a heavy fall of snow, which concealed them from the enemy. Montgomery advanced at the head of the New-York troops along the St. Lawrence, and approaching one of the barriers, he was pushing forward, when one of the guns of the battery was discharged, and he, with his two aids, McPherson and Cheeseman, was killed, on the 31st day of Dec., 1775, at the age of 38. This event, probably, prevented the capture of Quebec. Montgomery was a man of fine military talents, and his measures were taken with judgment and executed with vigor. He inspired his troops with his own enthusiasm, and shared with them in all their hardships.

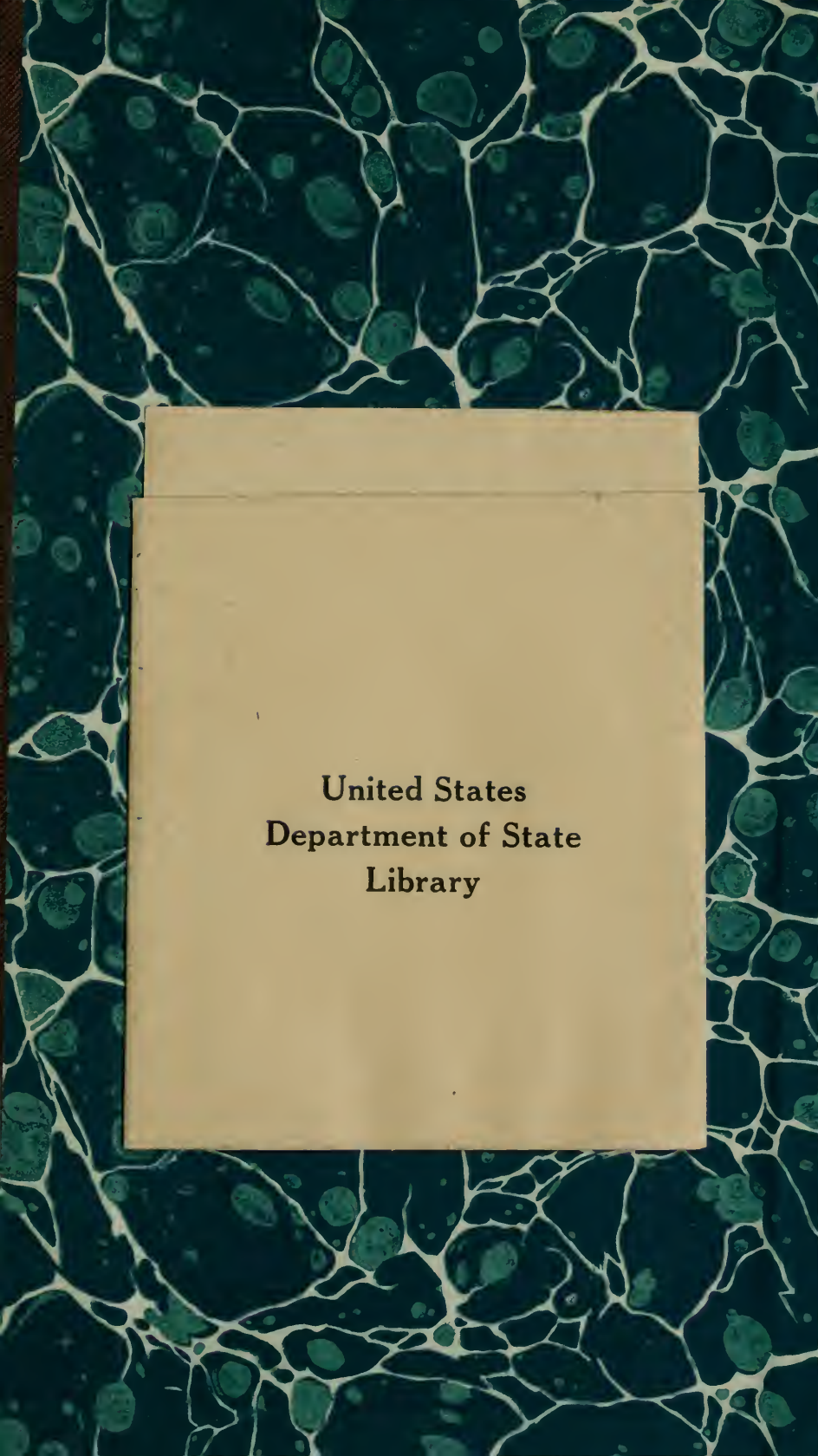
His well known character was equally esteemed by the friends and foes of the side which he had espoused. In America he was celebrated as a martyr to the liberties of mankind; in Great Britain as a misguided good man, sacrificing to what he supposed to be the rights of his country. His name was men-

tioned in Parliament with singular respect. Some of the most powerful speakers in that assembly displayed their eloquence in sounding his praise and lamenting his fate.

By direction of Congress, a monument of white marble, with emblematic devices, was executed by Mr. Cassiers, at Paris, and it was erected to his memory in front of St. Paul's Church, in the City of New-York. His remains were, by act of the Legislature of the State of New-York, taken up by his nephew, Col. L. Livingston, in the month of June, 1818—the place of burial being pointed out by an old soldier, who attended the interment 42 years before—and were conveyed to the city of New-York, where they were again committed to the dust in St. Paul's Church-yard, with the highest civil and military honors. At that time, his widow was still alive.





The image shows the front cover of a book. The cover is decorated with a marbled pattern of dark green and black irregular shapes, resembling stone or biological cells, set against a lighter green background. A large, rectangular, cream-colored label is pasted onto the center of the cover. The label contains the text "United States Department of State Library" in a black, serif font, centered and arranged in three lines.

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